Mar. 2, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

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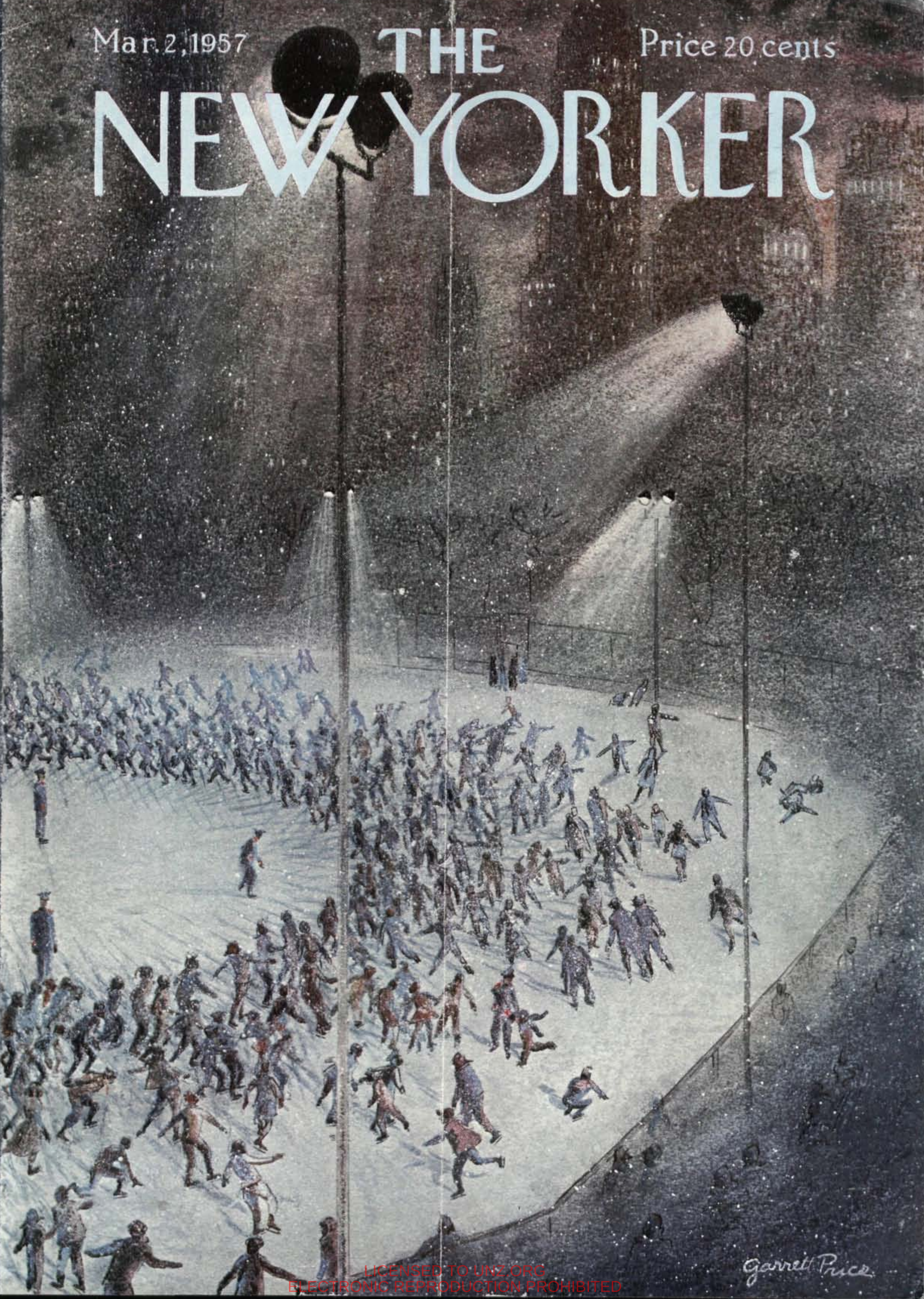
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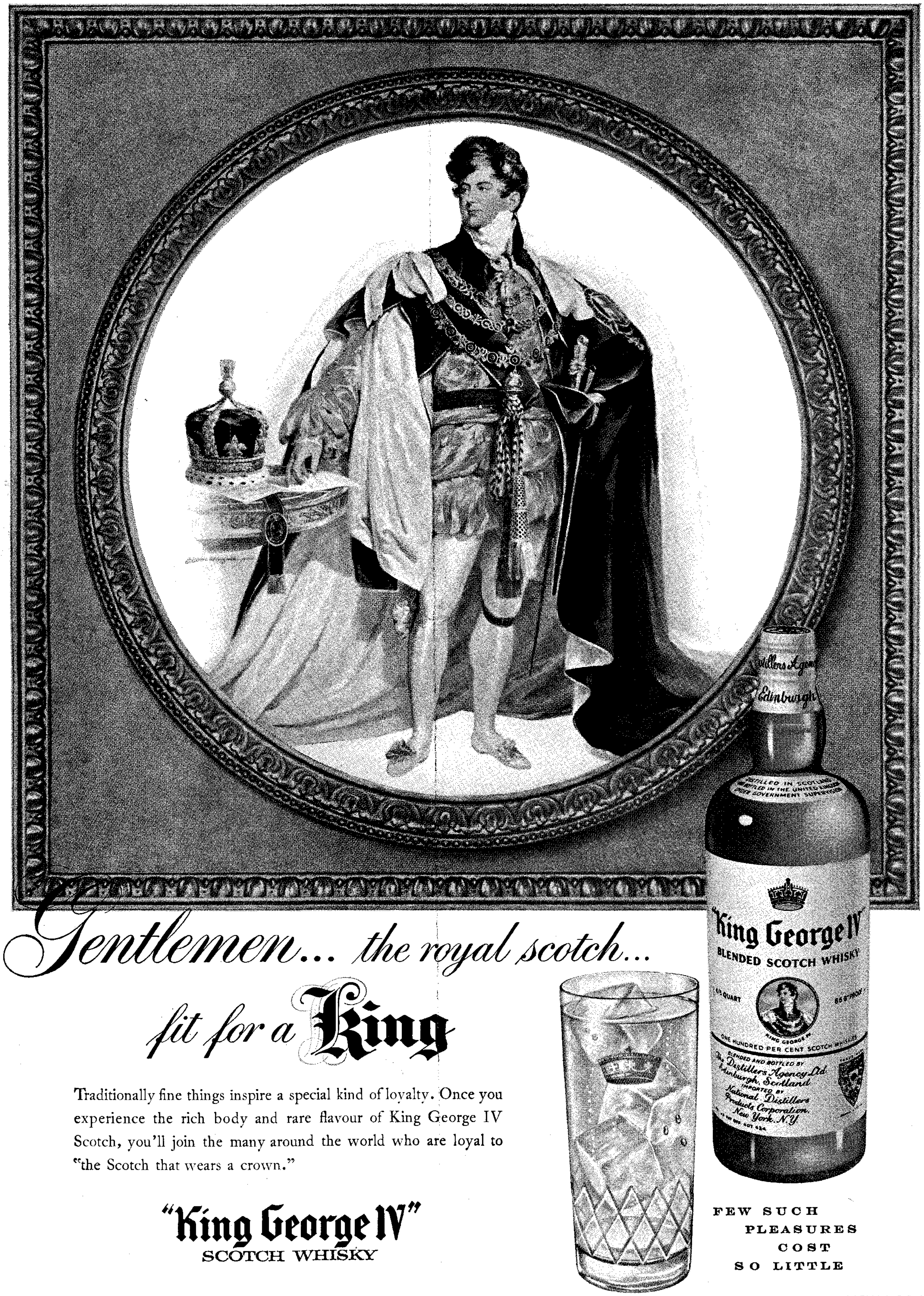
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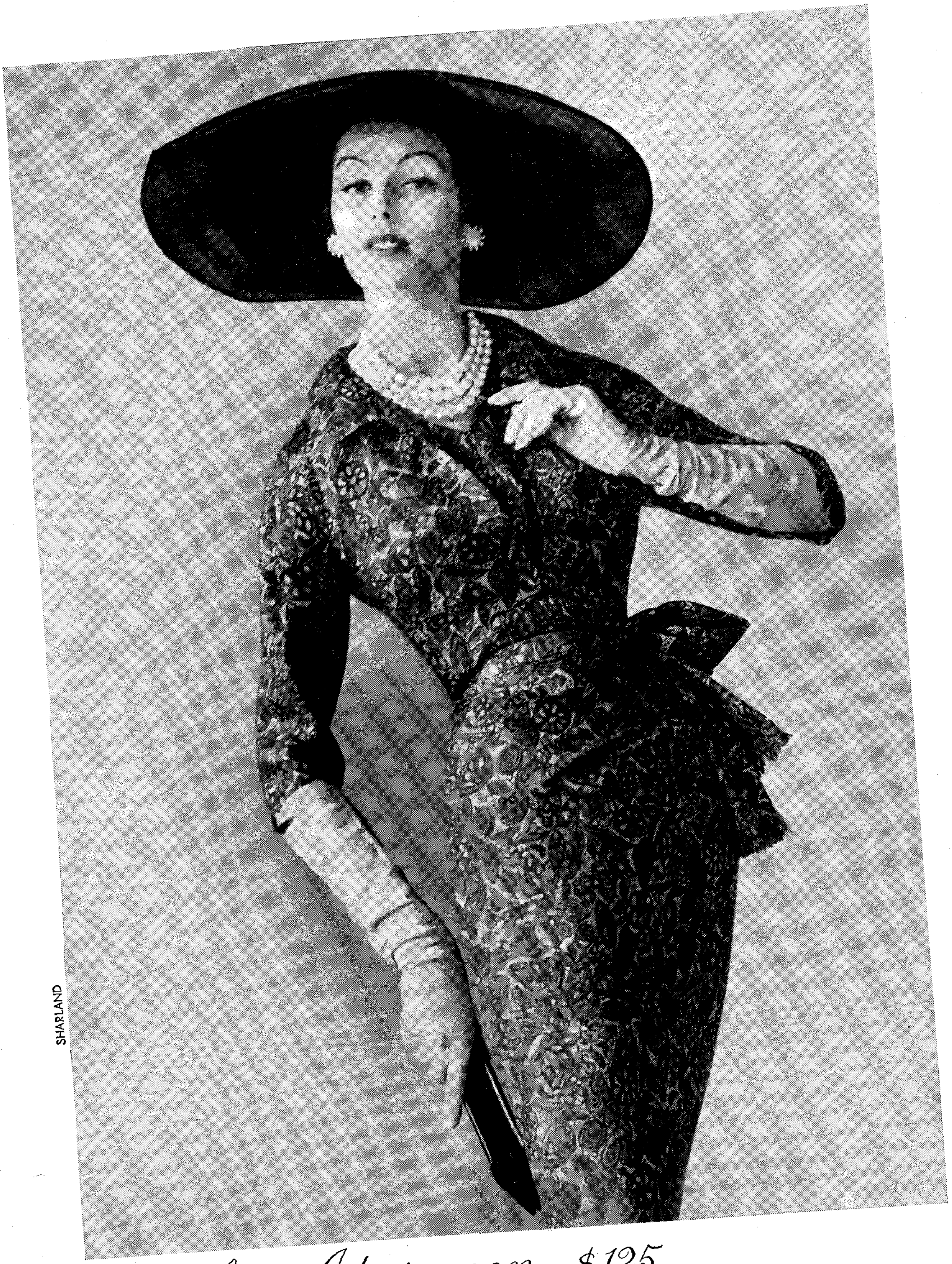
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Anyone who delights in comedies about bizarre relatives will probably like this adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. For those who may conceivably find themselves dismayed by so much cuteness, there is always Rosalind Russell, who is enchanting in the title role. The cast includes Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Millionaire—This comedy, Kyle Crichton's adaptation of a book he wrote with Cordelia Drexel Biddle about her father, pictures a household that is a good deal odder, if considerably less entertaining, than the one in "Life with Father." Walter Pidgeon heads a cast that also contains Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

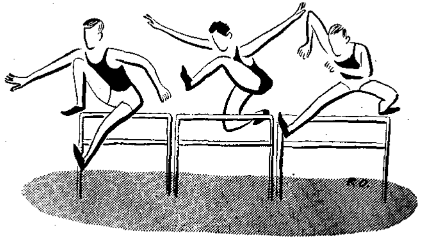
The Hidden River—This is a play dealing with every man's political responsibility, and it makes its point. Ruth and Augustus Goetz adapted Storm Jameson's novel, and their admirable cast includes Dennis King, Robert Preston, and Lili Darvas. Robert Lewis is the director, and the Gallic interior was designed by Stewart Chaney. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Holiday for Lovers—Don Ameche may easily attract a considerable female following to this Ronald Alexander comedy, a sort of travelogue that covers four cities but doesn't really get anywhere in particular. The cast includes Carmen Mathews, Audrey Christie, and George Mathews. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Brilliantly directed by José Quintero, and beautifully enacted by Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., this posthumous work by Eugene O'Neill, which explores the tragedies of his youth, is as impressive a play as we're likely to see this season. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Major Barbara—Shaw's provocative item about poverty considered as a crime has been given a stunning production, with Charles Laughton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Glynis Johns (who will be replaced on Monday, March 4, by Anne Jackson), and Eli Wallach in the leading roles. Mr. Laughton directed, and Donald Oenslager designed the unusually effective sets. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Potting Shed—A smoothly written, expertly acted, and, for the most part, absorbing play by Graham Greene, whose technique seems to be as surefire with sacred mysteries as with profane ones. Robert Flemyng and Frank Conroy set the pace for the fine cast, which also includes Sybil Thorndike, Leueen MacGrath, and Lewis Casson. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Separate Tables—A two-part effort by Terence Rattigan that doesn't accomplish much in the first stanza but winds up splendidly with a piece about a pair of bedeviled people who are rescued from despair by their neighbors' charity. Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are excellent as the troubled team, and are also excellent as the hero and heroine of the first offering. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Tunnel of Love—Tom Ewell gives a superb performance in this gag-ridden but occasionally entertaining comedy by Peter De Vries and Joseph Fields about sexual goings on in Westport, Connecticut. Nancy Olson, Darren McGavin, Elisabeth Fraser, and Elizabeth Wilson support him very attractively. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Uncle Willie—This comedy about a Mr. Fixit is very, very frail, but Menasha Skulnik applies himself to the title role with all the wistful bounce his followers revel in. The cast also includes Arline Sax, Norman Feld, and Edith Fellows. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—A funny account of the adventures of a Spaceman who drops out of the beyond into a home in Virginia. Cyril Ritchard, as the Spaceman, and Eddie Mayehoff, as a Virginia Earthman, are endlessly amusing, and so, for that matter, are Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan, who give them a hand. Mr. Ritchard is responsible for the astute direction. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—Ralph Richardson pleasantly occupied as the hero of an Anouilh comedy about an aging Don Juan. Directed with style and perception by Harold Clurman, the play has a generally stimulating cast that includes Mildred Natwick, Meriel Forbes, and John Stewart. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 3.)

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	97
BOOKS	107
THE CURRENT CINEMA	86
MUSICAL EVENTS	105
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	88
THE RACE TRACK	102

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Long Runs—**THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK:** Frances Goodrich's and Albert Hackett's dramatization of the record left by a young victim of the Nazis. Joseph Schildkraut, Gusti Huber, and Dina Doronne appear in it. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **INHERIT THE WIND:** A reconstruction of the Scopes evolution trial, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two celebrated orators. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT:** Edward G. Robinson, Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit in Paddy Chayefsky's play centering on a romance between a fifty-three-year-old man and a twenty-four-year-old girl. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** Ira Levin's stage version of Mac Hyman's novel having to do with a draftee whose kindness almost kills the Air Force. At present, Charles Hohman is playing the hillbilly hero, and Rex Everhart and Arte Johnson fill subsidiary roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday does practically everything but play a musical saw in this comedy about a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The book, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, is a bit cluttered, but their lyrics are good and so is the score by Jule Styne. Besides Miss Holliday, the cast includes Sydney Chaplin, Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happy Hunting—Ethel Merman cutting loose with her accustomed gusto in a fairly feeble musical having to do with a lady who wants her daughter to follow in the footsteps of Grace Kelly. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, the songs are by Harold Karr and Matt Dubey, and Fernando Lamas is visible as Miss Merman's fellow-principal. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—If you are an admirer of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates, the chances are that you will enjoy this apparently quite faithful reproduction of their carryings on. The stage version is the work of Norman Panama and Melvin Frank; Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul wrote the lyrics and music, respectively; and Peter Palmer and Edith Adams head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DAMN YANKEES:** Gretchen Wyler plays a demon, Ray Walston her employer, and Stephen Douglass her earth-bound suitor in this musical derived from the novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and the lyrics and adapted the book for this operatic treatment of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Edward Mulhare (substituting for Rex Harrison, who will return on Monday, March 4) and Julie Andrews in an adaptation of Shaw's "Pyg-

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIII, No. 2, March 2, 1957. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1957, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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malion." The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Hole in the Head—A play by Arnold Schulman, with Paul Douglas. The director is Garson Kanin, the producer Robert Whitehead. Opens Thursday, Feb. 28. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Beatrice Lillie and Billy De Wolfe in a revue with sketches by (among others) Arnie Rosen and Coleman Jacoby, and music and lyrics by Howard Dietz, Sammy Fain, Bernie Wayne, and others. The production was directed by John Kennedy and is being produced by Mark Kroll and Charles Conaway. Opens Friday, March 1. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Good As Gold—John Patrick's new comedy, with Roddy McDowall, Paul Ford, and Zero Mostel. Staged by Albert Marre and presented by Cheryl Crawford, with William Myers. Opens Thursday, March 7. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"Manon." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister, Mary Welch, Alvin Epstein, and Paul Shyre in a cast under the direction of Philip Burton. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days," which has been staged by Day Tuttle. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Jan Hus House—Louis Gossett heads the cast in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." Ira Cirker is the director. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—"The Taming of the Shrew," with Nina Foch and Pernell Roberts. It is the second of two plays being presented by the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy, of Stratford, Connecticut. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, March 10.)

Shakespearewrights—Presenting the American Savoyards in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Utopia, Limited." (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Dolly Haas, James Mitchell, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by John Millington Synge—"Riders to the Sea," "In the Shadow of the Glen," and "The Tinker's Wedding." Previews Monday and Tuesday, March 4-5, at 8:40. Official opening Wednesday, March 6. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday evening, Feb. 28: "Swan Lake," "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore," and "Firebird."... ¶ Friday evening, March 1: "Firebird," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "Souvenirs," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 2: "Serenade," "Filling Station," "Allegro Brillante," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Saturday evening, March 2: "Fanfare," "The Still Point," "Pas de Trois" (Minkus), and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Sunday matinée, March 3: "Swan Lake," "Pastorale," "Allegro Brillante," and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Sunday evening, March 3: "Divertimento No. 15," "Filling Station," "Pas de Dix," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club, one of the stateliest homes of all Park Avenue, Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing after ten. Up to then, the music is solely for listening purposes. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The captains and the kings in their pet counting house. Music for dancing by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Charles Holden's orchestra.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Frank Parker, who goes back to the early days of the croon, is onstage in the elaborate Cotillion Room at the dinner and supper hours. Also around are Lucille and Eddie Roberts, whose mental telepathy could put Western Union telegraphy to shame. The customers can dance to the music of a dandy orchestra led by Joseph Sudy and to Alan Logan's rumba band. Closed Sundays.... ¶ There's dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is generally Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Denise Lor, a presentable escapee from television, is having a go at warbling in front of live customers, for a change. This happens at dinner and supper. The rest of the time, Ted Straeter paces his combined orchestra and glee club through a light, fantastic potpourri of dance music, and Mark Monte's smaller unit of bandsmen follows suit. Miss Lor signs off on Wednesday, March 6; next evening, Jacqueline François, the French chanteuse for whom such words as "verve," "élan," and "chic" might as well have been coined, returns to town. Closed Sundays.... ¶ A life of luxury and ease is within grasp at the Rendez-Vous, a dining room of long standing, where the dance music of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen starts at eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra plays at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.... ¶ In the Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group does a reprise at the dinner hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's circumspect orchestra makes the dance music in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

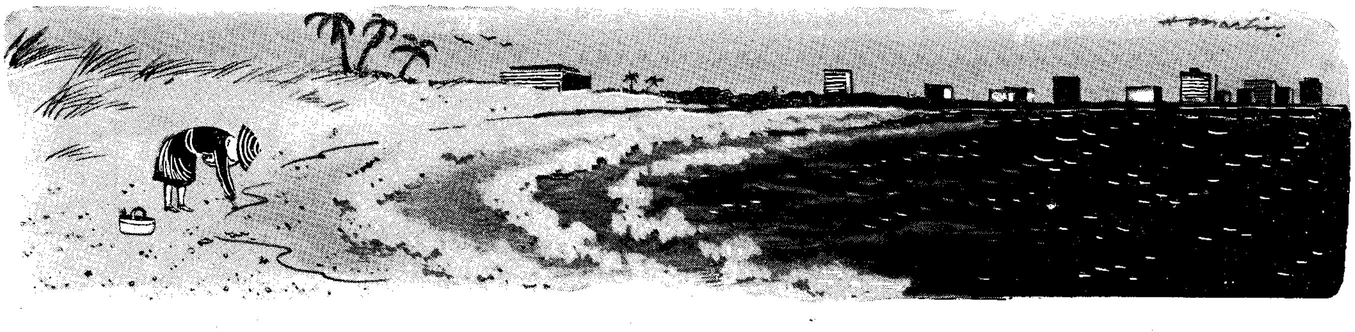
St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a sumptuous art gallery devoted to a series of handsome one-woman shows, is now exhibiting Monique Van Vooren, of the modern Belgian school, whose rhymed explanations of why she is man's best friend and/or worst enemy can probably be taken at face value. Waltzing by the guests is encouraged by the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for motion.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Ray McKinley and the Glenn Miller orchestra depart on Thursday, Feb. 28, from the ample Café Rouge. Freddy Martin's rock-candy orchestra arrives on Saturday, March 2. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Benny Goodman, whose woodwind work was only yesterday charming the Siamese cats, is back home in the Empire Room charming assorted American cats. He is assisted in no uncertain terms by such men of iron as Buck Clayton, Mel Powell, Jimmy Maxwell, Budd Johnson, Steve Jordan, and Mousie Alexander. Aside from this twice-nightly jamboree, there is lyric dance music by Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and bombastic dance music by Mischa Borr's band. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's boys and Bernie Leighton's trio plunk down music for listening from cocktails to eight-thirty, and for dancing from eight-thirty until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, Mr. Borr's dance band does the rumbling.

Note—The Rainbow Room, which in any weather is a room with a view, presents hushed non-dance tunes and cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the win-



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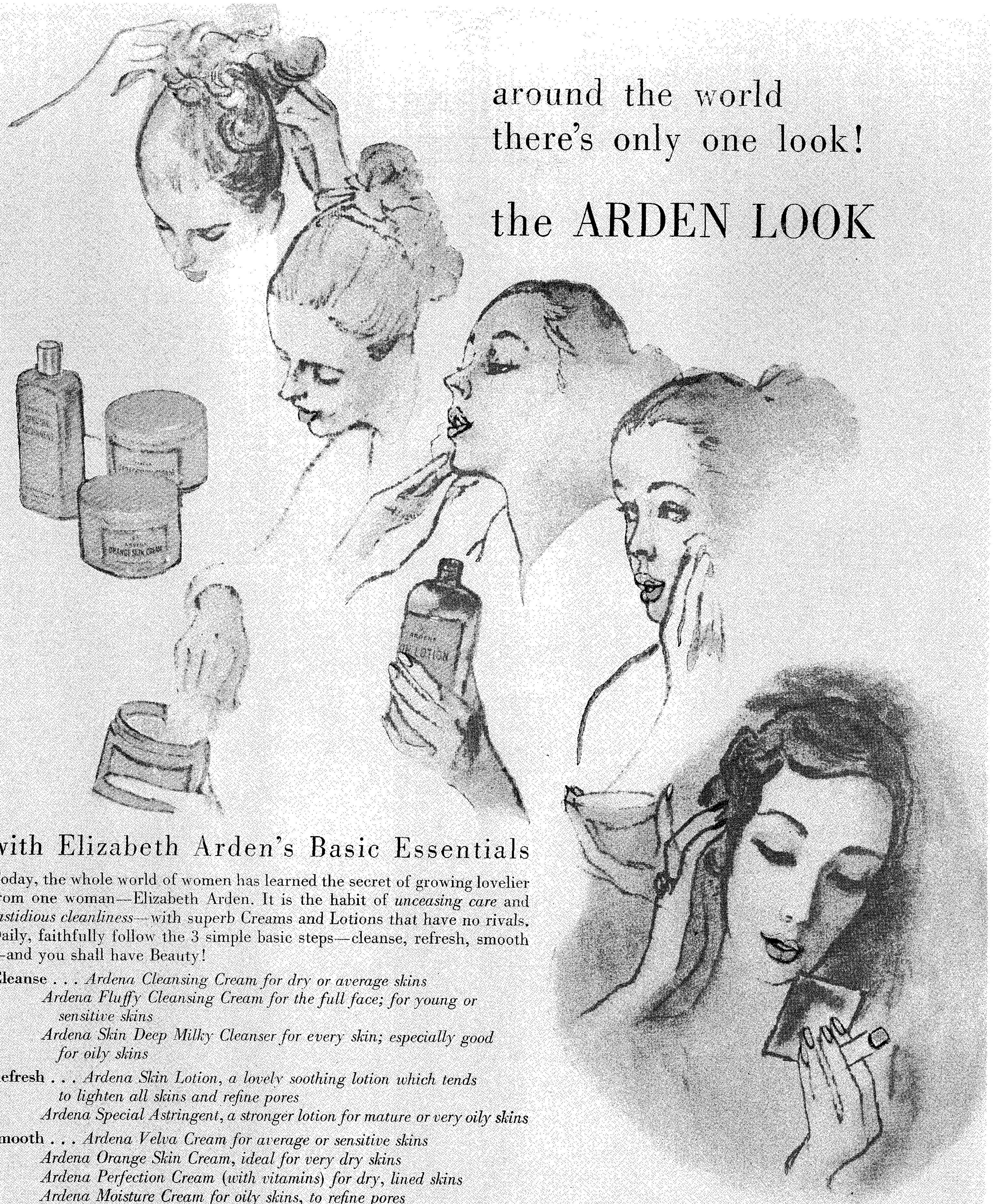

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SMALL AND CHEERFUL

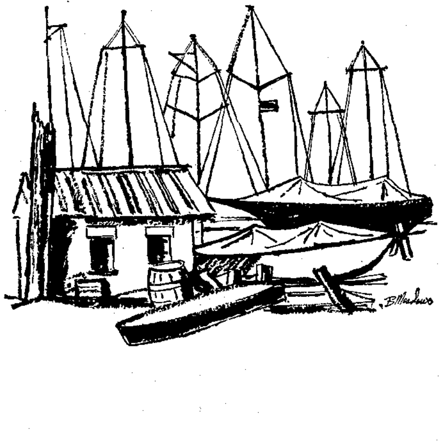
(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): In this *grande-luxe* stage set, Addison Bailey, who has a Texas accent but a New York repertoire, is at the concert grand during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A nineteenth hole, a sportsman's preserve, a stamping ground. The accompaniment is George Rosner's piano most of the night. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins' combination civic center and canteen, where good neighbors gather for an evening's pastime. The counterpoint to the chatter is the piano of Wayne Sanders (dreamlike) and of the owner (chipper). It begins at cocktail time. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the most luxurious of the Roman holidays, in which it's hard to tell whether the hero of the evening is the chef, the lilting string orchestra, or the violin-and-piano duets of Herman Honigsberg and Paul Schlesinger. This occurs from dinner right through supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Eadie and Rack, who have made four-hand piano one of the seven liveliest arts, do the honors from eight-thirty until between one and two. Friday, March 8, is their last night. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): From nine to one, in an amphitheatre of some elegance, Renato Rossini's guitar speaks fondly of love. The more impetuous passages occur after eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The hands of Cy Walter, professor emeritus of the Steinway, are as light-fingered as ever, his portfolio as eclectic. He's around from six to eight and again from ten till one or even later. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain with a remarkably sunny disposition, which explains why the Andalusian singing and dancing on display are so cheerful. The patrons may join in the second sport from time to time. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Tommy Wolf, one of the proud parents of such upper-crust madrigals as "Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most," is playing piano and singing, after ten, in an ornate reminder of our gilded (or Volstead Act) youth. He's away Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A reasonable facsimile of when knighthood was in flower, done in glorious Technicolor. The menu is up-to-date, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, the most agile of the walking, talking violinists, is from the Age of Nostalgia. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A new show-business greenroom, art gallery, and conservatory, very plush (*green* plush), from wall to wall and floor to ceiling. After ten, Hubbell Pierce, who's sung to his own piano on the left banks of Great South Bay, the Thames, and the Tiber, obliges every night but Monday; Warren Vaughan, the Monday solo pianist, alternates with Mr. Pierce on other evenings. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Amid the candelabra and lush architecture, you'd expect to see a ghostly Bourbon or two sampling the French cuisine and the Pan-European piano and violin, all of which is available every evening but Monday. . . . **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): It's actually the Sherry-Netherland bar, where Steve Weltner, late of the Venezuelan pleasure-dome circuit, is at the piano off and on from dinner until after one every night but Sunday. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): You know—happy villagers making song and music at their work. A restaurant and bar are provided for the audience. It all starts around seven-thirty and goes on until the small hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): This particular operetta sings impartially the praises of Hungarian composers and Hungarian chefs, and does it both quietly and well. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music, music everywhere, all night long. The best of it is produced by Monica Boyár, who is vocal, and by a six-man band in the "Zwei Herzen" tradition. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

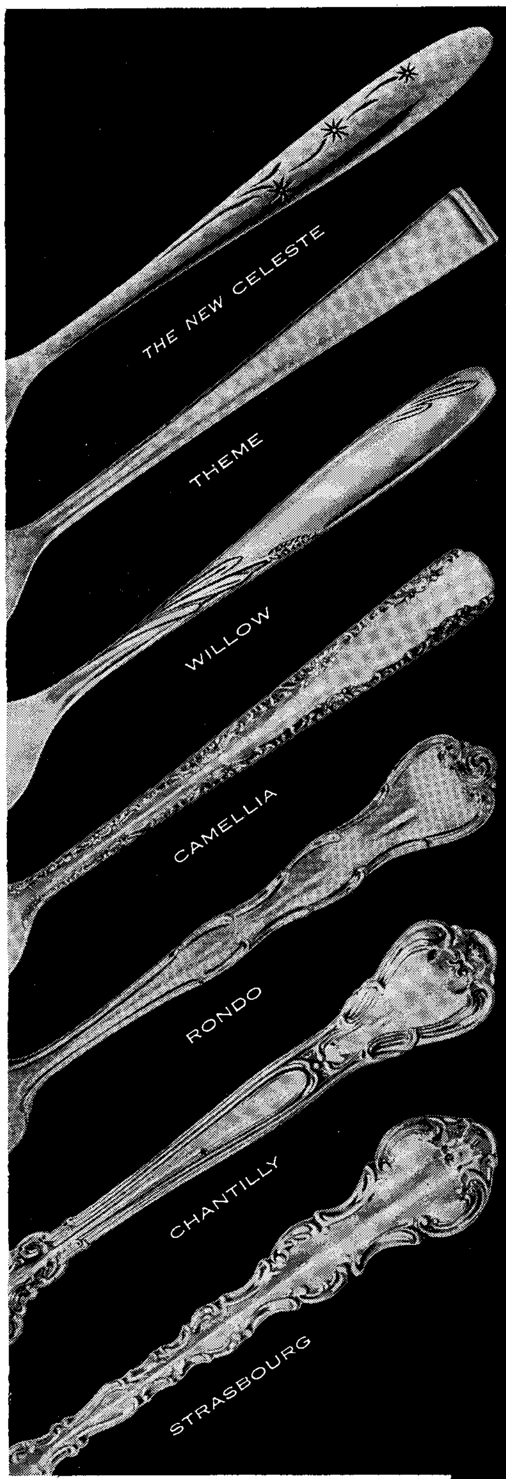
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Life's little poignancies seen through the eyes of a sensitive and probably scatter-brained child named Alice Pearce. Further conversation pieces, as well as ballads, are emitted by Martha Davis and Spouse (i.e., Calvin Ponder), and none of them make much sense, either. There is, moreover, Johnny Mathis, whose progressive-school tricks with melodic lines may be too complex for some of us. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements are a perfect backdrop for everything. Mondays, by the way, the Davises stay home. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's rumpus-room music by the Lyons trio and the Davis family from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, and Jack Fletcher—four children who should be not only seen but heard—are the spokesmen for a small revue that is no respecter of persons or anything else. Its wicked witticisms were devised by Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery and blended by Julius Monk, who knows precisely what to do with children, revues, and witticisms. It comes to life around ten-thirty. Stan Keen and Gordon Connell are at the plural pianos. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, who was shouting from the housetops when rock-and-roll was a pup, still has no difficulty in making her rent-party ballads heard. Also present is Abbey Lincoln, a cool little cucumber with a teasing voice. The background is the dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A dizzy spell that begins around eleven and can last for hours. The main reason is Kaye Ballard, a wit who should have her head examined only by lovers of sheer lunacy. There are, besides, Phil Leeds, a persuasive young man whose life (to hear him tell it) has been one vast comedy of errors; Tony and Eddie's roustabout parodies; the shattered songs of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames; and Jimmie Daniels, the establishment's perennial man-about-town. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): A one-of-a-kind *boîte* and *salle à manger*, in which Mabel Mercer, the leading influence on a whole generation of calm, collected ballad singers, begins her recital around eleven. There's also piano by Sam Hamilton, Miss Mercer's lifetime companion, and more singing by Rawn Spearman, once domiciled in "House of Flowers." Very little doing on Sundays. . . . **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): A smoke-filled room where people who get up at the crack of dusk can listen to the electrifying nocturnes (voice and piano) of Bobby Short, a born entertainer and a born nighthawk. He and his hot trio sleep Sundays, when Isobel Robins, one of our brighter canaries, has the floor. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews, who regards the world as her oyster (in or out of season), is singing her songs of menace twice a night in the bar. As always, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville are tinkling away at the twin pianos. In addition, Dick Smart does a spot of singing. Miss Andrews is absent every Sunday, and Mr. Smart is away on Mondays. Sundays there are silly old silent movies, too, and Mondays are amateur nights. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Not an arena habitually frequented by balletomanes, but just the same there's Carmen Amaya, who'll never say die, setting the pace for a flock of flamenco dancers, singers, and musicians. Closed Sundays.

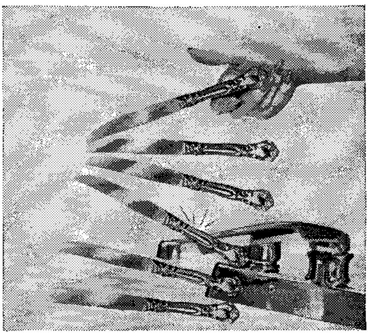


MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Exactly the right kind of music for muskrats to ramble to is being made by Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon, the well-known guitar and ringside-table jockey. Between sets, Teddy Roy and Buzzy Drootin keep the spirit of '76 going. Tuesdays, which are visiting days, are often real hurricanes. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The prevailing mood is again block-party, what with the huffing and puffing of Jonah Jones' quartet and the pyrotechnics of Dorothy Donegan's threesome, which rarely takes its foot off the loud pedal. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day, and on Sunday nights guest musicians hold the fort. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Maxted's band is going on about how it's finer to be in Carolina. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoon. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, a prophet not without honor anywhere in the world, will be temporarily reorganizing himself and his band of faithful followers after Saturday, March 2, when he, Omer Simeon, Benny Moten, Shep Shepard, and Sonny White bow out for a while. Only Sidney de Paris will man the store. On Monday, March 4, Cecil Scott, Benny Morton, Harold Hill, and Herbie Nichols will sign on with him. Don Frye, the intermission pianist, will remain at his post. The changes in personnel mean no changes in the music, which is true to first American principles. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): You'd be wise to skip the non-listeners at the bar and join the listeners in the back room whenever you want to hear truly modern music in the making. Bernard Peiffer's piano is the guiding star of his trio, which is absent Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, and his thoughtful piano études are on tap from six to around nine every evening but Saturday, when he's away; Sundays and Mondays, he's there all night. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Chris Connor, who brings to jazz balladry a good supply of glee, is the big noise. Johnny Smith's progressive quartet is, as always, a perfect gentleman, and there is also Ralph Sharon's trio in the background. Miss C. and Mr. Smith's group go away on Wednesday, March 6; they'll be succeeded by Tito Puente's triphammer Latin band. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Russ Haddock's threesome, fairly fast but not





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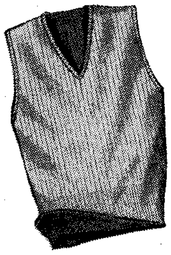

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

furious, is the centerpiece of the oval bar whenever Frannie Thorne, a pianist far afield from his native Yale, is not wooing the muses that sit at the bar. Mr. Thorne begins at nine; the other hired hands begin at ten. No music Mondays. . . . **THE PLAYROOM**, 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): Cy Coleman and his trio, forerunners of the future, are installed in their niche—a recent and very comfortable one, just big enough for a few kindred souls. Among the souls right now is the quartet of Don Elliott, whose work on the French horn is a thing of beauty. The Colemans and Elliotts let go at eight-thirty. The Colemans are off Sundays, the Elliotts on Mondays. The length of Mr. Elliott's tenure of office is uncertain. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): If you're able to make yourself heard in here, you belong up on the back bar with Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins, who sound off in the course of a staggering day that starts at 3:30 P.M. It starts even earlier, at 1:30 P.M., Saturdays and Sundays, when Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Roy Eldridge, Pee Wee Erwin, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Bohemia is indeed the word for this establishment. Buddy De Franco's quintet and Vinnie Burke's String Jazz Quartet are making progress at the moment. On Friday, March 8, Roy Eldridge's foursome will displace the De Franco group. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A week-end sand pile for small fry who like their music hot and Southland. On Friday and Saturday, March 1-2, it will be inhabited by the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Tyree Glenn, Willie the Lion Smith, Andy Russo, Dick Wellstood, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, and Arvell Shaw. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM**, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): From nine to one every evening, the all too rarely visible Bobby Hackett and his silver cornet revive happy memories in a big open space on the second floor of the Henry Hudson Hotel. Among his virtuoso followers, five in all, are Ernie Caceres and Dick Cary. The interludes are occupied by Charlie Queener, a pianist who also remembers when. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

EMILE BERNARD—The first American exhibition of paintings by an artist who is now (unfairly) best known for his friendship with Gauguin and van Gogh; through March 23. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

THOMAS BLAGDEN—Crisply handled landscapes in water color, mostly of Maine, the Adirondacks, and Mexico; through Saturday, March 2. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

JEAN BRISSON—Still-lifes and landscapes by a young French painter in his first appearance here; through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—Etchings and lithographs based on La Fontaine's "Fables," the "Arabian Nights," and the Bible, together with some varied water colors and drawings; through Saturday, March 2. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

FREDERICK CHILDS—Paintings and drawings, including flowers and figure studies; through March 16. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

LEONARDO CREMONINI—Highly stylized, richly colored oils in this Italian artist's third one-man exhibition in America; through Saturday, March 9. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

JEAN DE BOTTON—Paintings done in Paris during 1956 by this artist whose last New York showing was held eleven years ago; through Saturday, March 9. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

EMLEN ETTING—Recent oils, high in key and loosely flowing in design, plus a group of modern essays in the old art of miniature; through Saturday, March 9. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

JEAN FAUTRIER—Thirty-one oils, all variations on a single symbol, by a French artist still fairly new to this country; through Saturday, March 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JOHN FERREN—New oils, whose color is richer and whose composition is more dramatic, in his first showing in three years; through Saturday, March 9. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—A group of her Abstract Expressionist paintings, all done in the past year but varying considerably in style; through Saturday, March 2. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

JAN GELB—Jaggedly patterned, angular abstractions, chiefly based on landscape forms; through Saturday, March 2. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

HARRY GOTTLIEB—A 1920-56 review of paintings, drawings, and prints, including landscapes, still-lifes, and depictions of men at work; through Saturday, March 9. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

GIUSEPPI GUERRESCHI—Sombre, heavily stylized paintings by one of the younger Italian moderns; through Saturday, March 9. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

WILLIAM M. HARNETT—A group of this nineteenth-century painter's still-lifes; through Saturday, March 2. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

WHITNEY F. HOYT—Gently agreeable, colorful landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JOE JONES—Water colors, prints, and color lithographs dealing with maritime subjects, as well as sculptured drawings; through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Associated American Artists, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

HERBERT KATZMAN—Twelve oils and several sculptures (his first), in bronze, all done in Italy while the artist was on a Fulbright award; through Saturday, March 2. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

ISRAEL LEVITAN—Sinuously involved constructions and sculptures in wood and wire; through Saturday, March 9. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

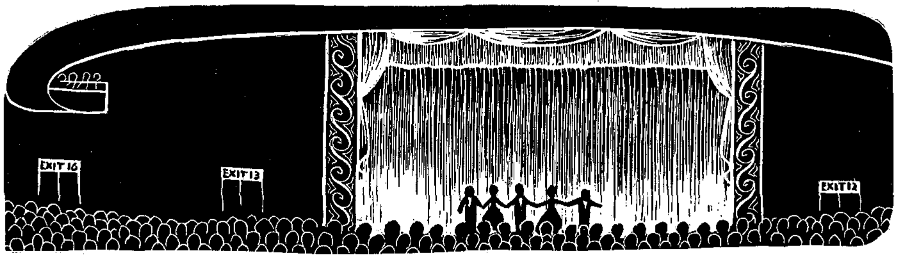
JOHN PIPER—Landscapes mostly, in oil and water color, by a well-known British artist; through March 23. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

HEDDA STERNE—A set of dramatically handsome abstractions, all based on the geometry of modern highway design; through Saturday, March 9. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—His fourteenth annual show, comprising thirty-two gouaches on a wide variety of subjects; through Saturday, March 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

ORFEO TAMBURI—Paintings of Paris, many of them pleasantly reminiscent of Utrillo; through Saturday, March 2. (Sagittarius, 46 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 6:30.)

ANTONIO TÀPIES—Oils and a few drawings by



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a Spanish abstractionist; through March 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Russell Twiggs—Darkly intertwining abstract forms, some done in collage and all remarkable for their sensitive texture; through Wednesday, March 6. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Hans Uhlmann—Water colors, drawings, and stainless-steel sculptures, turned out between 1951 and 1956 in Germany; through Saturday, March 9. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Maurice Utrillo—A retrospective of some sixty oils; for the benefit of the Hadassah Medical Relief Association. Through Saturday, March 2. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Esteban Vicente—Nine abstract oils by a Spanish-born American; through March 16. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Jacques Villon—The first section of a two-part survey of his works, this one covering prints and drawings from the period 1897-1910 and having to do with life in Paris; through Saturday, March 9. (Deitsch, 51 E. 73rd St.)

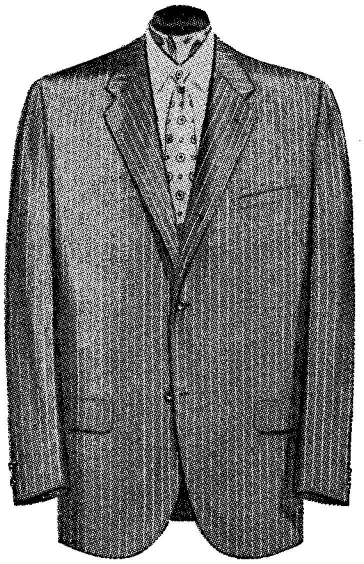
Masterpieces Recalled—Fifty nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by Cézanne, Degas, and Renoir (to name only a few) that have been handled by the gallery and are on loan from private collections and museums; for the benefit of the League for Emotionally Disturbed Children. Through Saturday, March 2. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-second annual exhibition, comprising over two hundred oils and sculptures, submitted by both members and non-members; through March 17. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Lily Ente, William Chaiken, Stephen Csoka, and other painters and sculptors sponsored by the gallery; through Friday, March 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)... KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Thirty-four twentieth-century paintings by John Marin, George Bellows, Eugene Speicher, and nine others, plus a collection of oils, water colors, and drawings by Edward Hopper; through Friday, March 1.... NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: The February offering contains fifty oils chosen by Samuel Adler, Victor Candell, and Paul Cadmus; through Friday, March 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) ... SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: This gallery is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a presentation of paintings by artists identified with it, including Ben Benn, Charles Heidenreich, and Charles LeClair; through Saturday, March 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the CASTELLI, 4 E. 77th St.: A small, choice exhibition of oils and other works by artists ranging from de Kooning and Dubuffet to van Doesburg and Wols; through Saturday, March 2. (Daily, 2 to 6.)... KOOTZ, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A show entitled "Incantations," made up of abstractions by Hans Hofmann, David Hare, Pierre Soulages, and other American and French painters and sculptors; through Saturday, March 2.... MELTZER, 38 W. 57th St.: Paintings and other works by Jankel Adler, Rhys Caparn, Louis Bunce, and other artists of the gallery; through March 16.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the GALERIE HERVÉ, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Seven French painters, including Vlaminck and Buffet, and one Italian sculptor, Carmelo Cappello; through Friday, March 1.... HELLER, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by three of the younger artists in Rome—Renzo Vespignani, Marcello Muccini, and Graziella Urbinati; through March 16.... MATISSE, 41 E. 57th St.: Five oils or bronzes apiece by Jean Dubuffet, Jean-Paul Riopelle, Reg Butler, and Alberto Giacometti; through Saturday, March 2.... NEW GALLERY, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Léger, Nolde, Schwitters, and other twentieth-century artists; through March 23.... PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty-six oils by such artists as Miró, Chagall, and Rouault, all of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

them being shown here for the first time; through Saturday, March 9.... **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: Oils by twelve modern masters, among them Kandinsky, Modigliani, and Severini; through March 16.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **ALAN**, 32 E. 65th St.: Jonah Kinigstein; starting Monday, March 4.... **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: John McCoy; starting Monday, March 4.... **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Jon Schueler; starting Monday, March 4. (Daily, 2 to 6.)... **DE NAGY**, 24 E. 67th St.: Grace Hartigan; starting Tuesday, March 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.)... **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Jacques Lipchitz; starting Tuesday, March 5.... **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Alexej von Jawlensky; starting Monday, March 4.... **KOOTZ**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Gérard Schneider; starting Monday, March 4.... **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Adolf Dehn; starting Monday, March 4.... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Shirley Kaplan; starting Monday, March 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Linda Lindeberg; starting Monday, March 4.... **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Mildred Crooks; starting Tuesday, March 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) ...¶ Group shows at the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.; starting Tuesday, March 5. **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.; starting Monday, March 4.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A circularly mounted hundred-and-sixty-five-foot panorama of the palace and gardens of Versailles, painted by the American John Vanderlyn in 1818-19, and, in an adjoining room, related exhibits of prints and drawings. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of prints by the Norwegian artist Edvard Munch (1863-1944); through Sunday, March 3.... ¶ A selection of European, Latin-American, and United States travel posters, dating from the eighteen-nineties to the present time; starting Wednesday, March 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Golden Years of American Drawing, 1905-56," composed of a hundred and seventy-five examples, many on loan, by William Glackens, George Luks, Marsden Hartley, Ben Shahn, and others; through March 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—The opening show in the quarters temporarily being used while the new museum is under construction is "Three Brothers: The Paintings and Sculptures of Jacques Villon, Raymond Duchamp-Villon, and Marcel Duchamp;" through March 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A new museum founded by Nelson A. Rockefeller, with some five hundred objects he has gathered from all over the world (the earliest piece dates from about 20000 B.C.), supplemented by gifts from other collectors. On view are stone sculptures, carvings in greenstone, ivories, wood masks, pottery figures, gold jewelry, and the like. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Drive , at 103rd St.—The Knickerbocker Artists' tenth annual exhibition, national in scope and consisting of about a hundred and forty paintings, sculptures, and graphic works by nonmembers as well as members; starting Sunday, March 3. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by thirty Americans under thirty-five years of age; through April 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese, Heidi Krall, Gianni Poggi, and Ettore Bastianini.... ¶ Friday, March 1, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Brian Sullivan, Jerome Hines, and Theodor Uppman.... ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 1:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Margaret Harshaw, Marianne Schech, Wolfgang Windgassen, and Kurt Boehme. (The last of four special-subscription performances.)... ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 8: "La Traviata," with Renata Tebaldi, Helen Vanni, Giuseppe Campora, and Leonard Warren.... ¶ Monday, March 4, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Licia Albanese, Jan Peerce, Martial Singher, and Salvatore Baccaloni. ...¶ Tuesday, March 5, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Martha Moedl, Marianne Schech, Wolfgang Windgassen, and Kurt Boehme.... ¶ Wednesday, March 6, at 8: "La Traviata," with Renata Tebaldi, Helen Vanni, Giuseppe Campora, and Ettore Bastianini.... ¶ Thursday, March 7, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Richard Tucker, and Leonard Warren.... ¶ Friday, March 8, at 8: "Die Walküre," with Martha Moedl, Marianne Schech, Ramon Vinay, and Hermann Uhde.... ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 2: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Brian Sullivan, Jerome Hines, and Theodor Uppman.... ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Emelia Cundari, Giulio Gari, and Ettore Bastianini. (A benefit for the New York Vassar Club Scholarship Fund; for tickets, call EL 5-5000, Ext. 6L1.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:45, and Friday, March 1, at 2:30 (both with Rudolf Serkin, piano). ...¶ Max Rudolf conducting on Saturday, March 2, at 8:45, and Sunday, March 3, at 2:30 (both with Erica Morini, violin).... ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, March 7, at 8:45, and Friday, March 8, at 2:30 (both with Eugene Istomin, piano).

Gershwin Concert—Morton Gould conducting the Symphony of the Air in an all-Gershwin program, with Earl Wild, piano; Camilla Williams, soprano; and Eugene Brice, baritone. A benefit for the George Gershwin Memorial Foundation. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau directing, with Carol Brice, contralto, and the St. John's University Glee Club. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—William Strickland directing, with Howard Hanson, guest conductor, and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Roger Wagner Chorale—Roger Wagner directing. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 3, at 8:30.)

Fordham University Glee Club—Frederic Joslyn directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

Mildah Polia—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Kenneth Gordon—Violin. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Jean Ritchie—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Gary Graffman—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Twilight Concerts—Margaret Hillis conducting a chamber group. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 2, at 5:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-57—The first of two special concerts in a series of ten. They will consist of contemporary music from abroad, and the participants will include Juliette Arnold and Douglas Nordli, piano, and Max Pollikoff, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 3, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

Russell Oberlin—Countertenor, in a program of Spanish and Elizabethan lute songs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington

Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 3, at 8:40.)

John Corigliano and Heida Hermanns—Violin and piano, in a program of sonatas, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, March 4, at 8:40.)

Erich Itor Kahn Memorial Concert—Presented by the Juilliard String Quartet and Beveridge Webster, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Tuesday, March 5, at 8:40.)

Smetana Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, March 6, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of Tudor and Elizabethan music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 8, at 8:30.)

Leopold Avakian—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Totenberg Instrumental Ensemble. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. SP 7-2000, Ext. 618. Friday, March 8, at 8:30.)

Elena Nikolaidi—Contralto. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 9, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30.)

Note—Clifford Curzon will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 10, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Tuesday, March 5, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before.

MISCELLANY

Calypso Programs—The Trinidad Steel Band. (*Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 8:40 and at midnight.*)

Operas-in-Brief—"Tosca," the second in a series of four abbreviated operas being presented uptown by the Amato Opera Theatre. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 5, at 5:30.)

Italian Folklore Society—A program of folk songs and dances, with Vera Franceschi, piano, and Daniele Barioni, tenor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 9, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 1: Johnny Gonsalves vs. Paolo Rosi, lightweights, 10 rounds. Friday, March 8: Garnet (Sugar) Hart vs. Walter Byars, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 6, at 8: Golden Gloves Eastern Championships, semifinals and finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 3, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Saturday, March 2: Final match of the National Intercollegiate Championship Tournament and a non-tournament match. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9: Two games. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 30.

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, March 2, at 2 and 6:30: I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 7:30: Knights of Columbus.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—By the Philharmonic-Symphony, Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Charles Haupt, seventeen-year-old violinist. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 9, at 11.)

Play—The Hunt-King Productions presenting "Clown Face," a play with music. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30 and Sunday, March 3, at 1:30.)

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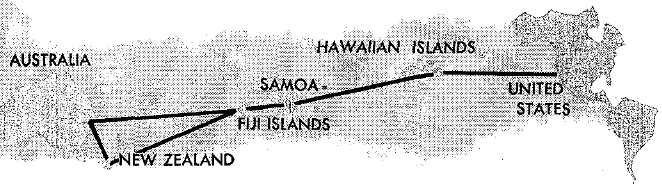

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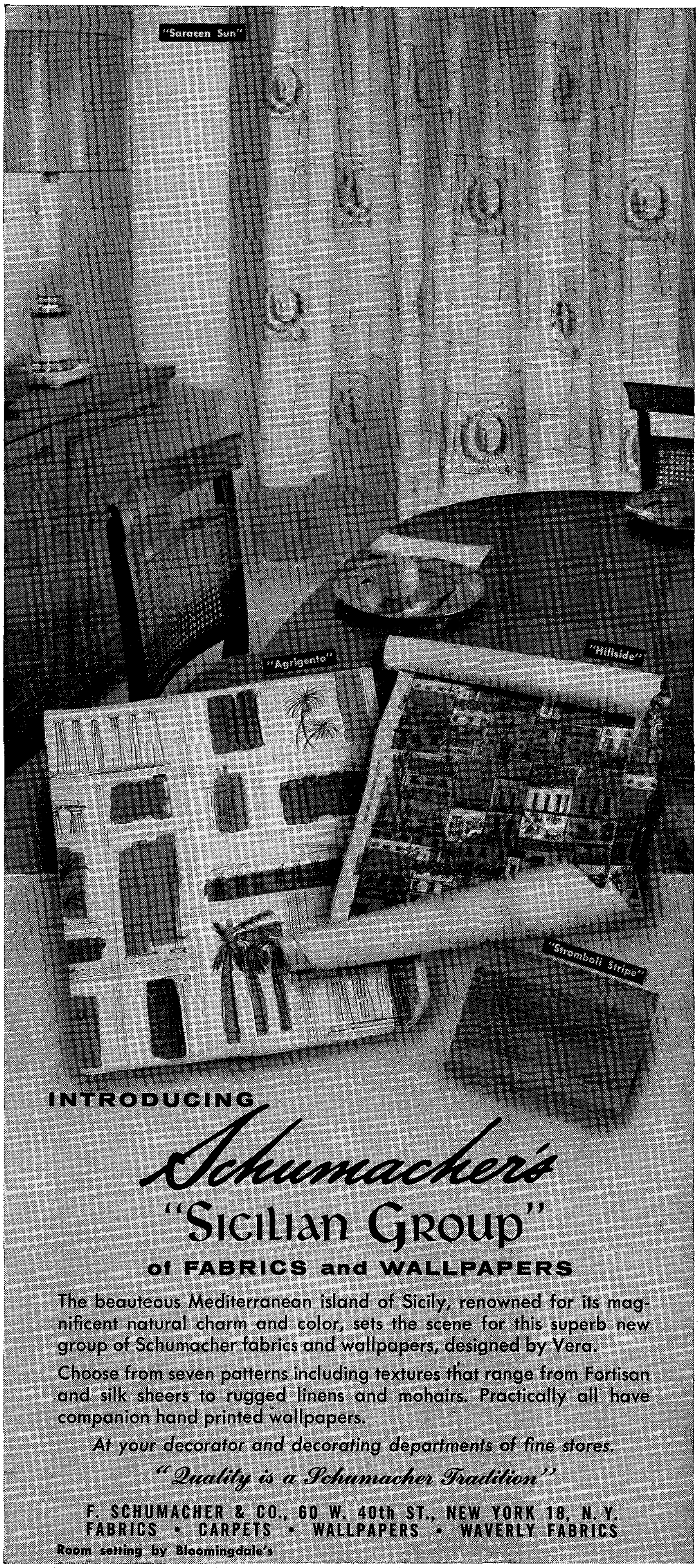

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Twice Around the Sun," demonstrates the changes in the skies during 1956 and previews astronomical events for 1957. Starting Tuesday, March 5, there will be a new show, "The Story of the Moon." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)...¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's program is more or less up in the air. Adjournment of the General Assembly is a possibility at the end of this week, leaving things fairly quiet until March 14, when the Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene; there will, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

POETRY READINGS—John Malcolm Brinnin and Richard Wilbur reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Tuesday, March 5, at 6:30.)

TREASURES PRESERVED AND INTERPRETED—Some two hundred rarities in a show arranged as a tribute to the collectors and scholars who have preserved and interpreted these works of art and literature. Among the objects on view are Mesopotamian cylinder seals, medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts, a first edition of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," and drawings and water colors covering a wide range of centuries and countries; through April 20. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, March 1, at 1:45: Oriental art, including jade and other mineral carvings, porcelains, early dynastic pottery and sculptures, and Chinese furniture; from several collectors, among them the late Irving H. Vogel....¶ Saturday, March 2, at 1:45: English furniture and decorations, Nanking and Oriental Lowestoft porcelain saltcellars, Old Master and other paintings, and a small group of rugs; the property of Mrs. William Woodward, Sr., and others. ...¶ Tuesday, March 5, at 1:45: Autograph letters and manuscripts; first editions of such authors as Lewis Carroll, Clemens, Dickens, and Conrad; and other literary material. From the library of the late Mrs. Edward J. Pearson.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—Exhibition games: Dodgers vs. Yankees, at Ebbets Field, April 13; and Yankees vs. Dodgers, at Yankee Stadium, April 14. ...¶ First league games at home: Yankees vs. Washington, at Yankee Stadium, April 16; Giants vs. Philadelphia, at the Polo Grounds, April 18; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, at Ebbets Field, April 18; and Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, at Jersey City, April 22.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—March 15: Isidro Martinez vs. Gil Cadilli, featherweights, 10 rounds....¶ March 22: Miguel

Berrios vs. Carmelo Costa, featherweights, 12 rounds.

GOLF—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 4-7.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on March 10, 13, 17, and 24. . . . ¶ Stanley Cup playoffs start the end of March.

HUNT RACING—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. April 6.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 13.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 13.)

RACING—At AINTREE, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 30. . . . LAUREL, Md.: April 1-May 4. . . . JAMAICA: April 1-May 28.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway, April 1-July 31.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 20, except for the week of April 8, when the company will be in Boston. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): The Philharmonic-Symphony season continues through May 12, except for the two weeks between April 8 and 24, when the orchestra will be on tour. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 12 and April 2. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, March 20 and 23. . . . ¶ Dora Perelmann, piano, March 24. . . . ¶ Symphony of the Air, March 26 and April 11. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Mary Bothwell, soprano, March 12. . . . ¶ Paganini Quartet, March 13. . . . ¶ Knickerbocker Chamber Players, March 14. . . . ¶ Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; Gina Bachauer, piano; Nicola Moscona, bass-baritone; and John Modenos, baritone, in a benefit concert, March 17. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, March 18. . . . ¶ American Chamber Orchestra, March 19. . . . ¶ Orchestra da Camera, March 20. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, guitar, March 24. . . . ¶ Helvetia Maennerchor of New York, March 30. . . . ¶ Ethel Colt, soprano, March 31. . . . ¶ Henri Deering, piano, April 1. . . . ¶ Sidor Belarsky, bass, April 2. . . . ¶ Oberlin College Choir, April 4. . . . ¶ Rudolf Firkusny, piano, April 5. . . . ¶ Columbia University Glee Club, April 6. . . . ¶ Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, April 10. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Jacob Lateiner, piano, March 15. . . . ¶ Cantata Singers, March 21. . . . ¶ Smetana Quartet, March 29. . . . ¶ Quartetto Italiano, April 4. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (RE 7-8490): Nathan Milstein, violin, March 30.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A play by John McLiam, "The Sin of Pat Muldoon," with James Barton and Elaine Stritch. . . . ¶ "The Beggar's Opera," "Brigadoon," and "The Merry Widow," the first three in a series of five musicals to be presented by the New York City Center Light Opera Company. . . . ¶ Melvyn Douglas, Mildred Dunnock, and Walter Matthau in "Maiden Voyage," a comedy by Paul Osborn. . . . ¶ Tennessee Williams' new play, "Orpheus Descending," starring Maureen Stapleton. . . . ¶ "Hide and Seek," a play by Roger MacDougall and Stanley Mann, with Franchot Tone, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Basil Rathbone. . . . ¶ A comedy by Elsie Lee called "Liza," based on a novel by Faith Baldwin, with Rain Winslow and Hugh Reilly in the leading roles. . . . ¶ Bert Lahr, Angela Lansbury, and Arthur Treacher in a farce, "Hotel Paradiso," adapted by Peter Glenville from the French play by Georges Feydeau and Maurice Desvallieres. . . . ¶ Eartha Kitt and Eddie Bracken in "Shinbone Alley," a musical based on the Don Marquis "Archy and Mehitabel" stories. George Kleinsinger wrote the music; Joe Darion and Mel Brooks did the book; and Mr. Darion did the lyrics.

POETRY READINGS—At the Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. (TR 6-2366): Edith and Osbert Sitwell, March 24. . . . ¶ Robert Frost, April 14.

OTHER DATES—The bock-beer season starts on March 11. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, March 11-17. . . . ¶ St. Patrick's Day is Sunday, March 17. . . . ¶ The first day of spring is March 20. . . . ¶ International Antiques Exhibition and Sale, at the Coliseum, March 30-April 7. . . . ¶ International Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 31-April 6. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, April 3-May 12. . . . ¶ Federal income-tax returns for 1956 and estimates for 1957, as well as New York State returns, are due Monday, April 15.

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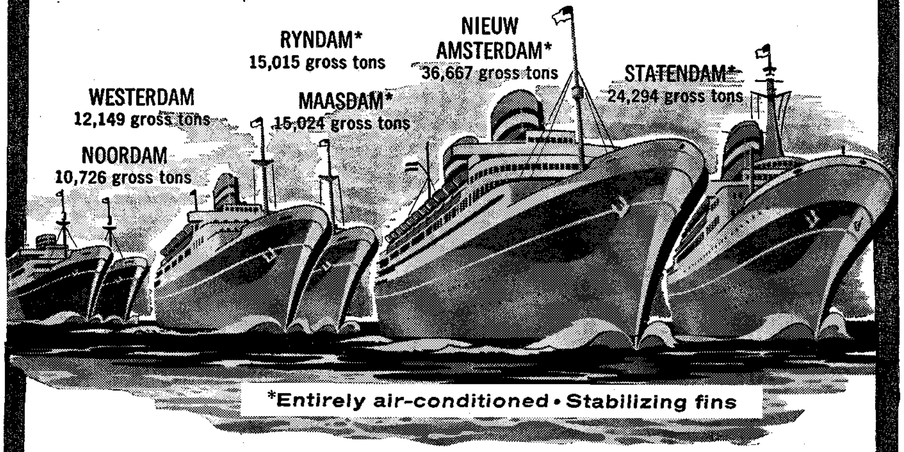

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Westerdam †
Mar. 9, Apr. 6
Maasdam
Mar. 18, Apr. 11
Noordam †
Mar. 23, Apr. 20
Ryndam
Mar. 26•, Apr. 25+
Nieuw Amsterdam
Apr. 4, May 10
Statendam (New)
Apr. 16, May 17
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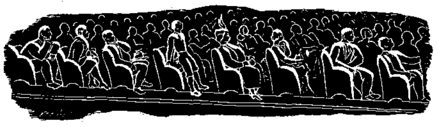
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny run-through of the Jules Verne fantasy, written by S. J. Perelman and produced by Michael Todd. The film has a huge cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine. As for the scenic effects, they're tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Baby Doll—Fun and games with some of the odd types who inhabit the backward areas of Mississippi. Written by Tennessee Williams, the picture was directed by Elia Kazan, and has the splendid services of Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Giant—Texas and all that, in an adaptation of the Edna Ferber novel. Sprawling all over the place, the picture never quite gets into focus, but there's plenty of the whoop-de-do we've come to expect in descriptions of the Lone-Star State. The film was directed by George Stevens, and the cast includes Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through March 3, tentative.)

The Gold of Naples—Four stimulating episodes in the lives of some diverting residents of southern Italy. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, who also figures as an actor in one of the stanzas, this Italian film also includes in its admirable cast Sophia Loren, Totò, Paolo Stoppa, Silvana Mangano, and Pasquale Cennamo. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Great Man—José Ferrer as an embattled radio commentator assigned to do a heroic obituary of a broadcasting figure who was a four-ply heel. The mores of the radio and television world get a savage going over, and the piece is reasonably entertaining. Mr. Ferrer has the support of Keenan Wynn, Dean Jagger, and Ed Wynn. Everybody on view is satisfactory. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Lust for Life—A superior color film that reviews the career of Vincent van Gogh with quite a bit of perception. As the Dutch Master, Kirk Douglas is estimable, and as Gauguin, Anthony Quinn is also right up to the mark. A good many of van Gogh's works are exhibited in the course of the film, and they are wonderful to see. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Magnificent Seven—A Japanese picture that works up all kinds of excitement describing the endeavors of a group of wandering samurai to protect some sixteenth-century homesteaders from the depredations of bandit hordes. The picture, which is like one of our own Westerns, was directed by Akira Kurosawa, who was responsible for "Rashomon." (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 2.)

Private's Progress—An English film that spoofs some Albionites who weren't altogether up to the business of defending the motherland in the last war. Ian Carmichael is very funny as the principal incompetent in this romp, and Richard Attenborough, Terry-Thomas, and Dennis Price give him a lot of assistance. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through March 2.)

The Rainmaker—A confidence man loose in the prairie belt convinces a rather homely maiden that she is really a most desirable female. In the hands of Burt Lancaster and Katharine Hepburn, these characters are very persuasive. Others in the cast include Wendell Corey, Cameron Prud'homme, Lloyd Bridges, and Earl Holliman. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting March 6, tentative.)

The Silent World—Interesting doings underwater as recorded by Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau, dean of the frogmen, whose explorations have taken him beneath the surface of half a dozen seas. A French picture, with an English narration. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 6, tentative.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—In its translation into film, the Kaufman-Teichmann comedy about a flibbertigibbety lady who succeeds in taking over a huge industrial corporation has lost none of its comic value. Judy Holliday is hilarious as the lady, and Paul Douglas makes a nice foil for her in the role of the big-league businessman. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 6, tentative.)

The Spirit of St. Louis—James Stewart is the Lone Eagle in this account of Lindbergh's celebrated flight. Unfortunately, there isn't much in the way of subsurface content, and Mr. Stewart is occasionally too arch for comfort. Among others in the cast are Murray Hamilton, Patricia Smith, Bartlett Robinson, and Marc Connelly. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

La Strada—A topflight Italian film whose director, Federico Fellini, demonstrates an ability to see the Italian scene steadily and whole. The leading actors—Anthony Quinn and Richard Basehart—do well by the enterprise; the only difficulty, in fact, is that Giulietta Masina, the heroine, is a rather limited actress. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Tempest in the Flesh—This French film sets out to explain nymphomania and doesn't get very far. Still, it is a lively melodrama, and the acting is commendable—particularly the performances of Françoise Arnoul, who plays a young lady who can't keep on the straight and narrow, and Raymond Pellegrin, who plays her upset lover. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious interpretations, cutting a colorful swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne DeCarlo are also prominent in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

We Are All Murderers—A French film that inveighs against capital punishment with telling effect, and that gets a lot of melodramatic distance out of its polemics. Marcel Mouloudji, Raymond Pellegrin, Antoine Balpetre, and Julien Verdier, among others, help make the picture an absorbing affair. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 6, tentative.)

Wee Geordie—A simple and appealing little British picture that builds up some amusing episodes in the course of a tale about an undersized Scottish lad who takes a correspondence course in physical culture and winds up as the damnedest hammer thrower ever seen on earth. Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young are attractive as a covey of Scots, and the scenery in the background is beautiful to behold. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 28.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; Feb. 28, tentative.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 3-5.)

Cinderella (1950)—Disney's view of the fairy tale. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—Harry Baur in a French version of one of Dostoevski's novels. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 1-4.)

Dark Victory (1939)—Bette Davis as a fatally ill heiress. George Brent and Humphrey Bogart are also in it. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 5-6.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; starting March 1, tentative.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle on the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through March 2: "The Cat and the Canary" (1928), with Laura La Plante. . . . ¶ March 3-6: "Blonde Crazy" (1931), with James Cagney and Joan Blondell. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, but at 3 only on March 5. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Full of Life," Judy Holliday, Richard Conte.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Battle Hymn," Rock Hudson, Anna Kashfi.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Incredible Shrinking Man," Grant Williams, Randy Stuart.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Mister Cory," Tony Curtis, Martha Hyer.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Feb. 28: "Don't Knock the Rock," Bill Haley, Alan Dale.
From March 1: "The Big Land," Alan Ladd, Virginia Mayo.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Oh, Men! Oh, Women!," Dan Dailey, Ginger Rogers.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through March 6 (tentative): "Edge of the City," John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BABY DOLL.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
TEMPEST IN THE FLESH (in French).

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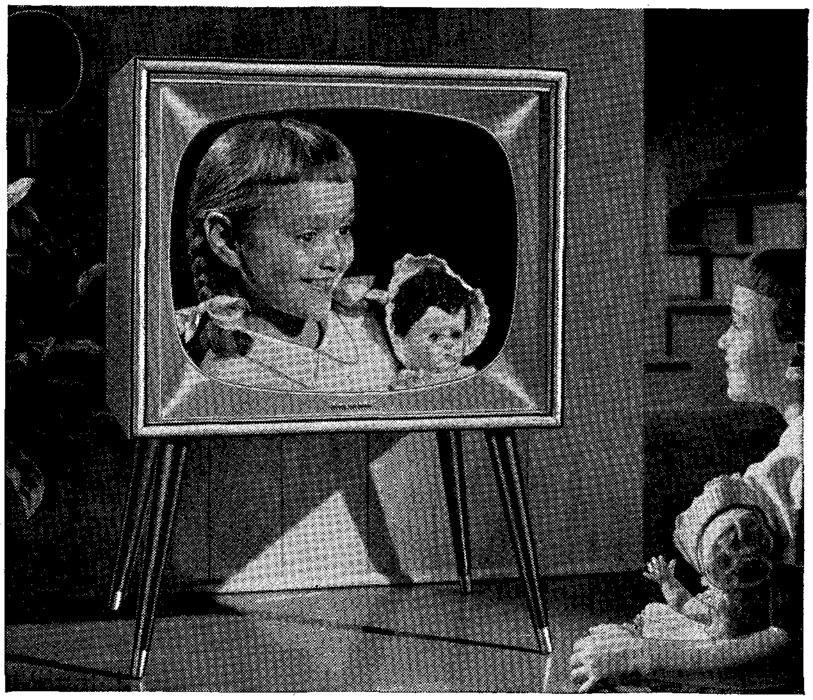

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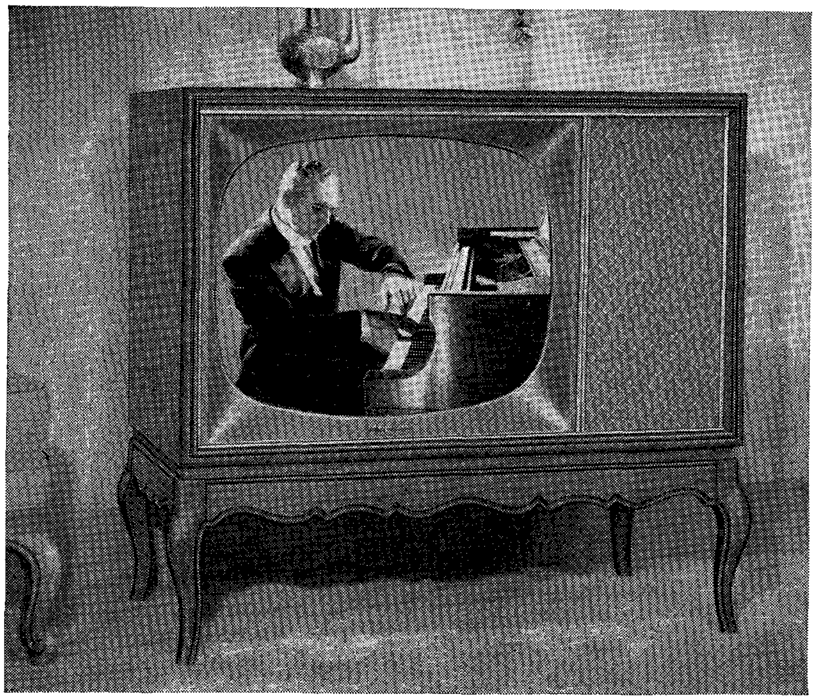

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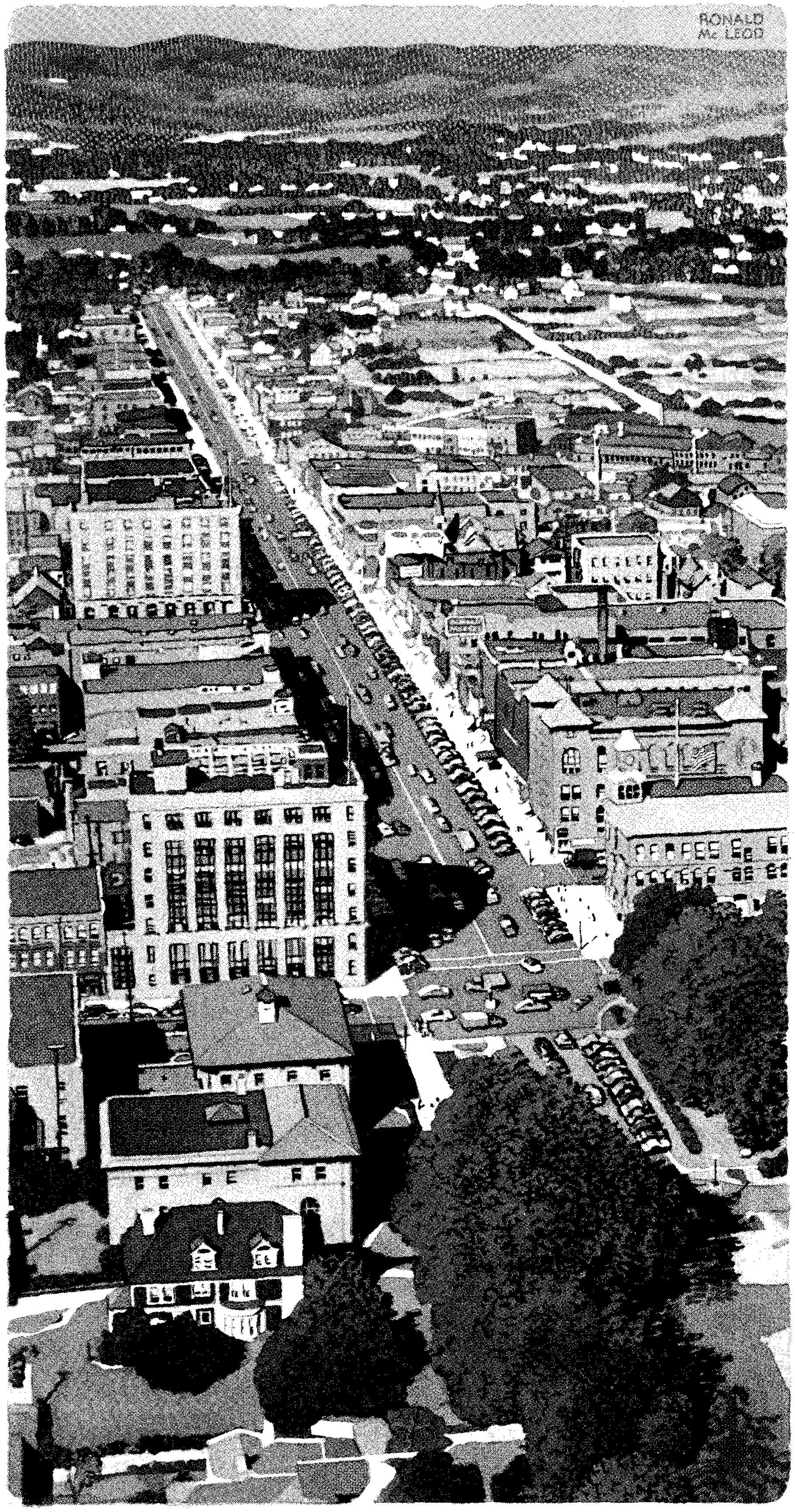

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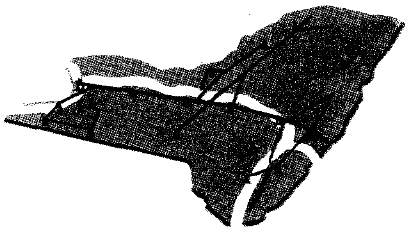

At left is an artist's concept of Olean, N. Y. and one of the widest business streets in the world. Map shows the New York State Thruway flowing through the heart of the Niagara Mohawk System.

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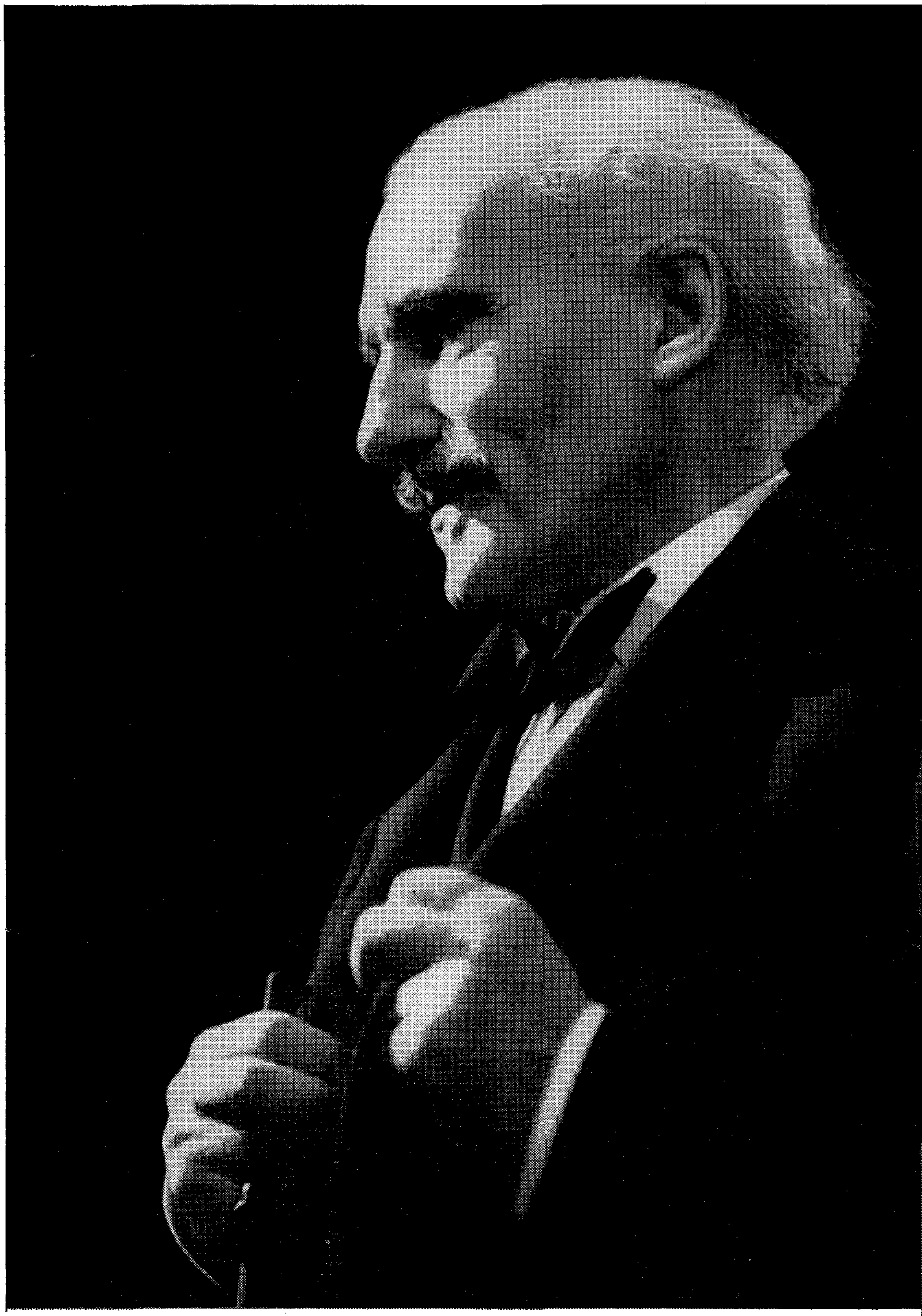

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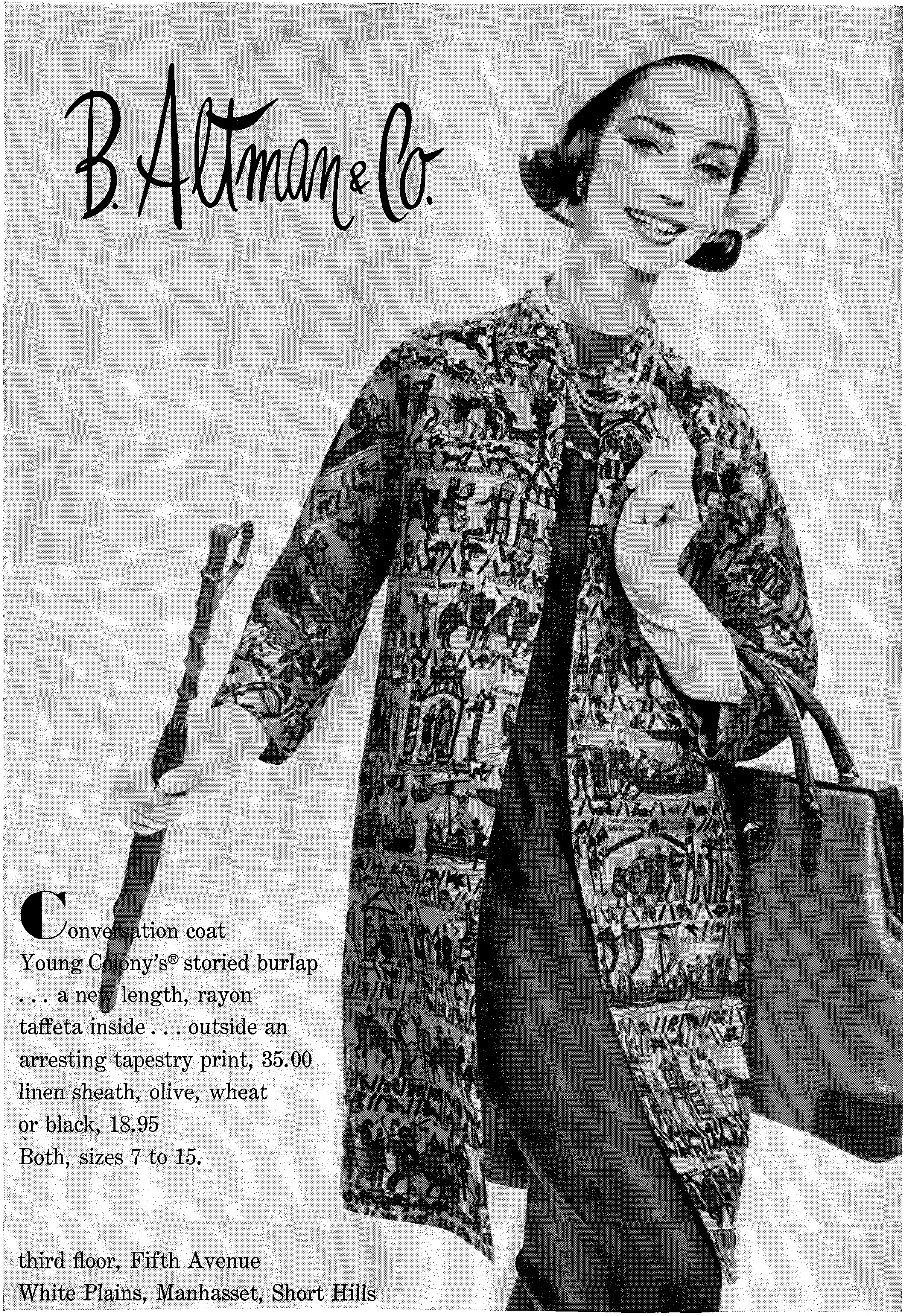

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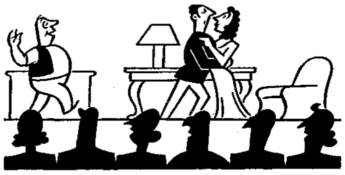
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE NEW YORKER makes quite an effort to go to press with all the words in their proper places, and our record is good, typographically. When we do allow an error to get by, we try to make sure that it is a real little old honey of a mistake. In this we succeeded admirably in our December 22nd issue, when the word "the" vanished mysteriously from a line in Robert Fitzgerald's lovely poem "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring." Mr. Fitzgerald, referring to Johann Sebastian Bach, wrote, "So ran the Kapellmeister's hymn unending," and our printer, in a burst of midnight brevity and with no effective blocking from editors and proofreaders, made it, "So ran Kapellmeister's hymn unending." This man Kapellmeister, appearing unexpectedly out of nowhere, must have shaken our readers. He was like a drunken stagehand blundering onto the stage during a love scene—old Bugsy Kapellmeister, at it again. For this slovenly adventure in low comedy we send our belated apologies to the author, and at the same time our greetings to all poets who have ever been thrown to the ground in the middle of their song.

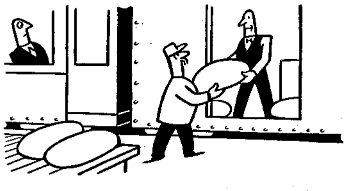


EVERY so often we read an article that tells how the railroads of America are keeping abreast of the times, with a modern this and a modern that. But it is our good fortune to ride the rails between New York and Bangor, where time stands still and the passage of a hundred years is as the gentle sighing of the breeze. Time stands still and, for much of the journey, the train itself stands still. Sometimes the train varies this a bit by backing up; you gaze out the window and discover that the cattails in the ditch alongside the track are creeping slowly *toward*, rather than away from, the engine, and you know that the engineer has again been overcome by the old, old change of heart, the same indecisiveness that has kept rail passengers in a state of wonderment and retrogression since before the Civil War.

WHAT endears the railroad to us is that it is a traditionalist, faithful to original ideas and early devices. Where but in a railway lounge car can you sit at ease in a modern setting holding a modern drink and see a man come down the aisle carrying a lighted kerosene lantern? Passengers in airliners and buses have no such pleasing reminder of the past. When the world's supply of kerosene oil fails, there is no telling what will become of the railroads, but as yet there is no shortage and the trains are running.

WE are writing this appreciation of American railroads in Bedroom F (F for Frank) in Car 1239, a car called Pringle House. Morning has come, the long night is o'er, Portland is a thing of the past. The train is motionless. Not the slightest tremor disturbs it, or us. We have our own private writing desk, our black ashtray, our carafe, our fan, our shoe locker, our instrument panel, our slot for the used blade. The seat on which we sit for this writing is the toilet seat, for that is the way things are arranged in Pringle House. And the whole business comes to only forty dollars and eighty-five cents, or about twice what the trip would be costing us if we were travelling by motorcar. Unlike many of the occupants of 1239, we have had a good breakfast. Being an experienced guest of the New Haven, the Boston & Maine, and the Maine Central (the three roads that conspire to make this Bangor run possible), we came aboard last night carrying our breakfast in a paper bag—a thermos of coffee, a hard-boiled egg, and a bun. A man has to know what he is about when he takes to the rails. Outside the window is additional nourishment: the woods in winter (the bent birch, the unbending spruce), an expanse of snowy pasture, and footprints leading off in the direction of the river. We are at a pause in the long, beautiful, dreamy ascent of the valley of the Kennebec.

THE railroads of New England seldom make any distinction between a passenger and a sack of mail. The two are lumped together; the passenger becomes merely a party to what is essentially a rural delivery service. A couple of months ago, on the twentieth of December, at 10:15 P.M., we left New York for Bangor along with Christmas cards from everybody in New York to everybody in Maine. We arrived in Bangor the following afternoon at a quarter past two, just sixteen hours (and one hard-boiled egg) later. The distance is 512.2 miles, so we had progressed at the rate of thirty-two miles per hour, or about what a strong boy can do on a bicycle. When a stop was made, the door of the mail car would open and a clerk inside would start passing out bags, one by one, just as they have been handled for a century. The passenger is moot cargo; one day the roads announce that they plan to price him out of existence, the next day they announce that they're going to make him the happiest fellow alive. It



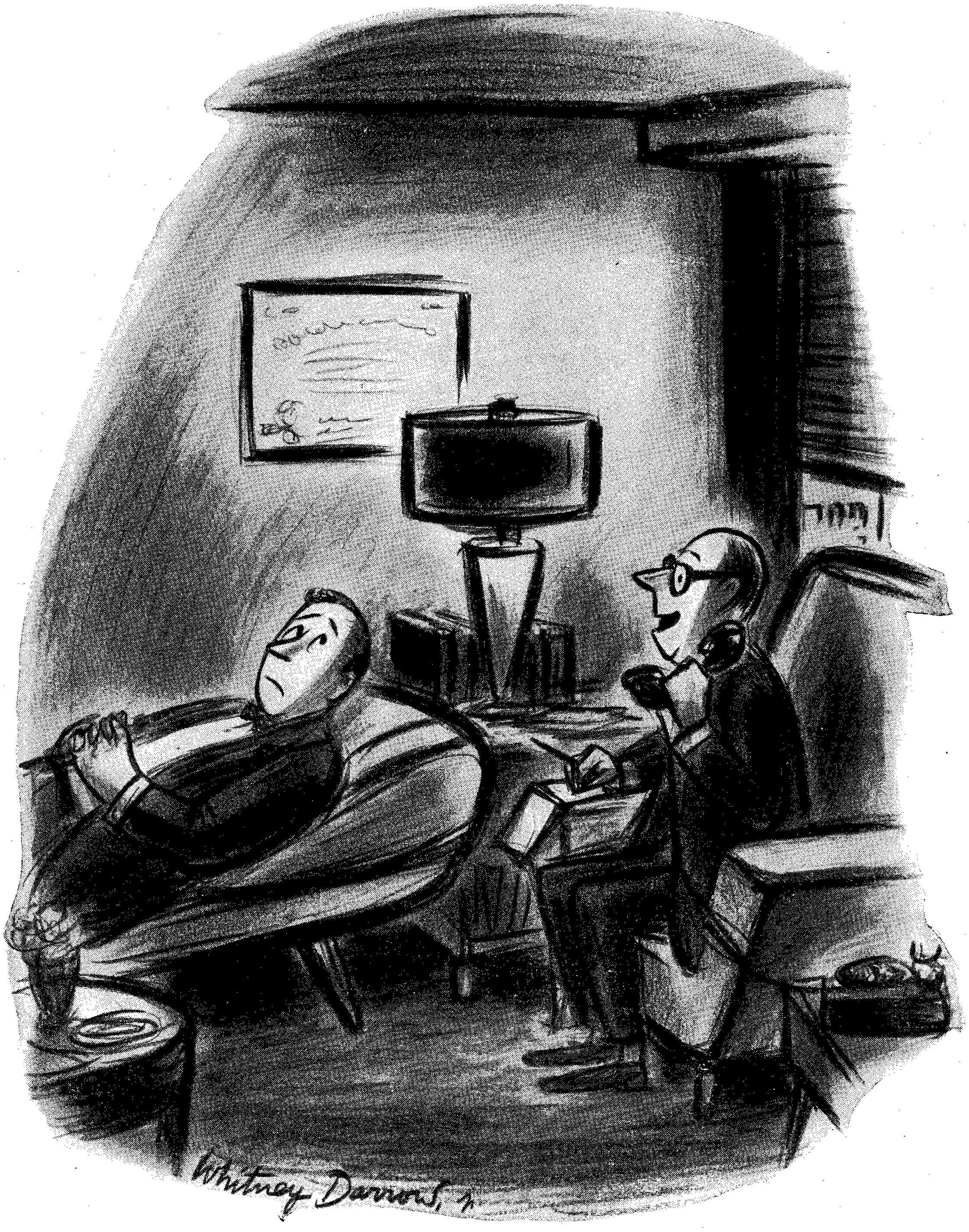
is another example of the vacillating nature of railroad people. But we *know* this: even if the roads manage to cut their speed to twenty-five miles an hour, from the present thirty-two, we will still prefer railroading to other forms of travel. It's the traditionalist in us, no doubt.

BEDROOM F, we notice, has a varnished window sill. Carved in it, in rickety block letters, are the names "RUSTY + ROSE." The car is rather an old one, and the carving seems to have been done a long while ago, yet we feel the presence of these two in the room. Where are Rusty and Rose? *And what were the events that brought* them finally to their night in Bedroom F (for Frank) in Pringle House? If we were a fiction writer, we would be hard at work reconstructing the story of this immortal couple and their deathless encounter. Rusty must have been sufficiently moved by it to want to give permanency to their hours together—either that or he found himself with time on his hands in the morning, with the cattails running the wrong way outside the window, and Rose still asleep. Who knows? The names sound exactly right for a journey that is to be indelible in Pullman history. Rusty and his Rose.

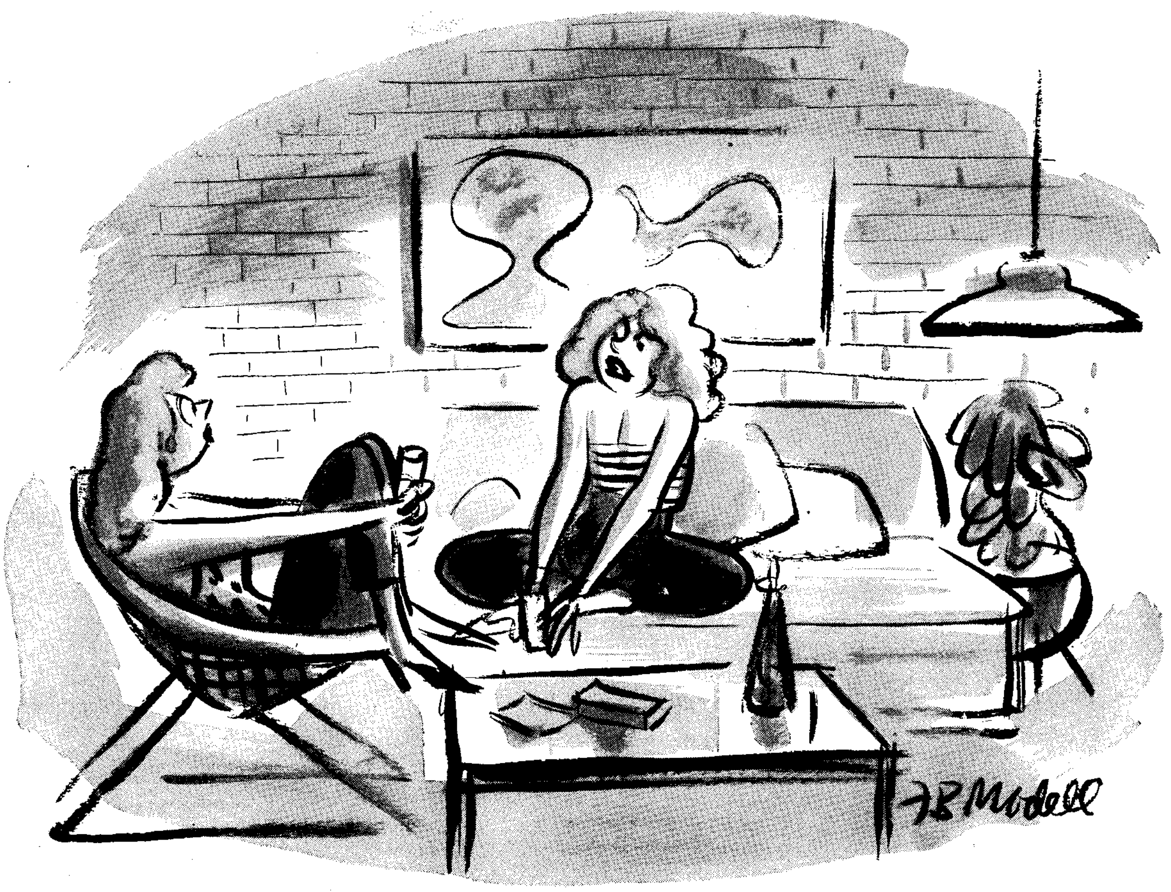
Metaphysical Haunt

THROUGH a concatenation of circumstances that there's no need to go into here, we presented ourself the other morning at the apartment of Roy Newell, a painter, who lives at 308 West Fifteenth Street. Mr. Newell was spooning up a bowl of Quick Quaker Oats and reflecting upon a previous tenant of his apartment. "I've lived here eight years," he said, "and until three weeks ago I didn't know that this used to be the studio of Albert Ryder. Our first Expressionist, a metaphysical painter like me, and now—he's been dead for forty years—all the big-shot museum collectors can't get enough of him. In my book, he's the greatest American artist who ever lived, and you know what he used to do? He'd splash so much paint that his easel would get riveted to the floor in this living room, and then he'd do one of those marvellous seascapes from memory with never a change of angle. When he lived here—that would be about 1908—he kept going on Shredded Wheat. Personally, I prefer these oats."

While Mr. Newell turned his attention back to his food, we took a look at Ryder's former residence. It consists of a low-ceilinged living room, about eighteen by fourteen feet, the floor of which is covered with nondescript linoleum; a small bedroom; and a large bath. The place faces south, overlooking a yard in which a couple of ailanthus trees make a scrubby life of it, and has been sparsely furnished by Mr. Newell, who contends that material possessions never help when somebody is pursuing the essence of life. Putting down his spoon, Mr. Newell expatiated on the former tenant of his apartment. "He must have lain around here thinking about New Bedford, where he was born, and thinking about the sea and boats, and


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Yes, dear. . . . Yes, dear. . . . I will, dear. . . . Of course, dear. . . ."



"*Herbert Hoover makes a dumb crack. The market goes flooey. I don't get my Thunderbird. How do you like that!*"

• •

all that. This joint was really crummy, I understand, when he had it—dirty dishes, old milk bottles, discarded frames, beat-up furniture. But, my God, think of what he turned out—not necessarily here. 'The Flying Dutchman,' 'The Race Track,' 'The Pond,' 'Toilers of the Sea'—every one a museum piece! When I heard about his living here, I just lay down on that cot and looked at the ceiling, and damned if it didn't start making patterns for me. You know, in a way, Ryder and I have a lot in common. Here's the thing—let me put it like this. So O.K., he's from New Bedford and I'm from the lower East Side, but we both got this notion of boats—where do they come from, where do they go? And so he climbs some hill near New Bedford, and I climb a mountain of oyster shells from George M. Still's, down on Pike Street. But what we see is the same. He does it better, maybe, is all. With Ryder having lived here, sometimes I just look around, if it's night with one bulb burning, and I see all the stuff I ought to see. There's a metaphysical aura around here."

Mr. Newell, who is a fairly tall, bald man in his early forties, and who was wearing dungarees and a turtleneck sweater when we saw him, suggested a beer around the corner, and we followed him to a tavern on Eighth Avenue. "The watery realm is my realm, as it was Ryder's," he said after we'd got to the bar. "One trouble with Ryder was that he not only never finished a painting to his own satisfaction but also used a hell of a lot of wax, so his paintings are short on stability. I guess he wasn't concerned with the physical immortality of any object, and who should be?"

Mr. Newell pondered the bubbles on top of his beer for a while, and remarked, "You know, art used to be a punishment. When I was at school, I got put into a special class, because I wouldn't obey my father. We had everything from nitwits to gangsters in that class, and they all thought it was really insulting to hand you a crayon and say, 'Draw, you ape.' I began to like drawing then, but I also took a shine to poetry, and spent ten years in the Public Library just reading it. But I'm talking too much about myself. To get back to Ryder, he was nuts about reworking his material—so much so that one time when somebody commissioned a painting, he altered it so heavily between viewings that he didn't have the nerve to open his door to the customer. The customer was a good egg; he slipped the money under the door, and let Ryder go ahead and work the painting around. Another thing about Ryder was that he couldn't understand anything financial. Had a check lying around the place for weeks, I understand, before a friend explained how to cash it. Then he thought the friend was a genius. Every time I think about Ryder, it gives me new hope. I guess I need it. After I got through with that poetry stint, I was discovered as a painter by J. B. Neumann, a wonderful man, who thereupon stopped having art shows. Then I was exhibited by the Hacker Gallery, which thereupon also stopped having art shows. I figured when the Whitney Museum exhibited me, nothing could happen. But, by God, they moved uptown right away. Sometimes I think I'm a Jonah. But you can't cheat an honest talent, can you?"

We said absolutely no, and went our way.

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SCOTTISH INTELLIGENCE: A road sign near Edinburgh warns, "Beware of the lambs."

So Long to Mom

THERE'S a powerful trend to executive desklessness sweeping the city, and we've spared neither time nor effort in getting to the bottom of it. What are the psychological implications of executive desklessness? How does a deskless executive feel immediately after the moment of truth? Six months after? What happens to his ego? His id? But first a word as to precisely what executive desklessness is. As the term implies, it is the fashion, first noted along Madison Avenue and now spreading rapidly east to Park, and even west to Fifth, of not having a desk in one's office—of boldly making do with a couple of comfortable chairs and, say, a marble coffee table, or merely, in extreme cases, a small Masonite clipboard. Among the deskless executives we have screened, interviewed, and graded are public-relations men, book publishers, management experts, and advertising men. One of the last, once we had gained his confidence, identified himself as a media man and reported that, far from suffering twinges of insecurity when his desk was removed, he felt a surge of strength unlike anything he had ever known. "Why, that pitiful old mother image!" he exclaimed, indicating with a wave of his hand the space his desk had once occupied. "I'd been hiding behind it, cowering behind it, for more years than I care to think about. Now I feel good, like a— I just feel good."

"What is a desk but a symbol of authority and success in the American business culture?" one of the management experts asked us, then sailed on, "But the desk isn't there simply to intimidate you, the humble visitor or employee, but to reassure the scared great man, enthroned in a fortress of mahogany, penholders, leather gadgets, telephones, dictaphones, and stacks of papers. Getting rid of desks will help to get rid of the cowards in high places. It's also going to improve the physical condition of the brave men who remain. We're apt to think of executives from the waist up, thanks to all those carefully posed office photographs of the presidents of this and that. Well, do you know what a lot of those executives are hiding back of their desks? Paunches. Once the desk disappears from American business life, so will the paunch. Not that the desk will disappear overnight. The men who give them up most willingly are the friendly, gregarious souls, who'd rather deal with people than with paper; the last to give them up will be the bankers, who'd rather deal with paper than with people."

One of the book publishers said that as far as he knew he had given up his desk not in order to strike a blow at his dead mother but in order to force himself to become more orderly. "Maybe it's a rationalization," he said, "but I really *was* the sloppiest man in the whole office, and I figured that if I didn't have any desk top to scatter papers over, or any desk drawers to shove papers in, I'd be bound to be neater, and therefore more efficient. Now all I use is an 'in' basket, an 'out' basket, and a clipboard; after all, you can only handle one piece of paper at a time. I find that I'm getting twice as much work done this way as I did in the old desk way. I settle things with people face to face, instead of exchanging a lot of silly memos. I also find that my desk acted as a barrier in my relations with people. It used to take me much longer to get to the heart of things than it does now. When you sit down next to a person and start talking, you feel friendly; your office relations become more like home relations. My one problem is where to put my pipe. So far, I've been tucking it in my pocket, but as often as not it's lighted, and I've come close to burning myself to the ground."

Our last talk was with a lady psychiatrist, who told us that she considers executive desklessness a most encouraging manifestation. "Men who work without desks recognize the fact that *people* are their business, and not mere facts and figures," she said. "The papers that many big executives keep on their desks are often a substitute for reality. The deskless executive faces reality far more readily than the desked executive—if we may call him that—can ever do. Moreover, a deskless executive gains greater freedom of movement than the desked executive, and is thereby able to work off tensions and hostilities as they arise. But what makes a desk downright dangerous to a great many men is that it's not merely a mother image but a pregnant-mother image! In short, an ambivalent symbol, for to the retrogressed infantile desked executive it represents not only security but the threat of future sibling rivalry. Oh dear, no! The desk must go!"

Problem

YOU know those terrible arithmetic problems about how many peaches some people buy, and so forth? Well, here's one we *like*, made up by a third-grader who was asked to think up a problem similar to the ones in his book: "My father is forty-four years old. My dog is eight. If my dog was a human being, he would be fifty-six years old. How old would my father be if he was a dog? How old would my father plus my dog be if they were both human beings?"

Team

WE have had a chat with Dame Sybil Thorndike, the preëminent English actress, who is currently appearing in "The Potting Shed," and with her husband, Sir Lewis Casson, who is currently appearing in the same play. Dame Sybil is seventy-four and beautiful, and Sir Lewis is eighty-one and handsome. We met them both, by appointment, in the dining room of their hotel, the Wellington. Dame Sybil was wearing a dark-green skirt and blouse, and a dark-green sweater, and Sir Lewis was wearing gray slacks and a brown tweed jacket.

"Coffee, coffee, coffee for all of us!" Dame Sybil called out to a waitress.

"Anything you want, Dame Sybil," said the waitress. "Anything you want. We love you here."

"Thank you, dear," Dame Sybil said to the waitress. "I love New York," Dame Sybil said to us. "I have not been here since 1938. It is a fantastic city. The courtesy, the kindness, and the love. It is overpowering."

"Magnificent city," said Sir Lewis. "Vital."

"I first came to America in 1904," said Dame Sybil, "with the Ben Greet Players. We toured and toured. I visited every state in your Union with the exception of four."

"Which four?" we asked.

"The Dakot-as," said Dame Sybil, "Tex-as, and I can never remember the name of the fourth state that I did not visit."

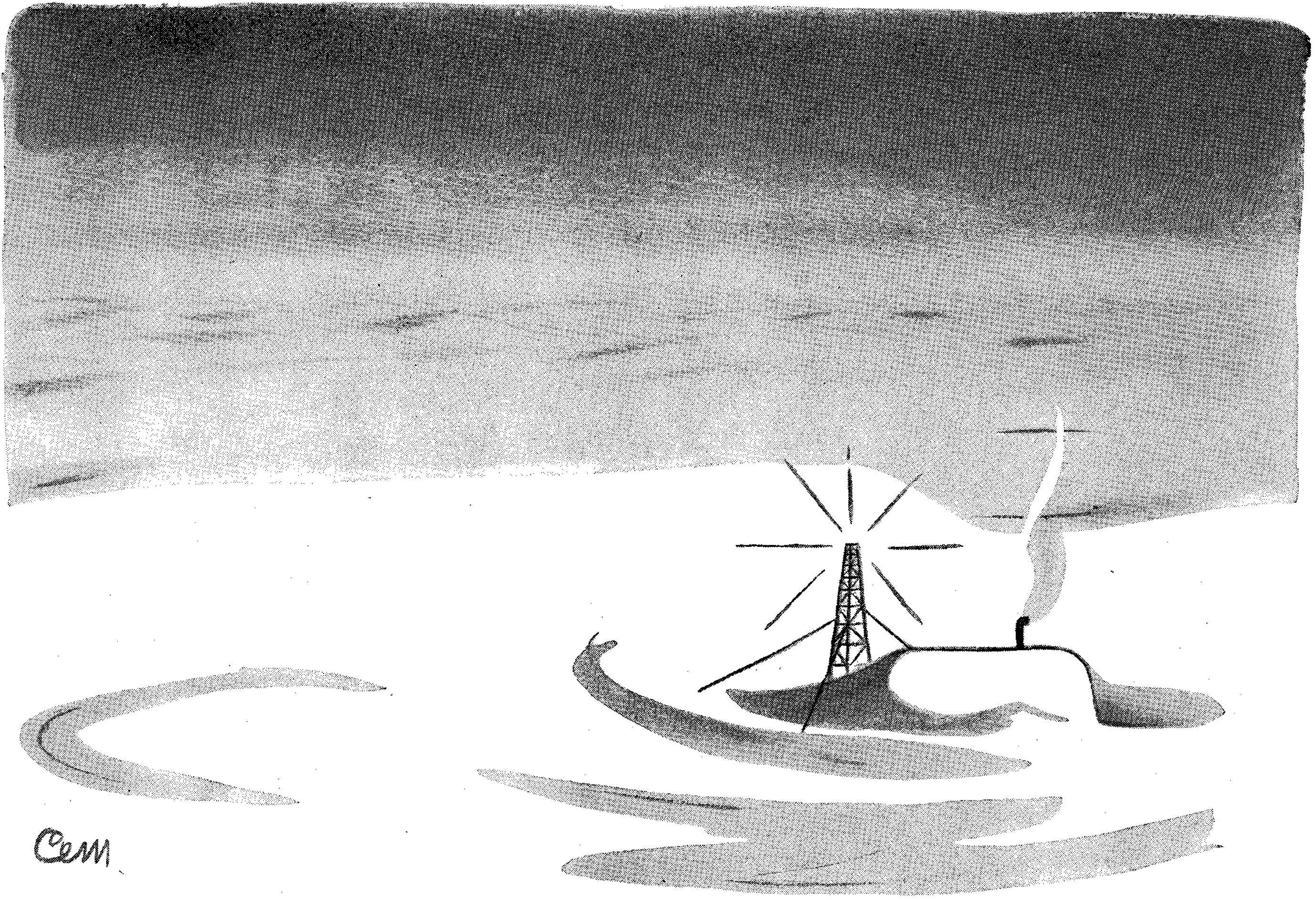
"I think it was the one with the great canyon," said Sir Lewis.

"You are right, Lewis," said Dame Sybil. "Arizon-a. That's it! Arizon-a! When I was young, no one was more dramatic than I. I was utterly dramatic."

The waitress brought coffee.

"Thank you, dear," said Dame Sybil. "I was utterly dramatic. I remember going to the Playactors, a Sunday society in London—plays were produced by Sunday societies—and G.B.S. wished to try me out for an understudy role in 'Candida.' "

"Fabulous man, G.B.S.," said Sir Lewis. "I was present when he first met Ellen Terry. He had been writing letters to her for years, of course, but we did not know that. He had never met her, however, until a rehearsal of 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion.' They



"... and that's all the news there is from here."

met in the rehearsal room atop the Royal Court Theatre. They had never met before."

"Good Lord, Lewis!" said Dame Sybil. "What a moment!"

"What did Shaw say to her?" we asked Sir Lewis.

"He said, 'Good morning,'" said Sir Lewis. "He was quite perfunctory."

"As for my trying out for 'Candida,'" said Dame Sybil, "G.B.S. watched me act, and he said, 'You are a splendid young lady. Go home and have children.' We have had four."

"Shaw was the greatest actor of them all," said Sir Lewis.

"You are entirely correct," said Dame Sybil. "In the true sense, he was a great clown. G.B.S. loved nothing better than someone, during rehearsal, sitting on a strawberry tart."

"Or a hat," said Sir Lewis. "To Shaw, the theatre was like a children's theatre. He loved to move the puppets about."

"I think his St. Joan was his greatest role," said Dame Sybil. "He was fabulous as St. Joan."

"His Doolittle was unsurpassed," said Sir Lewis. "He was the greatest Cockney actor of them all."

"I played his first St. Joan in England," said Dame Sybil, "and at the dress rehearsal he rose in the rear of the theatre and shouted at the director, 'Sybil is wearing armor! You have ruined my play! I want her back in her blue rehearsal jumper.'"

"Really, his Doolittle was unsurpassed," said Sir Lewis.

"G.B.S. would have adored 'My Fair Lady,'" said Dame Sybil. "We have seen only that and Siobhan McKenna's St. Joan, but hope to see more theatre, if we only have the time. I have recently been acting in the films, in England, with Larry Olivier—in 'The Sleeping Prince,' with Marilyn Monroe. What a lovely creature! Intuitive, and courteous, always courteous—so unlike the horrid publicity. So flexible! She had only one fault. She was unpunctual. But a wonderful person. I do so want to see the movie, Lewis. I hope it opens here before we leave."

"I so want to see it, too," said Sir Lewis.

"Really, some of your playwrights are magnificent," said Dame Sybil. "Isn't it heart-warming the way people are going to O'Neill's 'Long Day's Journey Into Night'?"

"Odd thing," said Sir Lewis, "that Harvard has never built a theatre. Yale has a theatre. I fancy Harvard takes a strange view of the theatre."

"When we act together," said Dame Sybil, looking at Sir Lewis, "we try to act *together*."

"We act as though we were in a string quartet," said Sir Lewis. He was looking at Dame Sybil.

"We always play together," said Dame Sybil. "It will never be the same two nights going. The French have the knack. Many of the British do not."

"Flexible is the word," said Sir Lewis.

"Splendid coffee," said Dame Sybil, rising. "Thank you, dear!" she called to the waitress.

Barehanded

THE other day, a friend of ours stepped into 555 Fifth Avenue, a building equipped with magnetic elevators, and made several passes at the electronic gadgetry with no results. Finally, an aloof receptionist approached him. "One must," said the receptionist, "take off one's gloves when one commands the elevators."

AN INTRODUCTION TO GLAMOUR

NOWADAYS when I make a trip to Washington it is to go to the dentist. It takes two and a half hours by train from Charlottesville, where I live, and I am apt to wear a tailored suit and carry a coat, in case it turns colder, and an umbrella, in case it rains. After the dentist has finished with me I replace my lipstick and, since I was brought up to expect an ice-cream soda after the dentist, I generally go to see my friend Miss Dorothy Armistead, who lives in a fusty old apartment near Thomas Circle and dresses in genuine antiques. (Since she would be enraged if her privacy was invaded, the name I use is not a real one, and neither are several more to come.) Sometimes I merely pay a call and am given kitchen tea out of a Royal Worcester pot that belonged to one of Miss Dorothy's ancestors at Beaulieu, in Virginia; sometimes we go to the National Gallery or to a concert.

Miss Dorothy's exalted lineage and her moral standards, which are Victorian, permit her to view Washington society with a very cold eye indeed. It is both entertaining and salutary to observe our nation's capital through the dun-colored glasses of her lorgnette, in which most people of means become *nouveaux riches;* distinguished diplomats, as foreigners, appear fundamentally shabby; and Georgetown, that community of the fashionable rich, is a sort of slum. "A very damp, unsanitary place," Miss Dorothy calls it.

Last time I had to go to the dentist Miss Dorothy and I went to a piano recital. We heard Mozart at the beginning of the program, but I don't know what came after that, for after the first number Miss Dorothy—who classes musicians, along with actors, as mummers and unfit for consideration or Christian burial—whispered sibilantly to me, "See that woman? With the ragged stuff on her hat. That's Diana de Carville. I suppose you've heard of her?" She gave the name the vanishing "y" of old Virginia, so that it sounded like "Cyarville."

I nodded vigorously as the pianist again lifted his hands to the keys. I had indeed heard of her. I was almost unconscious of the music as I continued to stare at the profile of the handsome woman with the black monkey-fur cap over her silver hair, several rows ahead of us. I had never before actually seen the face that in my youth was a legend in the cities up and down the eastern seaboard, but twenty-five years ago I had been eaten up with jealousy of its owner.

I will never know the reasons—cultural? patriotic?—that made my mother take me out of my Boston school for a week, when I was fifteen, and allow me to accompany her to Washington, where she was to serve on the jury of selection at the Corcoran Gallery of Art. I was not to stay with her at the hotel where the jurists were being put up but with my cousin Lelia, in the house on N Street where our paternal grandfather had lived when he was Chaplain of the Senate in Teddy Roosevelt's administration. The house was now owned by his oldest son, who was very unlike my artist father, being the social member of the family; he had been heard to remark that in his travels for the Pennsylvania Railroad he liked to be able to put up at his own club no matter what city he found himself in.

Lelia, though only a little older than I, was making her début in Washington. "Advanced for her age" was the family slug for Lelia. Perhaps my parents thought it would be nice for me, an only child, to see something, under conditions of girlish festivity, of a female relative of similar years; I don't know. In any case I doubt whether my parents, who, contrary to the popular conception of artists, were innocent and unworldly in the extreme, realized what my visit would be like.

Lelia met me at the door when I arrived, after dark. I turned and waved reassuringly at my mother, leaning out of a waiting taxi. She waved back and the taxi drove on.

"Well. It's been aeons since we've met," Lelia drawled as we went into the lighted hall.

She was tall, blond, and dressed in a black crêpe-de-Chine dress, with oblong, braid-edged, overlapping flaps down the skirt, that even my Boston eye recognized as being French; I was later instructed that it came from Patou's. She wore lipstick. She wore earrings. I nearly died right there in the hall.

After I had spoken to my uncle and aunt, Lelia showed me up to my room, on the fourth floor, where I unpacked my garments from Jordan Marsh's and R. H. Stearns—serviceable wool dresses for daytime, a brown velveteen "suitable if they should take you to a tea," my taffeta evening dress, of a clear and guileless pink, with, at the hip, a tinsel rose that had looked dashing back in Boston.

As I hung them in the closet Lelia sat gazing at her image in the mirror of my dressing table. She picked up the hand mirror and squinted intently at the skin on her nose. Then she held the mirror farther away from her face. "God, how beautiful I am tonight," she said.

It has occurred to me in later years that Lelia, "advanced for her age," perhaps meant to be funny. At the time all I felt was awe and thorough agreement.

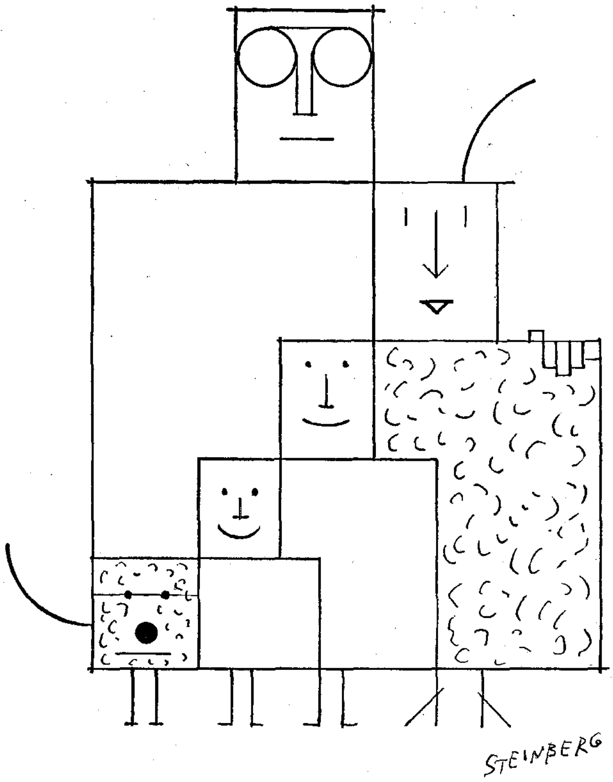
"We're going to a supper dance this evening," she said, laying the mirror down and turning around. "Two divine creatures are coming here to dinner first."

At this use of the word "divine" my brain reeled.

"I do hope your family lets you drink," Lelia continued. "We'll all have cocktails at eight, of course, in the Chinese Room. Your creature is named Morgan Hughes. He's in the diplomatic. He's been literally shattered in love and I don't suppose he will ever entirely recover. Diana de Carville, of course. I thought you might soothe him."

As my organism struggled to adjust itself to this responsibility, Lelia went on, "My creature is Russian. White. He's suffered horribly, of course."

The phrase "of course" has never again sounded to me



quite the way it did on that trip to Washington: world-weary, nostalgic, saturated with sophistication. What I felt mostly was gratitude at being tacitly included. "Of course," I agreed, to I know not what.

The Chinese Room at eight turned out to be my grandfather's old study, which, true enough, had always had a pair of orange-and-gold Chinese vases on top of one of the bookcases; Lelia had added some Chinese carved-stone ashtrays and a cigarette box to match. But to me, totally englamoured and always a pushover for nomenclature, it might as well have been the Dowager Empress's palace at Peking.

The two young men arrived in white tie and tails. Lelia had on a white-and-silver sheath, in which she looked taller and slimmer and blonder than ever. I, perforce, wore pink taffeta.

"Make the Orange Blossoms, will you, Morgan?" Lelia commanded with a weary air. "Don't forget to put in a little Five Fruit." Then, turning to the other man, she burst into fluent French; Lelia had gone to school in Switzerland. The Russian, introduced to me as Serge Sokolov, replied and then, turning to me, said something that ended in "*n'est-ce pas, Mademoiselle?*"

For all eleven school years of my life I had studied French, but those were the only words I understood. "*Je ne comprends pas,*" I said miserably, with a Boston accent. Were they going to talk only French?

To my rescue came my divine creature, who seemed indeed divine, being well over six feet tall, dark, with eyebrows that met, deliriously, in the middle.

"One gets tired of the incessant babble of foreign languages in Washington," he observed wearily, handing me a glass. "English is so much more chic, of course."

I smiled at him gratefully and began on my life's first cocktail. More than anything else it reminded me of castor oil, which I had always been given to take mixed with orange juice.

The supper dance was, I think, at the Carlton. The ballroom looked beautiful. Chandeliers of cut crystal blazed, long glass French doors stood open on a terrace where romantic-looking couples strayed away from the floor; there were glimpses of foreign uniforms, rows of medals and gold braid, as their dashing wearers swooped in and out of the dance with Washington beauties in their arms. The *robes-de-style* that were just beginning to be worn in those days swung wide in sweeps of pale, lovely colors—mauve, silver gray, and dusty rose. Waiters glided around the edges of the room passing great trays of champagne in bell-shaped glasses.

As for me, after a short turn with Morgan Hughes I danced round and round and round, in my pink taffeta dress, with Mr. Sokolov.

It was a nightmare—all heaven outside me and all hell within. I had said everything I could think of to say, about how good the floor was and how pretty the girls were and wasn't it warm for November? I felt so sorry for Mr. Sokolov that my heart ached. Was he, then, always to suffer? As my heart was going down for the third time, my partner suddenly leapt away from me like a released spring. Morgan Hughes had cut in. I looked up at those eyebrows. He had rescued me again.

"Would you care to go out on the terrace?" he asked after one circuit of the floor. "I feel like talking."

"Of course," I said. They were the only words I knew that sounded right, any more.

We passed through the French doors and out into the damp, cool air. Morgan leaned against the parapet and lighted a cigarette.

And that was the first time I heard about Diana de Carville, although already, while still in her teens, she was a legend—one of those occasional young girls in the Eastern cities who became famous even before they made their débuts. Rumors had leaked out from the very schoolroom, via awe-struck guests at her Texas mother's Massachusetts Avenue dinner parties, of her great beauty, her multilingual virtuosity, her extraordinary charm. She seemed marked out from birth for personal celebrity.

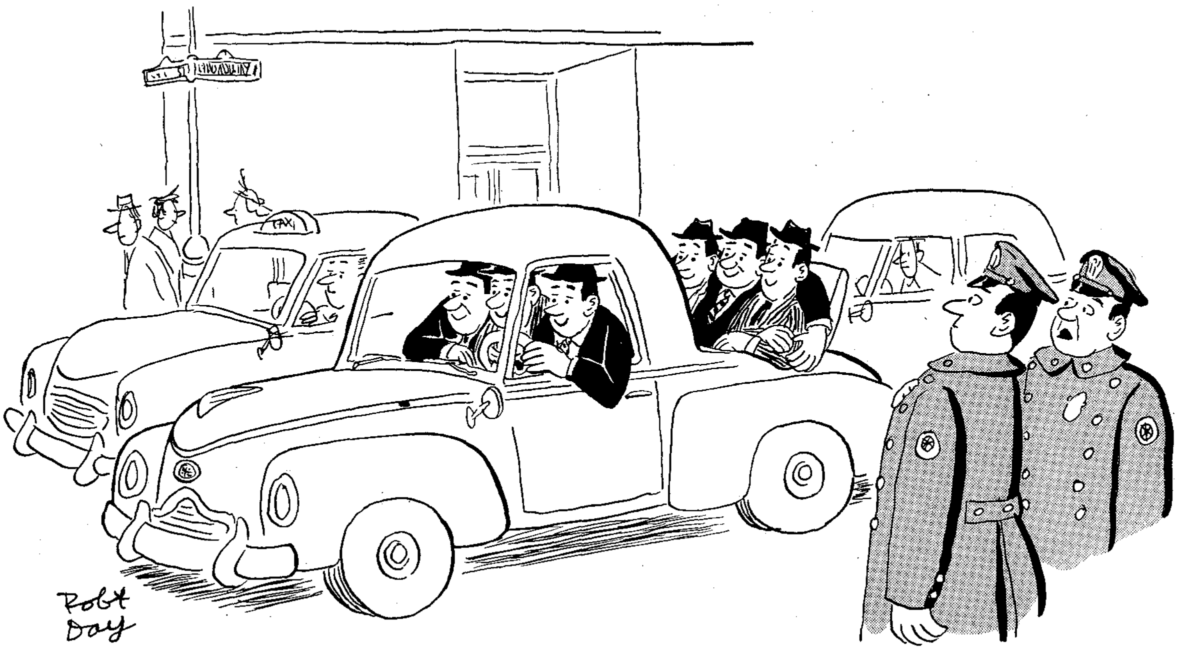
Her childhood had been fantastic—a much-publicized succession of kidnappings by her French viscount father, litigations, reinstatements at her mother's establishments in Washington and Bar Harbor. It had been enough to ruin the life of most children, but Diana had emerged from it with a creamy serenity that made her admirers swoon.

"Her eyes are purple," Morgan Hughes insisted to me, feverishly, as he lit his seventh or eighth cigarette. He must have been finding me the perfect listener. Between the glamour of Diana de Carville and his own divinity, I could only gaze in silence, with all the attentive sympathy any lover could ask. "Her hair is the color of nasturtiums," he said. "Of course, the Italians go mad."

"Of course," I said.

By the time we went back into the ballroom I was hopelessly in love myself. It was the first time I had experienced the tender passion, unless you count a little boy named Charlie in my kindergarten, whom I used to kiss because he had such beautiful round pink cheeks.

I had been, I realize now, swept up



"The only car pool I know of that still holds an annual reunion."

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in what is surely the most insidious web in the world—hearing an attractive man tell how he feels about his beloved. Any girl will identify herself with the adored one, and thus become the recipient of a love distilled into perfection through being at one remove. Many an experienced charmer has been carried off her feet in this way, and I was no charmer and anything but experienced. On the way back to N Street that night, Washington seemed to be a city of total magic, with its white marble mansions, its stately circles each with a fountain or a statue, its majestic avenues, all seen by the white twinkling lights of one in the morning. Probably nobody has ever appreciated M. L'Enfant's handiwork more thoroughly than I did.

With the humility of childhood, I never expected to see Morgan Hughes again. I was reconciled to the prospect of spending the remainder of my life in love with a memory. To tell the truth, tragic and unrequited as I knew my passion to be, I was enjoying it very much. Lelia, it turned out, had rather a crush on Sokolov, who sent her boxes of loose gardenias that arrived at the breakfast table, to my uncle's great disapproval; he would give a sniff and peer over the top of his Washington *Post* at the green wax paper foaming out of the florist's box as if to say "Flowers? At breakfast?" But Sokolov's calls had not been discouraged, and he used to play to us, on the piano in the Chinese Room, the tune of his Czarist regimental marching song. After he had gone, Lelia would play it over with one finger, and I would sit on the sofa thinking of Morgan. The tune, at once gay and heartbreaking, gallant and doomed, seemed exactly to fit my mood.

"Serge has nothing left to live for," Lelia would say as she turned from the piano. "Can you think of anything more divine?"

That week, we went to lunch at Rauscher's, then the fashionable Washington restaurant, and once, with my uncle, at the Cosmos Club on Lafayette Square, which, since it had a view from its front door of the White House, may have come under the heading of educational. We went to teas, where I wore my suitable brown velveteen and noticed how my aunt and the other ladies left cards in a silver urn near the door. We went to a dinner at Chevy Chase, and to a dance at the Hungarian Legation, where a *Zigeuner* orchestra played waltz music with fast, reckless longing—the pretty, precocious Lelia and her lump of a cousin from Boston.

The morning before the day I was to leave, the telephone rang and Lelia answered it. I saw her glance at me with a peculiar expression.

"I'm sure she'd adore it," she said. She turned away from the instrument to me. "You *would* like to go to tea with Morgan this afternoon, wouldn't you?" she asked.

I swallowed hard and nodded.

"She would," Lelia reported to the soul of my soul. Thus was made my first date.

He called for me in N Street that afternoon at four, an irresistibly sophisticated figure in a coonskin coat. We drove by taxi to the Willard, in those days called the New Willard, where marble-floored courts with potted palms awaited us and where we were led by an obsequious headwaiter to a white-covered table for two. Morgan ordered tea and cinnamon toast. I remember it was the first time I had ever tasted cinnamon toast. But I was having trouble breathing. Satan had entered the Eden of my childhood state and

AN ELEGY LONG AFTER

Sacred to the Memory of John Whippo of a Respectable Family in Connecticut, North America, who died on this Island June 30, 1799, in the 17th year of his age.
—A tombstone in Nassau.

Dead on an island in an agate sea
and pinned beneath Respectability—
a heavier stone—you must, it seems to me,

have found this landscape chiselled out of light,
Attic, untempered, an assault on sight
accustomed to the more sedately bright,

when you gave up the tenuous, thin-drawn elm
for the rasp-rattle of a blade-leafed palm,
and for the nightlong-sounding sea a country calm.

The banded water takes a shifting dye,
lapping a yard or two from where you lie,
bedded in coral, under the violent sky.

What killed you in this little port of call—
drowning, or fever, or a hushed-up brawl?
What did you see before the dark took all?

Was it a farmhouse and a patchwork hill,
barren and bleak, in truth, but beautiful
to one who quitted them against his will?

Or had you read, romantic and a rebel,
of waters *many-colored as an opal*
where gilded fishes glide without a ripple

far from the narrow orbit of the north,
the seasons turning with the seasoned earth,
the land you put behind when you set forth?

Well, if your flesh disprized that modest range,
your dust may be at home in what was strange
and you lie satisfied with your exchange.

If this be so indeed, no need to quarrel;
better to sleep content upon the coral
than mourn the frailer-flowered mountain laurel.

Which place, or whether either, you reject,
no one may know. What I could not expect
was that our pathways here would intersect,

or that your ghost, so meagrely defined,
would haunt both lands hereafter in my mind.

—CONSTANCE CARRIER

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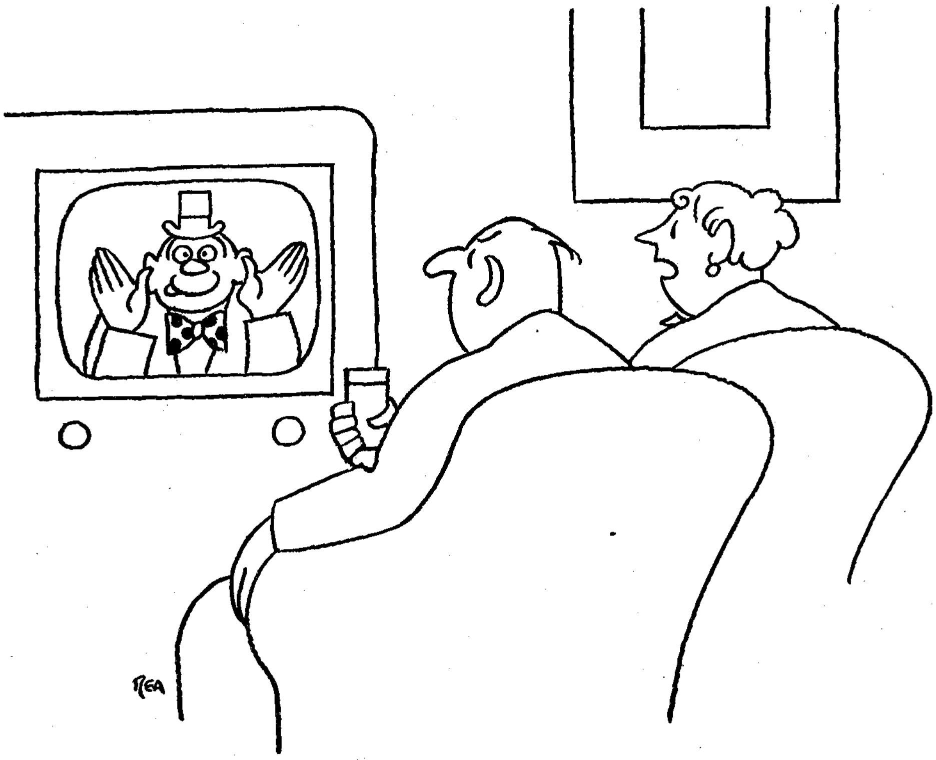

"Goodness! I hope he doesn't grow on me!"

• •

introduced the fancy that Morgan had fallen prey to just such a passion for me as I entertained for him. "I have never encountered such sympathy and understanding," he would begin pretty soon. "I cannot let you go away without . . ." Even the Devil himself could not conjecture how that sentence would end.

But the sentence never started. Morgan just wanted to talk some more about Diana de Carville, who since I saw him last had granted him something called a late date, only to break it again. He had found me sympathetic and understanding, all right.

As the orchestra behind the palms went on playing hotel music—"Les Patineurs," I remember, and "Roses of the South"—as beautiful women in rich furs strolled past us accompanied by handsome ambassadorial types, and I sipped the tea into which I had dropped a consoling five lumps of sugar, my vain fancy became converted into its concomitant of envy of Diana de Carville. Oh, to live in Washington and speak five languages! To have purple eyes and a marble mansion and a Roman admirer who had tried to drown himself for one, to be beautiful and fascinating and hard of heart, to be able to make men suffer!

Morgan took me home in another taxicab. I shall never forget the way he looked as he took me up to the door of the N Street house, his dark head bare, his coon coat flapping below his knees.

"Goodbye," he said. "Let me know when you come back to Washington. You're going to turn out divine."

Not quite fainting, I entered the house. In the room on the left of the hall my uncle was laying out bridge problems. "Have you enjoyed yourself?" he inquired.

NEXT morning I took the Colonial home to Boston. My mother had gone two or three days before, at the close of the jury's deliberations; it had been thought suitable that I be allowed to travel alone. My uncle accompanied me to the Union Station and walked down the long, long platform with me to my Pullman car. As we passed the waiting Pennsylvania Railroad conductors and brakemen and the Pullman porters, they tipped their caps and said, "Good morning, Mr. Hale." When we reached my car, my uncle took out two whole dollars and handed them to the beaming colored attendant standing by the steps. "Take care of this little girl, George," he said.

I was so impressed that it almost made up to me for not being recognized as the woman who had suffered that I was.

I never did let Morgan Hughes know when I came back to Washington again, for by that time I was in the process of making my own début—or, as we called it in Boston, coming out—and had been invited to Washington to go to the débutante parties there in the holidays. One afternoon when an ardent West Pointer took me to tea at the Willard, I did remember that other, first tea date, but with the pitying emotion that one used for looking back on childhood.

I always kept a little stab of special envy for Diana de Carville, however. Over the years, in dentists' waiting rooms and under the dryer at the hairdresser's, I followed her career in the pages of the fashion magazines. Against a background of the buzzing of the drill or the roaring of the dryer I would scan with intensity those pictures of her infallibly beautiful face.

Although I never met her—she had been skiing at Sestrières that winter I came out and went to Washington—I also never felt that she was just someone I had seen pictures of. I was connected to her by emotional bonds; she meant something painful and desirable to me.

And so, at that Washington concert to which I had gone with Miss Dorothy Armistead, it was with the liveliest curiosity that—dressed in my tailored suit, my umbrella planted safely between my knees, my feet too hot from wearing rubbers—I continued to gaze at the legendary profile a few rows ahead of me.

When the intermission came, I turned to my companion and said, "Isn't she wonderful?"

Miss Dorothy raised her battered lorgnette and took a good stare at Diana de Carville, who was coming up the aisle from her seat, chattering to a friend: tall, beautiful, exotic, and haggard.

"Who, her?" Miss Dorothy said. "Common as pig trash."

"Oh, Miss Dorothy, come on, now!" I protested. "She's had the most glamorous life of anybody in my generation."

Miss Dorothy considered the glamorous life of Diana de Carville.

"Cheap doings," she summed it up.

"But she was married to a prince," I said feebly.

"He was common as pig trash, too," Miss Dorothy said. Briskly she put her lorgnette away in a preposterous bead bag that had belonged to some extinct Armistead of Beaulieu. "Let us go outside and take the air," she proposed.

—Nancy Hale

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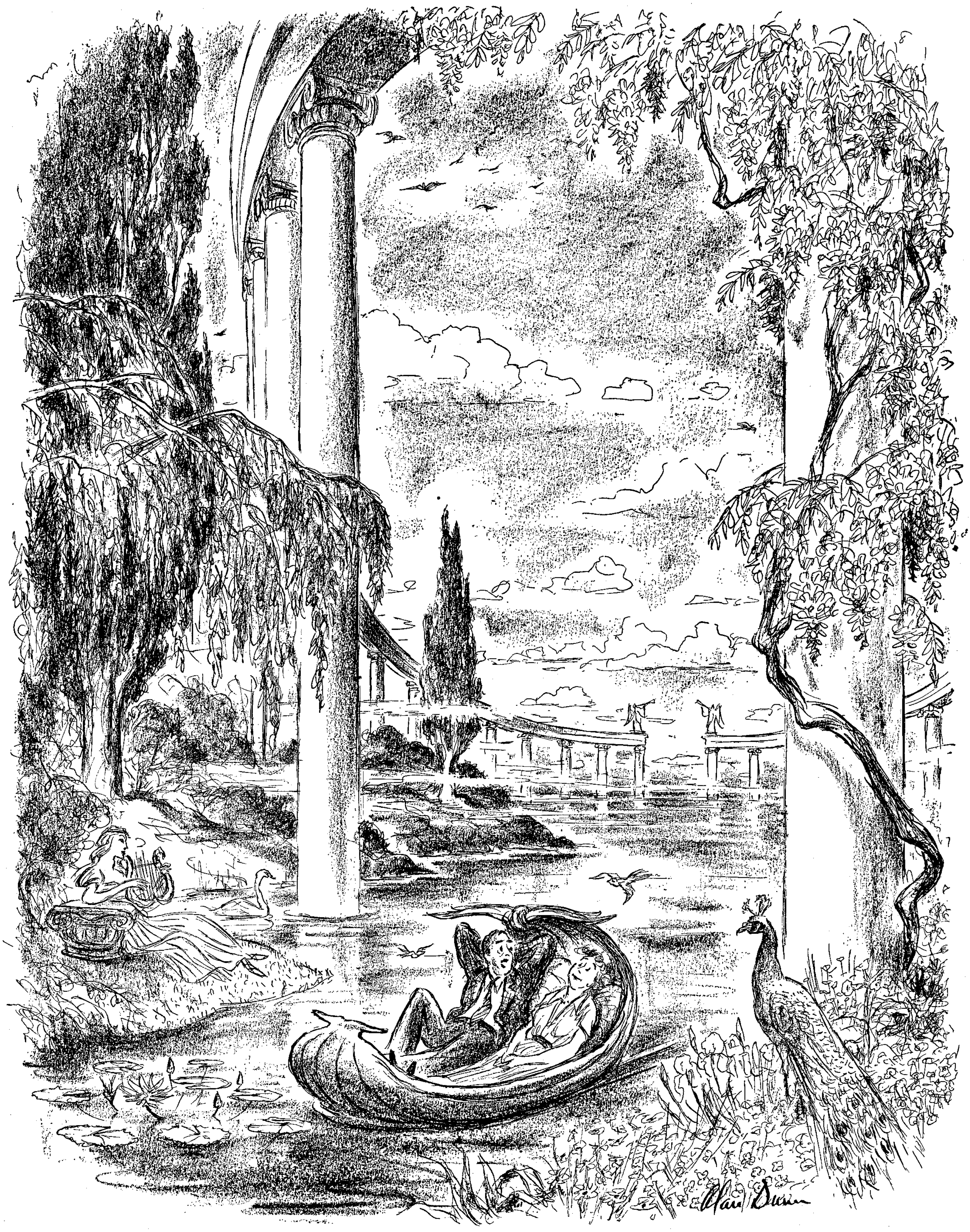
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Oheb Shalom Review, Newark*]

Dr. Kayser has addressed many audiences in all parts of the United States. Many of his articles on art have disappeared in significant American periodicals.



"*What was the name of that tranquillizer we took?*"

THE CREATION OF JOHN MANDERVILLE

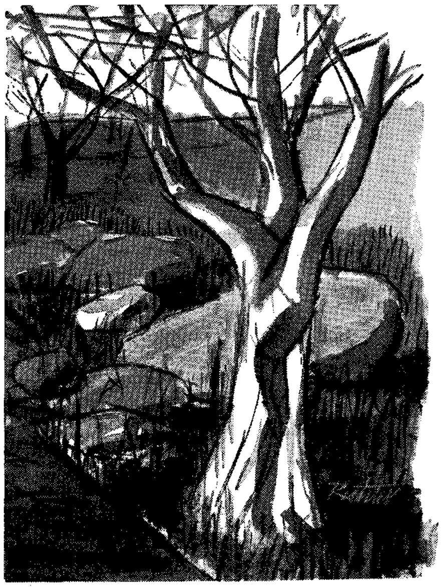
IT was a real irony, Applegate thought, that the ultimate returns from his whimsey should have been brought to him by the butler, all unknowing, on a silver salver. The whimsey was his creation of a new John Manderville, and Applegate had had no conception, at the start, of where it would lead. He had lent himself to it, he supposed, simply because he was rather out of a job.

Turning fifty, John Applegate did not have to work at anything. He had plenty of money, his scholarly reading had become desultory for lack of a goal, and he was tired of leisure. He lived in South Marnick, which was too far out of New York, and too rural, the houses standing in too wide grounds, to be called a suburb. His neighbors considered themselves cosmopolitan, and they were in fact on the bright side. They had money, and ability, and not a few of them had traceable ancestries. Among them, Applegate was accepted, and respected for his scholarship and his travels. Because he was known to be a scholar, people made allowances for his tendency to sit silent when conversation was liveliest and for the rarity of his clever remarks. His acceptance was further insured by the fact that after he married and gave up the professional practice of anthropology, he had shown a streak of business ability. He had not merely lived gracefully on his wife's money; he had increased it, and ended by sitting on the boards of several companies.

His wife, Priscilla, was handsome, and young for her age, and she spared no pains to stay so. She was intelligent and an excellent hostess. She was pleased with her husband, and glad that his interests differed from those of the businessmen who surrounded them. They had a son, who had recently married, and an attractive daughter.

Applegate had become accustomed to the way his life had changed since the days when he was a young instructor on his way toward a Ph.D., yet he could still marvel at it. In his youth, as Priscilla sometimes said, when he wasn't helping moldy professors teach grubby students, he was squatting in some septic Indian village talking to unwashed old men, and eating the most appalling food—stew, mostly, made of old mutton or goat—in order to save money. Her description was somewhat exaggerated, but no more than that. Applegate *had* worked among the Hopi Indians of Arizona, who are not famous for their cleanliness. He did eat the native foods, supplemented with only minor items bought at trading posts, and, furthermore, he had lived in native houses and slept on the floors. That was all good research technique, of course, but it also helped him to save something out of his meagre stipend, and when he returned to civilization, he needed it. He rarely spoke of the Hopis—the South Marnick people did not find them interesting, and, after all, since that period of his life he had visited the Ubangis and the Jibaro head-shrinkers—but once when Priscilla was teasing him about them he did remark that if you have barely enough water for drinking purposes you don't waste much of it on washing, and that a goat that has been eating juniper has a fine flavor. Then, seeing a look of disgust on someone's face, he stopped talking.

Not long after Manderville entered his life—or, more exactly, reëntered it—Applegate had a conversation with Bill Whittaker, who was his and Priscilla's most intimate friend. Whittaker recalled it later and told people about it. He and Applegate both had to spend the night in town, and they had dinner together at one of their clubs. The South Marnick crowd went pretty heavy on the cocktails anyway. The two men did the same that night, and perhaps a little extra, for being stag together. And after dinner they had a few highballs. As Bill said later, *In vino veritas*. Applegate praised his wife almost to the point of being boring about her. "Pris opened up my imagination," he said. "When we were married, all I could think of was living a little more comfortably and going on with the same routine—Ph.D., getting to be a professor or a curator someday, all that, and the slow, grimy field work you've heard Pris kid about. My whole career, at that point, depended on sitting on the ground cultivating an old gink who didn't speak English, through his nephew."

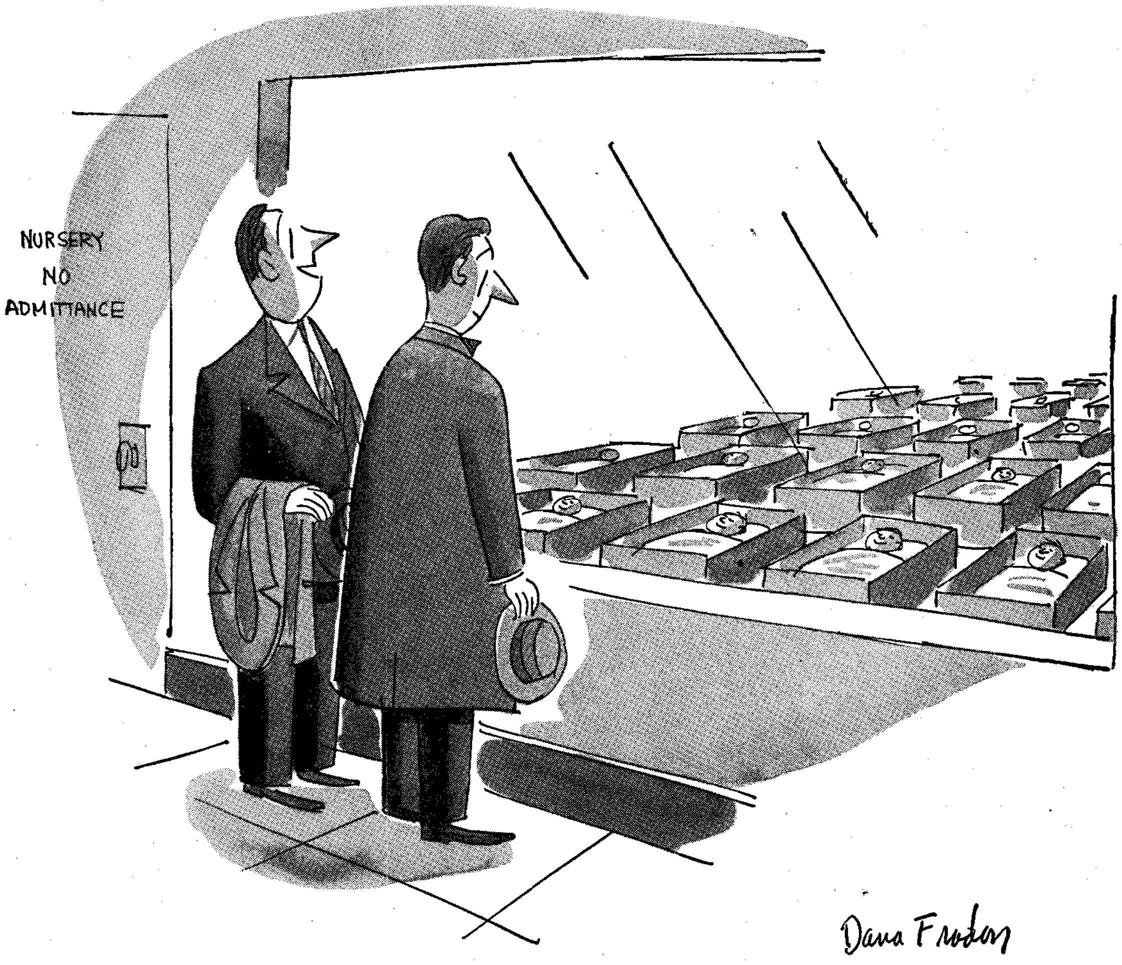


Applegate stopped to relight his cigar; then he laughed. "The old boy's name was Youkehumai, and the nephew's, God help me, was—still is—Wallace Kinanumptiwa." In telling about this conversation afterward, Bill did not remember the names; he simply said they were ludicrous. "Then I married," Applegate went on, "and shortly after that I gave up being a practicing anthropologist, and saw something of the world instead. I've had some really swell expeditions—safaris and things. I've brought home all sorts of stuff. I'm a benefactor. And I'm on the boards of institutions I'd hoped might hire me someday. I owe it all to Pris."

A bit after that, Bill said, the conversation became vague. Applegate got to rambling on about the Hopis, and said something about how their spirit was life, and about their concept of time, until Bill said, "Let up. I can't follow you, and I bet you can't follow yourself."

"I'm sorry," Applegate said. His next words Bill remembered exactly. "I was getting around to a point, old man, which is that Pris kept me from sort of turning into a Hopi. Those people are sitting on hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of oil, and they won't sell it because they're afraid that would change their way of life, which is the only way they know. Me, I would have failed to take advantage of Pris's money, and probably lost Pris in the end, because I felt that I was committed to the kind of life an anthropologist has to lead, and couldn't imagine any other. Only, Pris had good sense. And patience, of course. You've no idea how patient she was with me. She convinced me that it is shortsighted to spend your life digging around in the ruins of the past, without even knowing the present. And, of course, someone had to take over the management of all that money, which turned out to be fully as absorbing as the rituals of the Hopis. I don't know how Pris knew I had a knack for that kind of thing, but she did. A wonderful woman, my boy."

Bill asked why the Indians wouldn't sell their oil, and Applegate said it was partly that they knew what oil had done to some of the Oklahoma Indians and were afraid of what would happen to their young people, and partly a religious matter, having to do with the in-



"Do you realize that the income-tax deductions in that room add up to a cool eighteen thousand bucks?"

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tegrity of their land, that was too involved to explain. Then he changed the subject.

That evening, John Applegate was stimulated not only by the drinks but by the developments then occurring in the Manderville affair. That had started when Talvert, his old university, to which in recent years he and Priscilla had made some handsome gifts, forwarded him a letter from a priest in a place called Ocotán, in southern Mexico. The priest wrote to say that a North American named John Manderville, who had for many years lived in that population in a state of disgrace from a vice of alcohol, had ultimately passed on, having repented and been received into the Christian Church. In his dying hours, he had spoken many times of his antique teacher at the University Talvert, John Applegate, and had asked that his scientific works be sent to him. The priest would forward the same, the value of which he could not judge, as they were all in English, if Señor Applegate would accept the charge.

After a moment's thought, John remembered Manderville—a tall, skinny youth, a junior, he believed, at the time that he, Applegate, left the university. Manderville had been an intense student, a solitary, friendless. The department had been small in those days, before the social sciences became popular, and the anthropology majors and graduate students had been like members of a club, but when they were out on the portico of the museum having a smoke (the building was a strictly "No Smoking" firetrap inside), Manderville didn't know how to join the others. Applegate had thought him something of a screwball, and judged that he would do well in anthropology, a science in which odd numbers have always flourished.

But why the deathbed remembrance of him? Routinely, as part of his duties, he had had the young man to his quarters a few times to discuss his studies, and they had had some rather good talks. That year, Applegate recalled with some amusement, he had acquired a dozen bottles of inferior Burgundy, of which he had been immensely proud because it was imported—a rare thing for a man of his means to have during prohibition. Feeling sorry for Manderville, he had offered him some. The man must indeed have been badly off if this mild friendliness could leave so deep an impression on him. As Applegate thought about it, it came back to him that the poor fellow had accepted the wine eagerly, and drunk it too fast, and that he had been slightly put out because he felt obliged to pour him a second and a third glass. Also, it was after a glass or two that Manderville had opened up and become interesting. So the seeds of his vice were in him then. He had shown signs of brilliance, too; there might be something of value in the work he had left behind. Applegate wrote to the priest, telling him to send on the papers.

They came. There were several pages of notes on the natives of the region in which Manderville had lived, more than half of it illegible or incoherent, and most of what could be made out covering matters that others had already reported. Then, there was a draft of a paper on the influence of spontaneous groups within a formal organization, which was brilliant. It was not publishable as it stood, however; the presentation was erratic, the author knew far too little of the relevant literature, and the theoretical side of the paper, which was what made it important, needed to be supported by more observed data, preferably from a people more tightly organized than the Tzeltals of the Ocotán region were. In short, Applegate thought, it needed data from a tribe such as the Hopis.

That thought caused him to get up and take from the drawer where they had lain untouched for so long the field notes of his early years—the fruit of three seasons of ever closer friendship with old Youkehumai and Wallace Kinanumptiwa. Applegate was seized by a most diverting idea. He would complete Manderville's thesis; he would crown the unfortunate man's career.

It was easy enough to find out that Manderville had graduated *magna cum laude*, had earned no higher degree, and was listed in the alumni directory as "lost." He had published three short articles in minor periodicals, all descriptive ethnography and none more recent than ten years ago. The man must have just sloped off to Mexico after he graduated, with some idea of doing research on his own, and slowly deteriorated.

Applegate himself had published hardly half a dozen papers. His anthropological reading had become sporadic. On the expeditions that Priscilla's money had financed, he had left the heavy research and, afterward, the long, dull grind of major publication to the earnest young men he took with him. Now he was in for some real work. As he considered it, his plan grew more elaborate. He would re-create John Manderville—an interesting coincidence that they had the same first name. He would give him some more publications, leading up to the big one. There had been, he decided, two John Mandervilles. There had been the peculiar character who reached too eagerly for a drink and who finally went to pieces, and there had been the gifted scholar who, put at ease by a little wine, talked very well indeed and showed great promise. The latter he would restore, or, in no small measure, create.

Applegate was a member of the Players Club, and frequently stopped in there when he was in town. It was an easy matter to step around the corner to the post office on Twenty-third Street, where he rented a box in Manderville's name.

He began working as he had not done in years, and was annoyed when a directors' meeting or other business interrupted him. As Applegate went along, the new John Manderville became more and more real. As he approached middle age, he had filled out, becoming fairly solid, like Applegate himself, but sparse living and constant field work had kept him from developing a pot. He was a rather shy man, ill at ease in smart society, happier in the company of other scholars, and, as is so often the case, entirely sure of himself and relaxed in the unaggressive company of Indians. Since he had no advanced degrees, he could have but little academic rank. Anyway, he was more a research man than a teacher. He probably had a position, part curatorship of a small museum or academy of sciences or philosophical society—perhaps a state historical society—and his salary was just about enough to live on. Applegate became fond of the man, and half envied his quiet, studious career. Manderville did not have to brace himself with cocktails evening after evening in order to deal with the bright company of South Marnick. Applegate dismissed the thought that the real Manderville might have become a drunkard under any circumstances.

In Manderville's name he wrote and placed three articles based on his Hopi notes, two in the *Southwestern Anthropologist* and one in the *American Anthropological Review*, which was nice going. The articles resulted in five letters of inquiry from fellow-scientists, one of whom claimed to remember meeting him at the last Powamu ceremony at Mishongnovi. Then Applegate sent the article on spontaneous groups, now highly polished and backed with ample observations, to the *Review*, confident that it would be taken as the lead paper, which it was. It occurred to him that, whatever the original Manderville's unrealized potential might have been, he, Applegate, would have been a pretty good scientist had he continued on his original course.

It was then time for the letter he wrote every year to Wallace Kinanumptiwa—a brief line of greeting, a gesture of sentiment toward a lost friendship. Stimulated by his other activities, he did something he had been putting off year after year—he used various connections to obtain from the Bronx Zoo a quantity of feathers of parrots and other tropical birds. Such feathers are more precious to the Hopis than jewels, since some of their rituals cannot be performed without them. Also, since the importation of feathers of tropical birds into the United States is forbidden, the tribe suffers from a chronic, critical shortage of them. He mailed the feathers to Wallace, along with his letter. It did not surprise him that the Hopi was slow in thanking him. The Hopis live not in our continuously elapsing time but in an element within which they seem to move about and, as Whorf has shown, which can also be accumulated. They have less cause to hurry, their time does not get lost so easily, and they can more fully savor a pleasant occurrence. The feathers were a gift of importance, they had undoubtedly caused great pleasure, and it would

"Ignorance of the law is no excuse."

MR. SMITH

(With Nods to Mr. Lear and Mr. Eliot)

How rewarding to know Mr. Smith,
Whose writings at random appear!
Some think him a joy to be with,
While others do not, it is clear.

His eyes are somewhat Oriental,
His fingers are notably long;
His disposition is gentle,
He will jump at the sound of a gong.

His chin is quite smooth and uncleft,
His face is clean-shaven and bright;
His right arm looks much like his left,
His left leg it goes with his right.

He has friends in the arts and the sciences;
He knows only one talent scout;
He can cope with most kitchen appliances,
But in general prefers dining out.

When young he collected matchboxes,
He now collects notebooks and hats;
He has eaten *roussettes* (flying foxes),
Which are really the next thing to bats!

He has never set foot on Majorca,
He has been to Tahiti twice,
But will seldom, no veteran walker,
Take two steps when one will suffice.

He abhors motor bikes and boiled cabbage,
Zippers he just tolerates;
He is wholly indifferent to cribbage,
And cuts a poor figure on skates.

He weeps by the side of the ocean,
And goes back the way that he came;
He calls out his name with emotion—
It returns to him always the same.

It returns on the wind and he hears it
While the waves make a rustle around;
The dark settles down, and he fears it,
He fears its thin, crickety sound.

He thinks more and more as time passes,
Rarely opens a volume on myth.
Until fitted for teeth and for glasses,
How rewarding to know Mr. Smith!

—William Jay Smith

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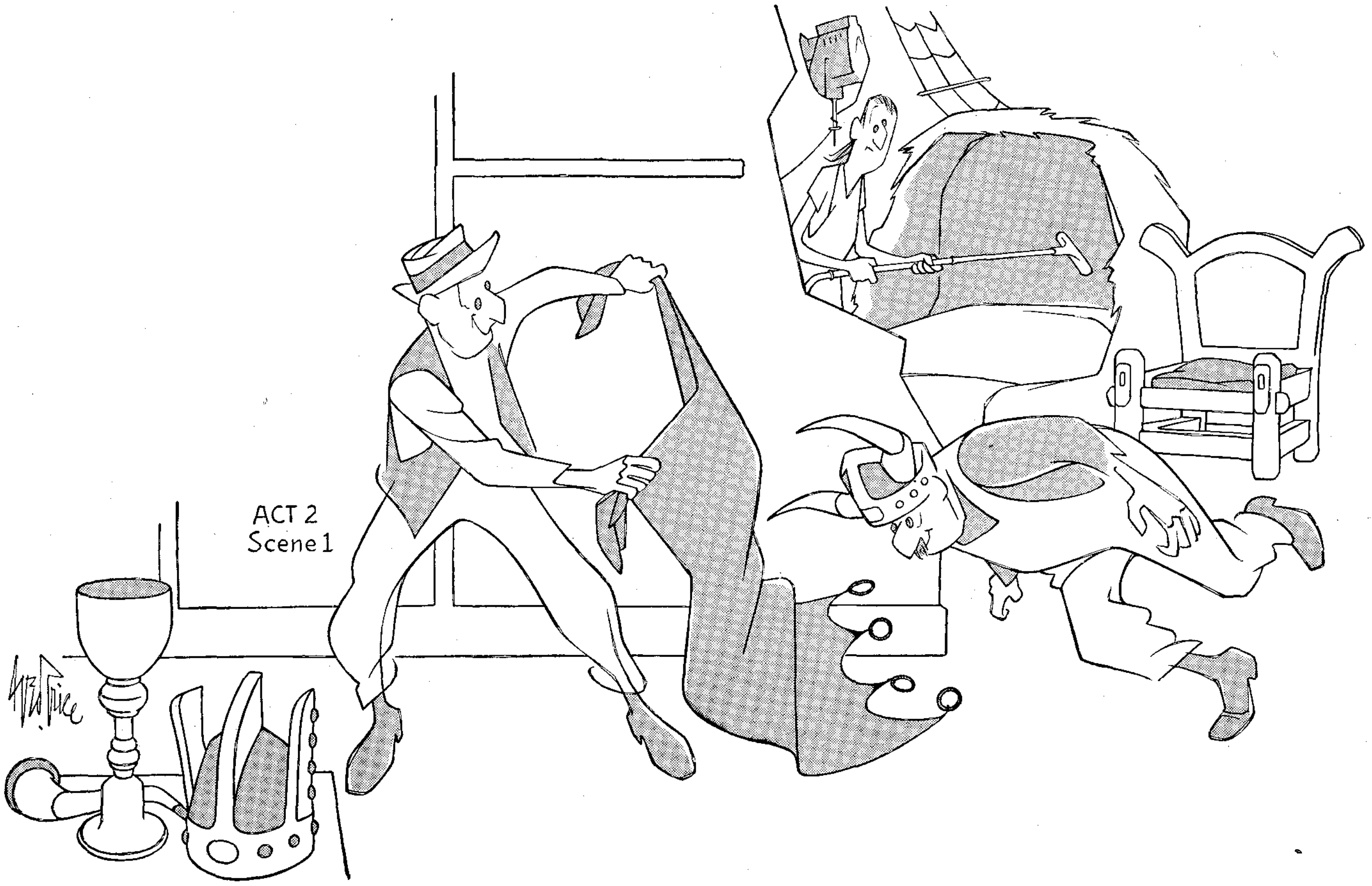
be natural for Wallace to wait, to mature and complete his appreciation, before he expressed himself.

Applegate found himself at loose ends. He could not do much more with his field notes unless he rounded them out with more data. Manderville, he feared, had had his fling, and Applegate, too. Being now well up on all recent Hopi material, he did turn out a minor paper called "Neglected Leads in Hopi Ethnography." He did not think any of the big periodicals would take it, so, at random, he sent it to the *Margass Review*, published by the Margass Institute of Man, a small endowed museum and research institution situated in the southwestern part of the Middle West. He was not surprised that the paper was accepted, but he was both startled and amused when the director of the Institute wrote to say that it had been given funds for field work in the Southwest proper, and to offer Manderville a position. The director addressed him as "Dr. Manderville." His creation, Applegate thought, was assuming remarkable life just when it could no longer continue. First a scientist claimed to have met him shortly after the real Manderville had drunk himself to death in the Mexican jungle; now he could have a job. The job was an assistant curatorship, involving some museum work in addition to his field and desk research. It was also hoped that he would teach a seminar or two at the neighboring state college, for which he would receive an additional honorarium. Applegate decided against getting out of it by pretending that Manderville was already employed; that web could become tangled. Instead, he had Manderville take refuge behind his ignorance of museum techniques and his lack of degrees, pointing out that the latter not only disqualified him for a curatorship but would also make him unacceptable to the college.

For the next three weeks, Applegate would be confined to South Marnick by a variety of social and business matters. He considered terminating his creation by simply giving up the post-office box and leaving no further address, but the few letters that had come there were the only ones he had opened eagerly in years. He postponed, and took the risk of turning in a temporary-change-of-address order in care of himself.

About a fortnight after that, the butler brought him, upon a silver salver, what struck him as the ultimate returns from his whimsey. The mail reached his house in the afternoon, and he had given orders that when he was working in his study, he should not be interrupted by it but should have it at five, to scan before the cocktail hour. That day the butler brought him the usual assortment—nothing urgent, nothing interesting, except for two that could be called "Manderville items," although one was addressed to him under his own name. That one was postmarked "Second Mesa" and addressed in pencil, and contained Wallace's annual reply. The other was from the Margass Institute, for Manderville.

They were having people in. He heard guests arriving, so he stacked the letters on his desk and went out to play host. If three Martinis did not make him feel gay, they made him bolder. He slipped out of the living room for a hasty first reading of the two letters. He took up the Margass one first. The director of the Institute wrote that he had never held too much with the requirement of degrees, that the stipend offered was, after all, only



thirty-six hundred dollars a year, and that the author of "Interaction of Spontaneous Groups with the Formal Organizations of a Structured Society" *and* of "Neglected Leads" was perfectly qualified for the position. The college would be glad to have him, and museum techniques can be acquired.

Wallace thanked him for the feathers and mentioned some ceremonies in which they had already been used. He said he had another grandchild, a girl. Then he wrote, "It been too long since we see you. I am sponsoring Niman this year. You always like to come to that. You better come out for it if you cant come sooner." Applegate stood for a moment, holding the letter, thinking of the Niman, which was to him the most beautiful and the strongest of the Hopi ceremonies. Then he shook his head and dropped the letter on his desk.

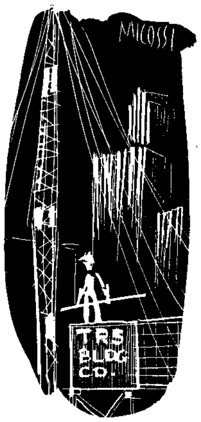
Applegate returned to the living room. The talk sounded loud and jumbled. His wife's voice—bell-like, well modulated, but carrying—was clearly distinguishable. Everyone said that she had a beautiful voice. The only titles worth considering any more, she was saying, were the British. Applegate poured himself another Martini. He could not remember when he had not been high about this hour. What would he do if he were suddenly transposed to the Hopi villages with a ceremony going on? Dramatically, but with conviction, he told himself that he was forever cut off from that primitive world. His daughter sat between two young men, both of whom were strutting for her. His daughter, he was quite sure, was unchaste. He made an ugly comparison concerning her relationship to the two. His eye lit on his son's wife. He did not like her. She pretended to be an intellectual, but in fact she was a bore. It would be a long time before she produced a child. By moving about, glass in hand, standing near but not joining this group or that, Applegate could appear sociable yet keep out of the talk for fair periods of time. He followed this procedure now. Vaguely he thought about how to answer the Margass letter. He considered killing Manderville off and doing an obituary for the *Review*, relished the thought briefly, and then discarded it. Manderville was too much fun to kill quite yet.

Three days later, Applegate had a luncheon at the Waldorf with the trustees of a civic organization to which he and Priscilla had decided to make a gift. The chauffeur drove him to New York and deposited him at the hotel. He checked his hat and coat. (It was a warm day and he had taken the coat only in case of rain.) Then he disappeared.

The police searched diligently, and Priscilla put the best private-detective agency there was on the job, but no trace of John Applegate was ever found. He had simply disappeared, and no disappearance this side of the crew of the Mary Celeste could have been more unreasonable. Gossip to the effect that there had been some failure in his marriage was spiked by Bill Whittaker's tale of Applegate's admiration of Priscilla and his gratitude to her, which left the mystery deeper than ever. The newspapers made a thing of it, and since new false leads kept turning up, there were brief stories about it from time to time for months, and writeups with references to Judge Crater.

WALLACE KINANUMPTIWA had been a bright but rather solemn young man. In the agelessness of his early fifties—which for a Hopi is just about full maturity—he also had the humor and the sensitive, penetrating understanding of people, of which humor is an essential, that had characterized his uncle, to whose priestly position he had acceded. He and John Manderville, of the Margass Institute, sat together on sheepskins on the floor of the room in Wallace Kinanumptiwa's house that Manderville had rented. They were tired and at ease. The Niman ceremony had been beautiful. In it had been clearly apparent what it is the Hopis hold to be of more worth than a fortune in oil. Now the sacred period was over, and the two friends could be at ease together.

Before them on the floor were cups, a pot of weak coffee, a native basket holding fragments of the blue corn bread called piki, and a bowl of stew made with goat meat. As the goat's diet had included juniper and sage, its meat was as savory as it was tough. The onions and the canned green chili in the stew had been bought by the scientist. Neither he nor Wallace had washed his hands before eating, but since they dipped the stew up with spoons, they did not think that important. It was a dry time of year and water was scarce.



John wore a small beard and mustache, both grizzled, which gave him distinction of an academic sort. Sparse living and two months in the field accounted for his flat stomach; he was not as spare and hard as his friend, but he was in good shape for a white man of his age. The room in which they were eating was the one he had rented as a young man. It was well kept and austerely bare. The floor was of hard-dried mud, on which the evening sun made a red-gold flood inside the doorway. The walls had been plastered with the same mud, and whitewashed, not very recently. From the ceiling, which was made of small sticks resting on round beams, several prayer feathers hung. There was a fireplace in one corner, near which Applegate's bedding was neatly folded and piled. A few garments hung on one wall; a box and a duffelbag suggested other possessions. Against another wall were one chair and a table; on the table half a dozen reference books, writing equipment, and notebooks.

They finished eating, belched comfortably, and lit cigarettes from John's pack. Wallace's wife came in to collect the dishes. She had once been slim, quite lovely, and shy; now she was broad, motherly, and self-assured. She did not regret the changes time had brought. She was next in line to be clan mother of an important clan. She had four daughters, all of whom had children, she had several good sons, her brothers occupied the positions for which their lineage made them eligible, and she was genuinely fond of her husband. She and Wallace were people to whom one could entrust with entire safety the secret that until recently one had been someone else.

The two men thanked her for the meal. She responded, and then she said, "I got to put my old man to work for a while," and spoke to Wallace in Hopi.

He stood up. "I got to go haul wood or I'll be in trouble."

Alone, John tried to concentrate on a thought that had come to him while watching the katcinas during the ceremony—why it was that masks that made no attempt to look like faces suggested the divine better than the finest portraiture—but he could not. His mind wandered. He should have been utterly happy, he thought, and until recently he had been, but now he was not. For several weeks his happiness, his peace, had been leaking away; at times he had felt he did not know himself. His unease was becoming acute. What should have been an absorbing line of thought only led him back to what had come over him in the middle of the Niman, with the lines of singing katcinas splendid in the plaza. He had been suddenly attacked by one of those fears that, psychology says, arise merely from one's opposition to the thing feared, like the feeling that one might jump from a height. He imagined himself—or, rather, Applegate of South Marnick—unable longer to forgo his Martinis, and the ruin that his drinking, or even a smell on his breath, would cause to his relations with the Hopis, who despise drinking in any case, and during a time of ritual and holy thinking consider it plain blasphemy. Shaking himself out of that, he had thought that, as Manderville, he had been in a bad situation among the Tzeltals, since the natives of southern Mexico drink, and frequently get good and drunk, during their religious observances. He had had a sudden recollection of the sweetish fire of *aguardiente* and its strength in the stomach, and he had somehow conjured up a vision of a drunken ceremony here in the Hopi plaza until he saw, with a sense of fright, that there was a thin, dark curtain between him and the katcinas, and he was seized by the idea that the powers present in those masks knew what was in his mind. In his room, after he got away from those phantasms, he was obsessed by the simple thought of a drink.

The subject had come back more and more frequently—at first, as now, at the cocktail hour, then at almost any time, including on waking. It was only fifty miles of decent road to Winslow, and at a bar there, the evening before he drove onto the reservation, having received a distressing Martini, he had switched and enjoyed a couple of excellent whiskey sours. He did not desire whiskey sours now; he imagined the good bite and taste of a neat whiskey after so long a drought. He thought of having one, and knew perfectly well that it would not be just one. Neither his funds nor his work would permit his remaining any length of time in town. Vodka makes but little smell on the breath, and with chlorophyll tablets . . . His mind ran like a mouse about the bare room, cunningly selecting hiding places.

With eagerness and distress he knew he was about to tell Wallace's wife a story and drive to Winslow. It was inevitable; it was his pattern. There had been at least a partial preparation for it in more than twenty years of Applegate's pattern. He had a sudden, vivid image, part visual, part emotional, of his study, the adjacent plenitude of cocktails, the life without demands or dangers, and the butler bringing the letters on a salver. He could never return to that; it was done. His commitment was inexorable. The thought of irreversible fate filled him with cold fear; then he embraced it, seeming at that moment to slip from one aspect of himself, one personality, into another, and as he did so he relaxed and his expression changed. In the end, if need be, he could go to Mexico; in fact, Mexico and much less constraining conditions of life might be preferable. Given the reputation he now had, which this season's work would increase, he could create a decent enough situation for himself down there, his wants being so simple—one might almost say single. He rose slowly to his feet. With the mixture of amusement and appreciation a man of brilliance feels toward a good but lesser man who has built not only better than he knew but far better than he intended, he thought what an amazing job Applegate had done of re-creating him.

—Oliver La Farge

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HISSES WE DOUBT EVER GOT HISSED

[*Westbrook Pegler in the Detroit Times*]

A man in his position endures a great deal of babble and Pete submitted to memoirs ranging from the Dempsey fights to a garden party at Buckingham Palace where a bucktooth cub from the United Press set a precedent by turning his back on George and Mary when he wheeled around to resent a jab in the ribs with an umbrella by a horrified Fleet Street penny-a-liner who hissed:

"Take off your bloody hat, you bloody fool!"

A REPORTER AT LARGE

JOURNEY TOWARD A SENSE OF BEING TREATED WELL

AT about eight o'clock in the evening of Monday, November 19, 1956, there appeared at the door of a small apartment on the rise of Buda, above the right bank of the Danube at Budapest, a man in a thin, faded blue raincoat, who had an extraordinarily haggard face—all bones, hair, and wires, it seemed. The face had no cheeks—only scoops on either side of a black mustache—and its sharp cheekbones shelved back to conical bumps of bone just in front of big ears, and the ears seemed to have been pulled forward by the wirelike steel bows of a pair of delicate, twisted spectacles. The wire bridge of these glasses had found a resting place a quarter of the way down the man's straight nose, so that the pupils of his sad brown sunken eyes looked out just under the wirelike upper rims; the lenses were tilted up and out at two different angles, making the glasses seem an apparatus for ventilation, or perhaps shelter, rather than for clear examination of the world. Above the eyes were black brows, taut over the bone, and now and then the man shot up these brows, as if to demonstrate that they were not, as they appeared, rooted in his skull, and when he did this, his enormous forehead was gathered up toward his thick black hair in terrible arching creases that told a lot about the years just past. The man was forty, but he looked ageless—simply out of connection with any time of life at all. At that moment, he also looked cold and tired, and, in fact, he was, for it had taken him two hours to walk home from the food-canning plant on the outskirts of Budapest where he worked as a lawyer. As soon as he had opened the door, he said to his wife, who had been waiting for him, "We can go tomorrow."

There were three rooms in the apartment, which the man, whose name was Vilmos Fekete, had rented for twelve years; now he shared them with his wife, his two daughters, his brother-in-law, and his father-in-law. His own father and mother, two brothers, and a sister lived elsewhere in the city. After the family had had some supper, Fekete and his wife, Elvira, prepared for the journey that they, together with their daughters—Klara, who was twelve, and Magdalena, who was nine—planned to take. They told the girls merely that they were all going to a city called Veszprém, near Lake Balaton, to visit some friends—the truth, though only part of the whole truth, for the Feketes intended to make Veszprém their first stop on a longer journey westward. Fekete did not know how dangerous the trip might be. He had learned caution at a high cost during the children's lifetime, and he felt sure that if the Avo, the Hungarian secret police, were to take him and his family into custody along the way, they would question the children separately, and in case that unthinkable thing should happen, he wanted the children to have the strength of truth-telling on their side. The girls were thrilled, because in the past they had had carefree vacations at Lake Balaton.

"*Oh! You must be the people who just paid forty-two-five for the old Fowler place.*"

There was really almost nothing to be done to get ready for the trip. Packing anything was out of the question. Fekete knew that it would be impossible to take any baggage, because parts of the trip would have to be made on foot. Elvira baked some biscuits and wrapped them up, along with a crucifix on which she had given her wedding oath fourteen years before, and some toilet articles, into a small parcel. Fekete put in a box his most important documents, such as his school and university diplomas and his favorite photographs of his family. He next called on the superintendent of the apartment building, who kept the official register of tenants, and told him that because of the disorganization of life in Budapest since the October uprising, he and his family were going to live in Veszprém, and that a friend and his family, who had been shelled out of their home during the Russian counterattack, would move into the flat in the Feketes' places, if the authorities approved. Then Fekete took the box of papers to this same friend, for later delivery to Fekete's father.

Fekete borrowed some money from his friend. His salary from the factory had been a thousand forints a month. At the official rate of exchange, this was about ninety dollars; at the black-market rate, it was only twenty dollars. Fekete had no savings. On the previous day, he had drawn his salary for the second half of November, and he actually had about a hundred forints left over from the first half, because it had been impossible to buy anything during the worst of the fighting; his factory director had given him and the other employees four pounds of flour, two pounds of sugar, and a pound of salt to tide them over while the shops were closed. Altogether, counting his own money and some that he had been able to borrow from his father and what he now borrowed from his friend, he found himself with about two thousand forints for his journey. Fekete returned home and went to bed at about ten o'clock.

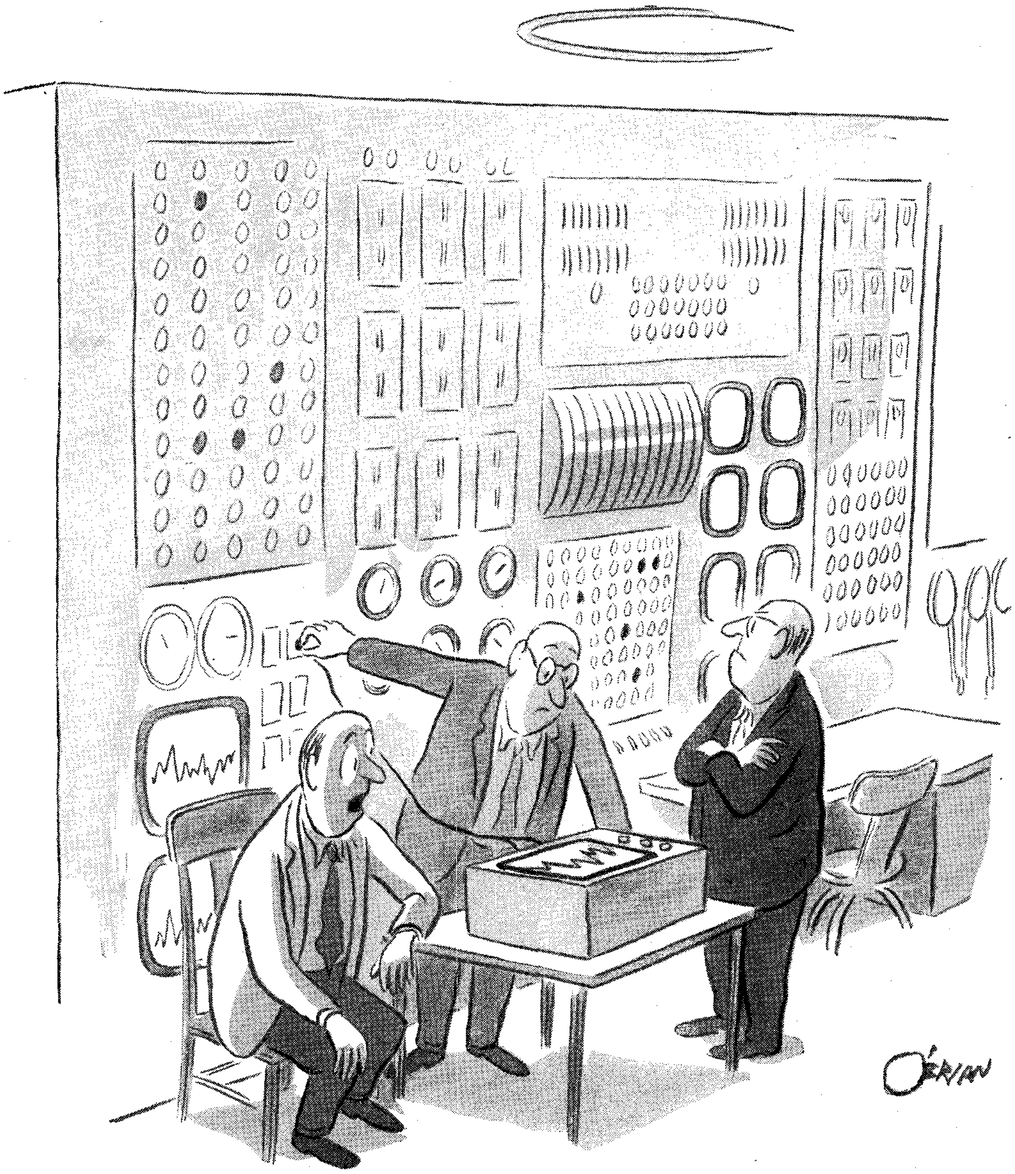
The family arose at five in the morning, drank some tea, and started out. As they left, Fekete turned on the landing and looked back into the apartment. This was the only home he and his wife had ever had, and in abandoning it he felt a sense of loss, not over the possessions he was leaving behind—the threadbare furniture his godfather had given him, a Telefunken radio with a short-wave band he had bought after saving for many months—but over the words said and the things done in these rooms in twelve years of the prime of his life. The one material thing he hated to leave was his stamp collection, which represented thousands of hours of deep absorption scattered over twenty-six years. Elvira, seeing tears behind the tilted spectacles, stood on the landing silently waiting, her close-set eyes hooded and dry. She had always been a more practical person than Vilmos; a question she often asked was "For what?" To her this small apartment had been a center of hard work and crowded living.

It was barely getting light as the Fekete family walked down the hill toward the railroad station. It was a ghostly hour in an exhausted city. Signs of bombardment were plentiful; the streets were cluttered with fallen bricks. The day was going to be gray, and it was cold. There was no traffic at all. A general strike was in progress, and few people were out. In Szena Place, the family walked past two railroad cars that the Freedom Fighters had rolled up from the station on streetcar tracks and overturned for barricades; in Moscow Place there was a similar barricade. Half an hour's walk took the Feketes to the station.

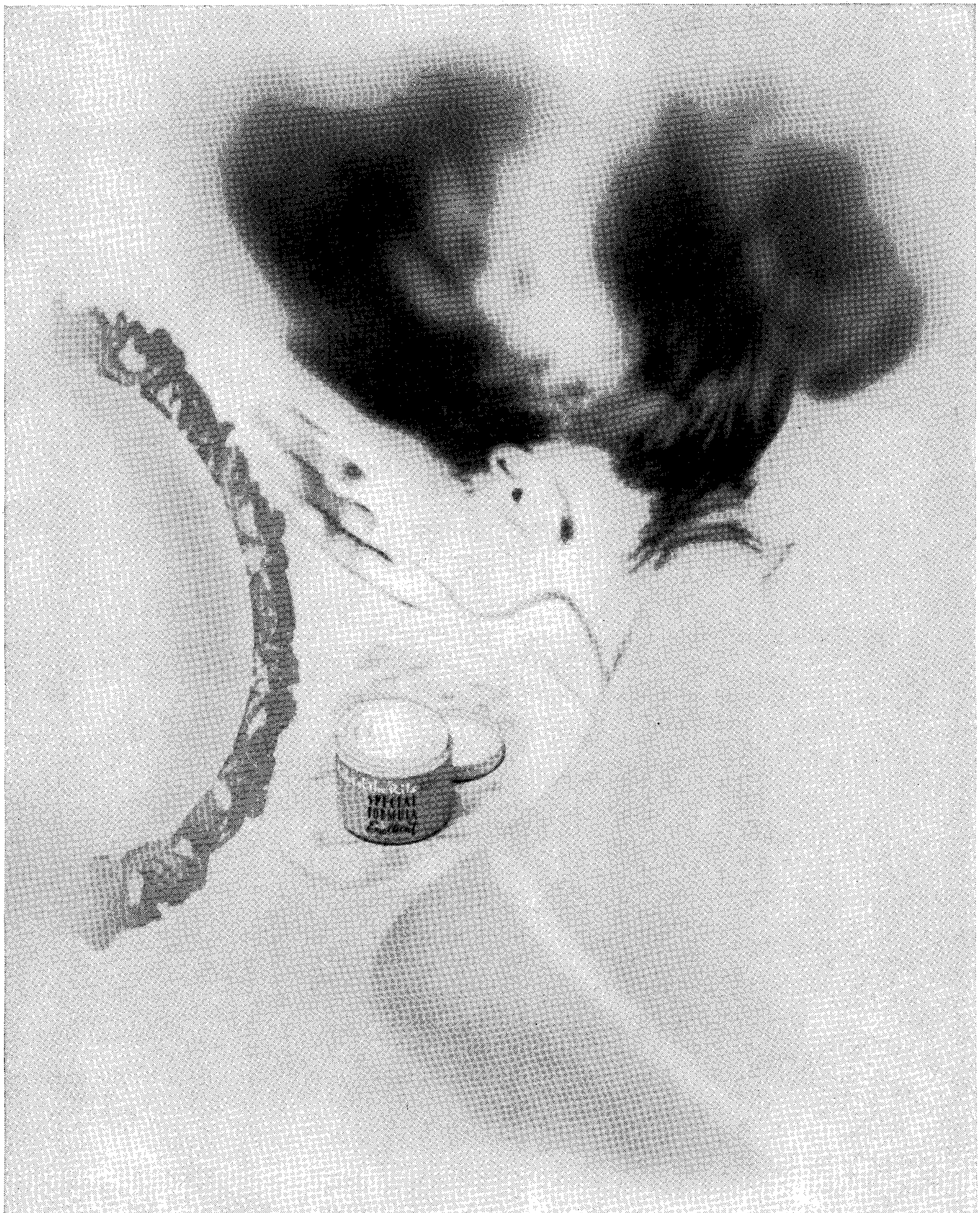
Trains had started running from Budapest the day before, for the first time in a month, but, as Fekete had explained to his wife, he had wanted to wait one day before leaving, to make sure that the tracks out in the countryside had not been mined by Freedom Fighters to inhibit deportations to the Soviet Union. The previous afternoon, he had sent a friend to scout the station for him, and this explorer had reported that the trains had gone through safely and that the Avo did not seem to be watching the station.

Fekete walked up to a window and bought four third-class tickets to Veszprém, for eighty-four forints. At a few minutes before seven, the family boarded their train. Nobody asked any questions. The Feketes made their way to a section of a third-class coach that was partly cut off from the rest of the car—a coupé, with wooden benches for about ten passengers. Shortly after they had entered, two young couples joined them in the coupé. The Feketes inspected the newcomers; the newcomers glanced at them. These people, Fekete observed, were warmly dressed, carried no luggage, and had small parcels under their arms. He said with his eyes to his wife, "Their destination is the same as ours."

That train went only about thirty miles, to a place called Székesfehérvár, and there, in a station jammed with warmly clad people who had no baggage, the Feketes bought tea and bread. In the afternoon, a train was announced for Veszprém. The Feketes, on boarding it, found places on benches; the aisles were soon crowded with standees. The travellers were silent until a conductor, entering the car as the train started, said in a loud voice, "Nobody remains in Budapest? *Everyone* comes out?" This



"Just as I thought! It's been lying to us!"



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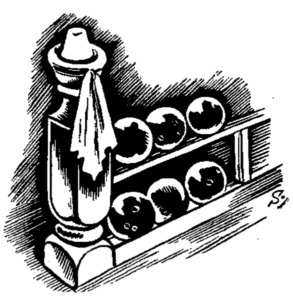
seemed to be a joke, and all the people laughed.

As the cars went through a cold countryside of low hills and eroded scarps of limestone, Fekete sat still and looked out, enjoying the swift motion of the train. He had long dreamed of this journey. He had lived the four decades of his life under a warring Emperor, a Communist leader who established his reforms by bathing the country in blood, a ruthless Fascist regent who called himself an admiral in a landlocked country, a German dictator who regarded Hungary as a pawn, and another Communist regime, this one sustained by Russian-controlled secret police. For a brief, dreamlike moment between the last two of these political numbings, he had experienced democratic parliamentary government—at first hand, for he himself had been elected a member of the Hungarian Parliament in 1947. He had quickly paid, and expensively, for this honor, and the payment was the nightmare memory of his life. Yes, he had long wished for the sensation of momentum this crowded train gave him.

LATE in the afternoon, Fekete saw the forested mound of Mount Bakony off to the right, and at its foot a number of bauxite mines and factories; then the train arrived in Veszprém. Fekete led his wife and children to the home of an old friend, a lady schoolteacher, and because she had no spare food, she took the Feketes to a hotel to eat. There two other families, friends of the teacher, joined the group—among them a physician and a member of the local county council. At first, Fekete, who wanted to find out how best to go forward on his journey, felt impatient at having strangers at the table. For a long time, he had made it a practice to speak not a word to people he did not know. But he trusted the teacher's judgment, and the waiter who came for their order took Fekete's breath away by saying quite openly, "You can talk about anything you want. The people at the next table are all right."



At once, the guests began asking Fekete questions about the revolt in Budapest. Was it true, one asked, that though shopwindows had been broken in the fighting there had been no looting?

Fekete said that one day he had passed a shop with a smashed window, and inside, on the broken fragments of glass, within easy reach of the sidewalk, he had seen a box heaped with coins and paper money, with a sign on it reading, "We are praying for money for the relatives of those dead in the revolution. In this revolution we can leave this box here, and tonight we will get it."

Another guest asked: What of the assertion by the Kádár regime that the revolution had been the work of Fascists?

Fekete, a Catholic, said he considered anti-Semitism the worst manifestation of the kind of Fascism that Hungary had had under Admiral Horthy before the war; for him anti-Semitism was the badge of Fascism. One day early in the revolt, he said, while walking home from his factory, he had heard a man on a street corner make a remark about the Jews. Two young men with rifles who were standing nearby had turned on the man, and one had slapped him in the face and said that the Freedom Fighters would not stand for that kind of talk.

A little later, Magdalena, the Feketes' nine-year-old, a restless child with a broad face and huge eyes, announced with satisfaction, "There is a big hole in our school."

The teacher asked Fekete what the schools in Budapest had been like during the last couple of years.

Not too bad, Fekete said. One day, a friend of his, the director of an elementary school, had said to him, "I'm very glad that among the teachers in my school are some members of the Party but no Communists." Such teachers, Fekete said, had joined the Party only for food cards. They had taught the children how to answer questions on dialectics when the inspector came around, but they had made it clear that all those things were only for the inspector.

One of the men asked: Had Fekete seen any actual fighting?

Fekete was now experiencing for the first time in several years the pleasurable sensation of a loose tongue in his mouth. He had, he said. On the third day of the revolution, October 25th, in the afternoon, while he was dodging along the streets on his way home from the factory, he had seen a boy not more than fourteen years old jump on a tank and open the lid and drop in a bottle full of benzine. And very near his factory were situated the Kilian Barracks, where General Pál Maléter, the com-

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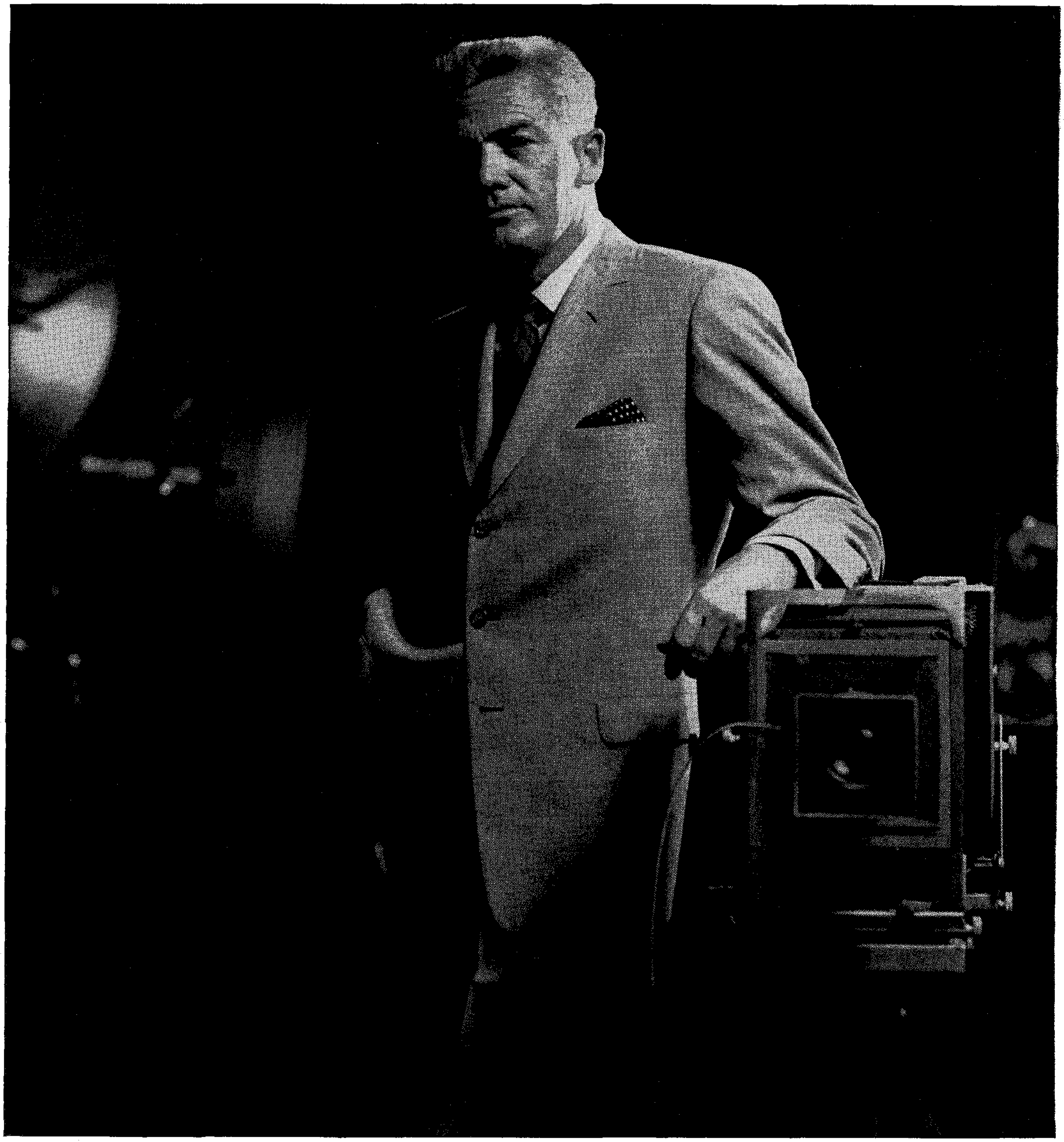

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mander of the Freedom Fighters in the city, had held out for several days with nine hundred men. And on October 26th and the two days following, when there was fighting around his home and his wife wouldn't let him go to the factory, he had looked down on the square below their windows and had seen the young men hiding in doorways and shooting, and he had seen a barricade being made of two railway cars.

He had been only a witness, he said. This had been a young people's fight.

It had all started, he said, on October 23rd, in the evening, when the man who was then Premier, Ernö Gerö, announced on the radio that the students' demonstration that afternoon, in favor of the Gomulka liberalization in Poland, had been staged by Fascists and criminals. Fekete said that he had heard the speech, and that it had made him angry. The students had been very angry, and they had marched to the radio station to demand time to answer Gerö, and the guards had become excited and at ten o'clock in the evening had fired shots into the crowd of young people. That was the first thing that had made it a real revolution, Fekete said. He had heard shots during that night. The next morning, the twenty-fourth, he had started out for his office and had found the streets practically deserted. He had walked all the way to the factory both that day and the next, in order that he might be where he could telephone his father and find out how he was.

In the very first days of the revolution, Fekete had begun to hear that Hungarians who lived near the Austrian border were going into exile, and he talked over with his wife the question of whether they should try to go, too. Maybe they could even get to the United States, he said.

On the twenty-ninth, the fighting had died down. Imre Nagy was Premier, and in his Cabinet was a member of the non-Communist Smallholders' Party, Béla Kovács, whom Fekete had known since the time when he himself was a Smallholder. On the thirty-first—a day of great illusory joy in Budapest, as Soviet tanks withdrew from the city and it seemed that a few boys with rifles and bottles of flammables had set back a great military power—Fekete had gone to see Kovács and had talked with him about a possible rejuvenation of the Smallholders' Party.

Then, on the following days, there were ominous rumors of Russian reinforcements. Fekete heard on the radio that Nagy had taken Hungary out of the Warsaw Pact and had proclaimed

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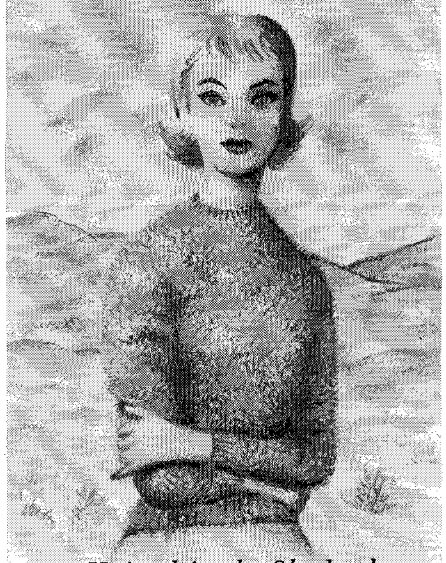

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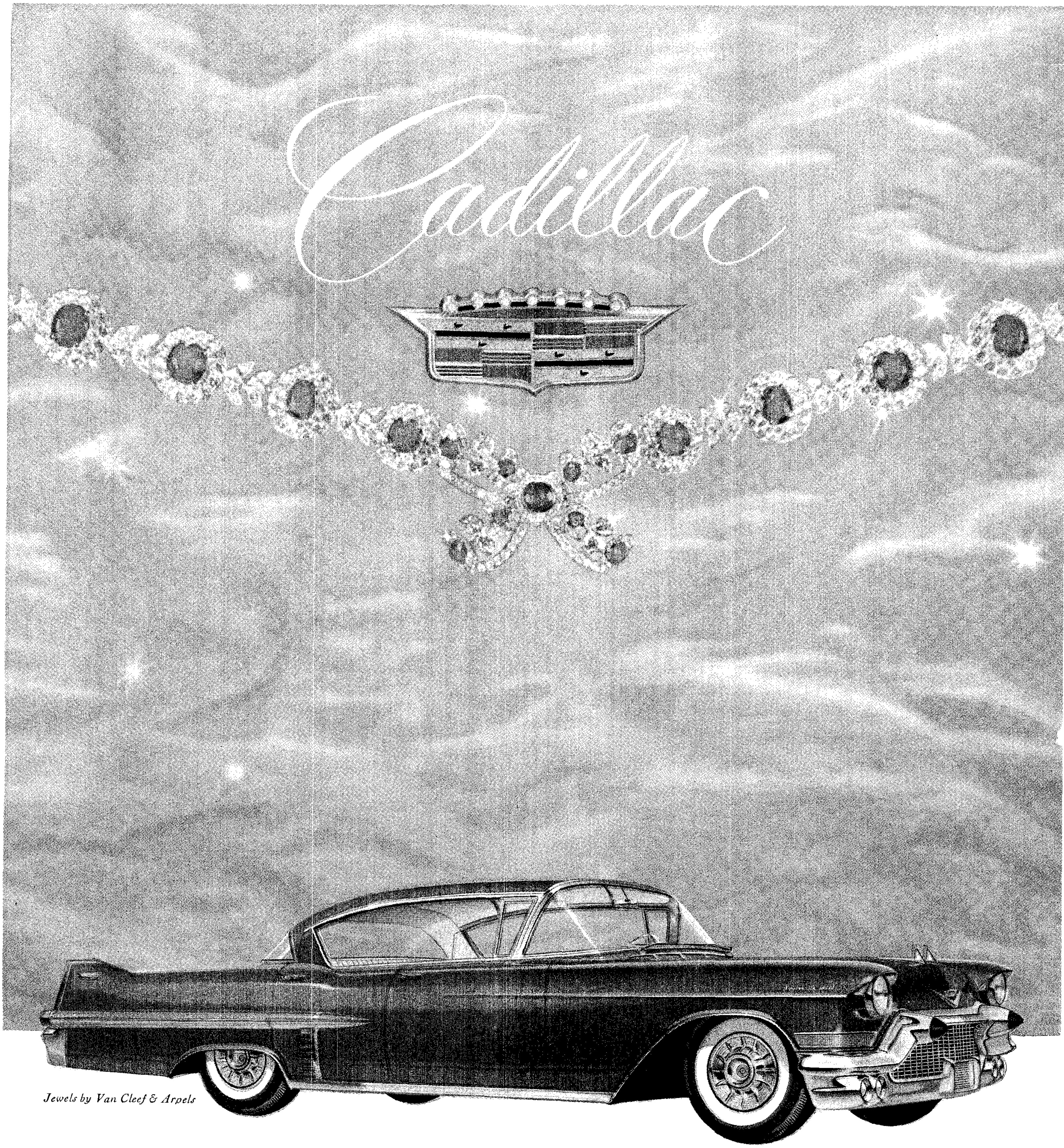
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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION the nation's neutrality, and that he had appealed to the United Nations for protection.

On the morning of Sunday, November 4th, at five o'clock, the Feketes awoke to sounds of heavy bombardment. Hundreds of Russian tanks were pouring into the city. Nagy took asylum in the Yugoslav Embassy, and the Feketes took refuge in the cellar of their apartment house. There the family stayed, off and on, for a full week, and there, for the first time, they made the acquaintance of the people who had been living in the same building with them for years. The rule of Fekete's life had been: Tranquillity lies in isolation, in saying nothing, in living like a wild beast in the love and protection of one's immediate family. At the factory, everyone had known who the tiny handful of hard-core Communists were, and everyone had kept them, as the expression went, "three steps of air away." No one had taken seriously the pathetic group of food-card Communists, who were pushed into all the front positions and given all the titles. But in the apartment building there had been no way of knowing who thought what; the Avo penetrated everywhere. Now, in the cellar, where someone had set up a radio, it was a staggering revelation to see tears in every eye when, on November 6th, the rebel radio said farewell to the world in defeat. All those in the building whom Fekete had feared had felt the same way as he!

For an hour or so each day, during lulls in the fighting, the Feketes went up to their apartment, and had a meal. They carried a sofa down to the cellar for the girls; the parents slept on the basement floor. Twice that week, Fekete risked going out into the streets, in order to visit his father and make sure he was all right. The wreckage along the streets was appalling.

By Sunday, November 11th, most of the fighting was over. The next day, Fekete walked to the factory. He felt obliged to do this, because he was running low on money and food for his family. He was given his emergency rations that day. He walked to the plant all that week. Everyone there was deeply depressed. The Kádár government was announcing repressive measures; the hopes of late October had proved false; there were reports of wholesale deportations of young men to the Soviet Union; the wreckage in the city was far greater than it had been during the entire war; people had no energy, no desire for work. The official radio and the papers were saying that Soviet troops were guarding the border

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with Austria, and that the people who had fled to that country were being held as prisoners in camps or made to work in mines, and were given but one piece of bread a day.

On Monday, November 18th, Fekete heard at the factory that trains were going to start running again the next day, and he decided that the time had come to try to escape.

FEKETE's new acquaintances in the hotel in Veszprém were so open and warm, and they listened to him with such visible emotion, that he felt once again, as he had in the cellar at home, a poignant shock of emergence from isolation. These people had confidence in him! And he trusted them! One of the men said that he admired and envied Fekete for his courage in attempting to leave the country—that only the dangers of the frontier and fear of a Russian prison held him back—and others agreed.

Now Fekete felt safe in asking what these people had been hearing about the frontier.

The consensus of their opinion, based on reports that had drifted back from the border, was that the best region in which to try an escape was around a town called Kapuvár, about eighty miles northwest of Veszprém. Here the worst dangers were natural: It would be necessary to go through swampy land in cold weather.

THE Feketes rested a full day in Veszprém. The schoolteacher suggested that they go to Celldömölk, the first large town on the way to the Kapuvár swamps, by automobile. She said she had in her class the son of a taxi-driver whom she knew to be an honest man; the Feketes could ride with him. Fekete asked her to arrange this, and she did. Early in the morning of November 22nd, the Feketes were picked up by the driver, a taciturn man of about fifty, in a black Russian-built Pobeda. Fekete considered trying to arrange the fare in advance, but he decided that this might be embarrassing; after all, the schoolteacher had said the man was honest.

The black taxi set out across flat farm country on a broad paved highway, one of the main arteries of Hungary, which was bordered in places with rows of poplars and locusts. It was a lonely drive through an empty land, for there was hardly any traffic—not a single car, and only a few trucks—and the farmers were not in the fields. Fekete, who had travelled widely in the country as a lawyer and a politician, in war and

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peace, had never seen a crisis before that had caused the farmers to stop work. Nowhere had winter rye or wheat or cover crops been planted.

The drive to Celldömölk took two and a half hours, and when the driver set the Feketes down in the center of town, he asked for eight hundred and eighty-two forints. From his former trips, Fekete knew that this fare was quite normal for the distance, and he gave the driver nine hundred forints and told him to keep the change—a tip that Fekete would have thought twice about if money and budgets had meant anything to him any more.

Now Fekete had no idea what to do. He took his family to the railway station, simply for shelter; no trains were running in the direction of Kapuvár. Then he walked out in the town alone. Near a market place, he saw an open farm truck, an old three-ton Hungarian diesel with a cloth canopy over the back; the driver, a peasant, was standing by the cab. Fekete approached him and said, "Which direction do you take?"

"Your direction," the peasant said. "I know where you want to go. Hop in. Let's go."

Fekete said that the farmer was very kind but that his wife and children were at the station.

The man told Fekete to go and get them and any others who might be waiting to go toward Kapuvár.

Fekete ran off to the station, and there he found, besides his family, two coal miners who wanted to leave the country.

When the Feketes and the miners reached the truck, the driver was in the cab, and the motor was running, and in the back were a number of villagers who had been to market. Fekete's party got aboard, and the truck left Celldömölk. The villagers said they were from a collective farm about twelve miles north of Celldömölk, and were heading back there now. They estimated that it was twenty miles to Kapuvár from their farm. There is a perfectly good Hungarian word for collective farm, "*szövetkezet*," but to Fekete's surprise these peasants used the Russian term "*kolkhoz*," and used it with the same contemptuous force that Fekete's friends in the city gave it. In Budapest, the lawyers' groups set up by the Communists were also widely called "collective farms," with this same Russian word, for laughs.

At the farm, the truck dropped the Feketes and the miners. Fekete reached for his wallet, but the driver waved him off and said, "Good luck." He was

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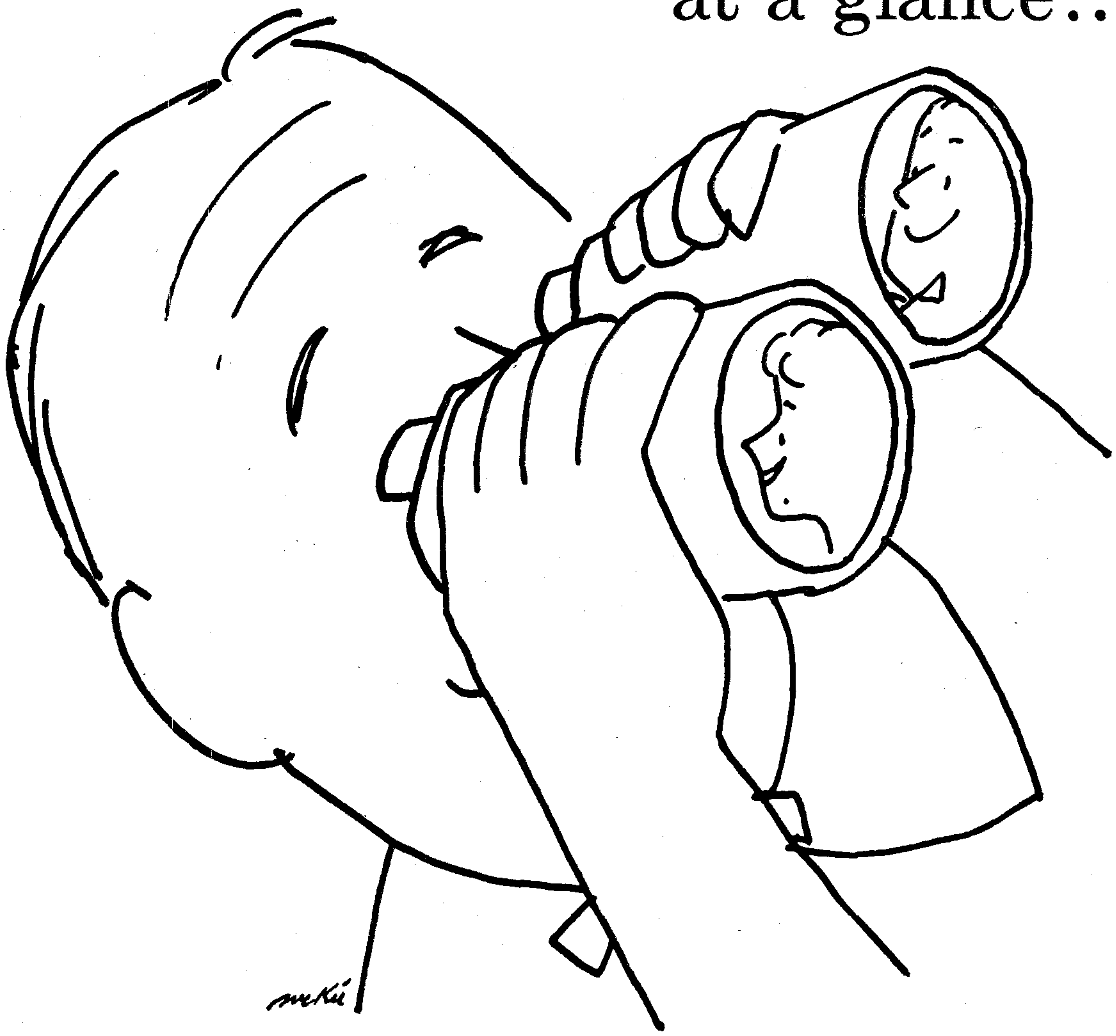
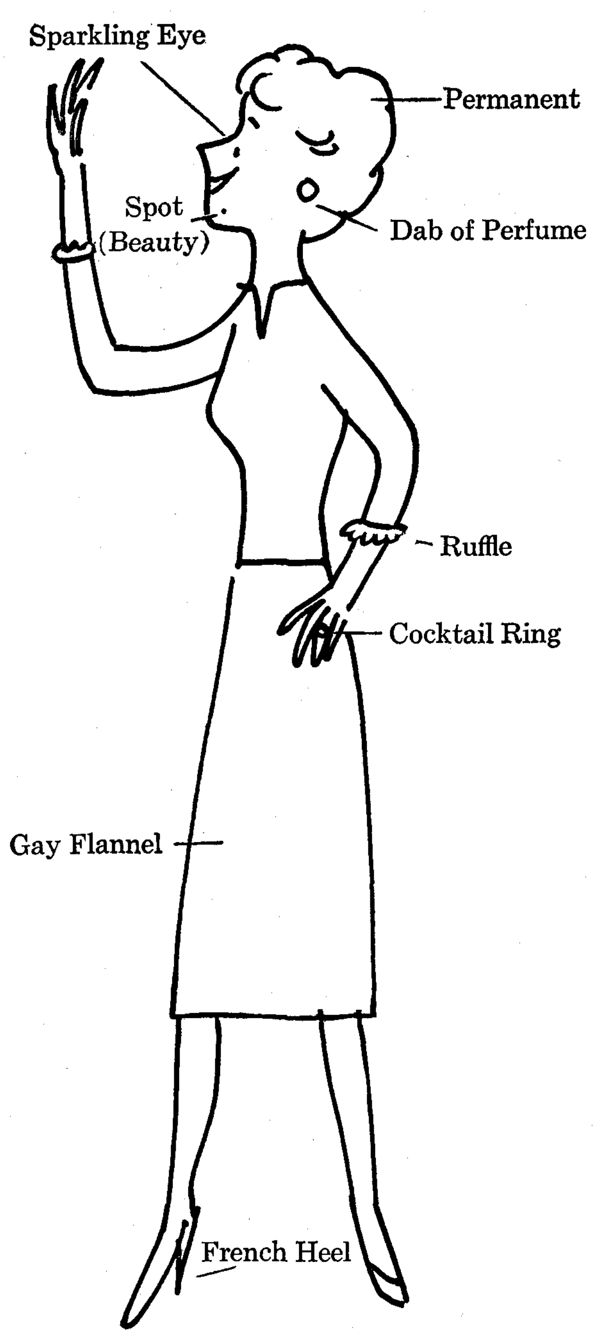
A man's guide to women. **No. 10**

How to tell the sexes at a glance...

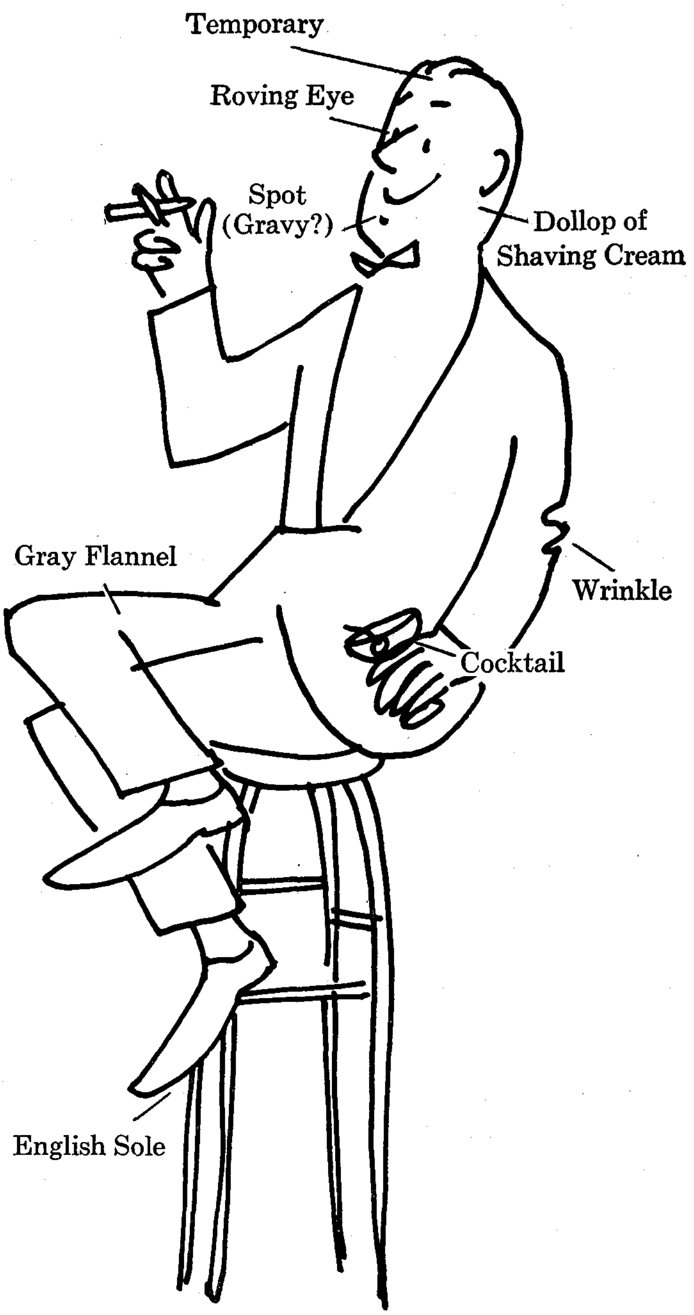


Men and women are different, we keep saying! They talk differently, act differently, like different things. In fact, we've been so busy cataloguing their *behavioral* differences, that we've come close to forgetting the most obvious difference of all: they *look* different. So we've prepared the charts opposite, from which it should be clear that women not only look different, but they also look *better*. Here goes.

Women have a world of their own...



Sparkling Eye
Permanent
Spot (Beauty)
Dab of Perfume
Ruffle
Cocktail Ring
Gay Flannel
French Heel



Temporary
Roving Eye
Spot (Gravy?)
Dollop of Shaving Cream
Gray Flannel
Wrinkle
Cocktail
English Sole

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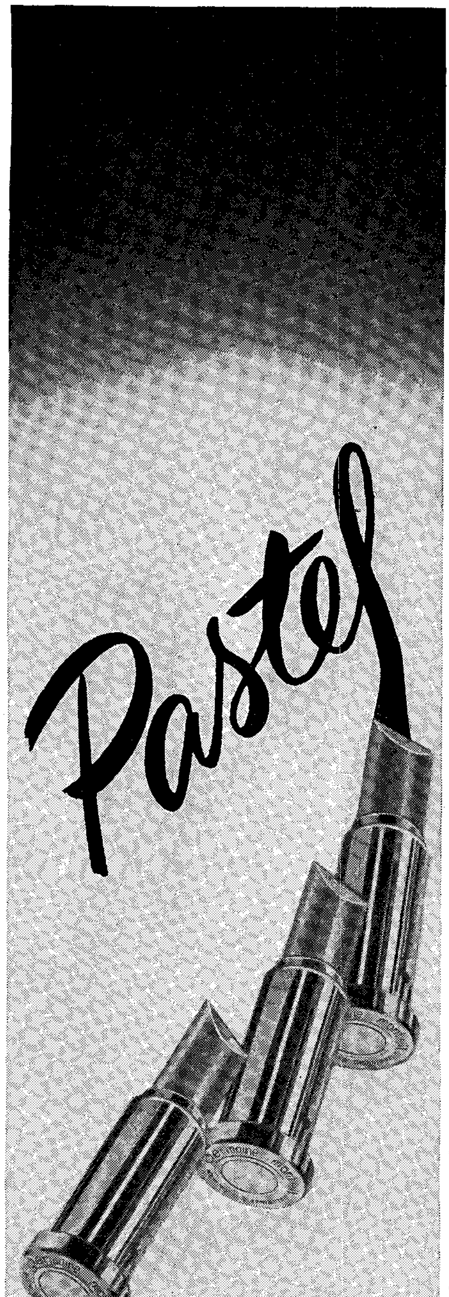

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about to drive away when he turned back and beckoned to Fekete, and said, “Don't let them forget us out where you're going.”

The Feketes and the miners walked through a cold noon hour as far as the next village, which was called Kenyeri. As they walked, the miners told Fekete that this was their second try. They had been caught by Russian soldiers in their first attempt to cross the border, near Szombathely, farther south. The Russians had turned them over to Hungarian frontier guards, and these Hungarians had taken them a few miles back from the border and set them free, and one of the guards had said, “Be more careful next time.”

As the group entered Kenyeri, a woman accosted them in the main street and said, “You must hurry. The milk truck from Répcelak is unloading. It can take you farther.”

Fekete was disconcerted at the thought that his group could be so easily recognized for what it was. The truck was about three hundred yards up the street, and he and one of the miners started to run toward it. All at once, Fekete saw in the street, on the near side of the truck, a policeman holding a bicycle and talking with two armed civilians. At the sight of the uniform and the guns, he was suddenly afraid, and he pulled the miner with him into the front yard of a house that was surrounded by a high board fence. The two men were standing there, unsure of what to do, when a peasant woman came out of the house and asked what the matter was. Fekete said, “We saw a policeman. We don't want to be caught.”

The woman went to her front gate and looked up the street, and then said, “Dear God! That's *our* policeman. He wouldn't hurt a flea. It's perfectly safe to go on. Ask him how to get to the border. You'll see.”

Fekete and the miner went on up the street, at a walk. The policeman nodded benignly to them. They asked the driver of the milk truck if he would give the party a lift, and he said he would be glad to, but he was not quite ready to go, and he suggested that they wait for him on a street corner about a hundred yards ahead.

Fekete went back for the others and took them to the corner. It was cold. In a few minutes, a peasant woman came out of her house and invited them inside to get warm. In her house, she fed them all soup and bread, and when it came time to leave, Fekete wanted to pay her for the food, but she refused the money. Indeed, when they were in the street and about to board the truck, one of the miners told Fekete that the woman had drawn him aside and pushed a hundred-forint note into his pocket. He had fished it out and tried to make her take it back, but she had said that he and his friends would need it up the line.

The driver took the two little girls in the cab with him; the others climbed up into the back and sat on empty milk cans there. Suddenly, Fekete felt tears well up.

Elvira Fekete asked her husband reproachfully, as if he were a small boy, what his trouble was.

He leaned toward her and said, in a low voice, “Everybody wants to help us. I never thought the whole Hungarian people could be so equal. These miners are really our friends. Everybody is together. Why did that woman want to give us food and money? She never saw us before, and she'll never see us again! It's all amazing!”

IN the summer of 1933, in his seventeenth year, having finished grammar school, Vilmos Fekete attended a Boy Scout World Jamboree in Budapest, and in talking with English and German Scouts he found that he had pretty well mastered the second and third languages he had studied in school. After the Jamboree, he sent his name around to the various hotels in the city with notice that he would be glad to serve as a tourist guide for English- and German-speaking visitors. That autumn, he began studying law at Peter Pazmany University, in Budapest, and from then on for several years he earned spending money by working as a guide and, later, as a clerk in his father's law office. In 1938, when the International Eucharistic Congress was held in Budapest, Fekete had his last big fling as a guide, because after Hitler entered the Sudetenland few tourists ventured into Central Europe. Fekete received his law baccalaureate in 1939 and his doctorate in 1941. He entered private practice with his father, and because he served as counsel to an association of small leather-goods tradesmen who sold holsters, belts, and saddlery to the Hungarian Army, his military service was at first deferred, but on October 7, 1942—four days after his marriage to Elvira, whom he had met at a law-school party—he was drafted, and was assigned to desk work

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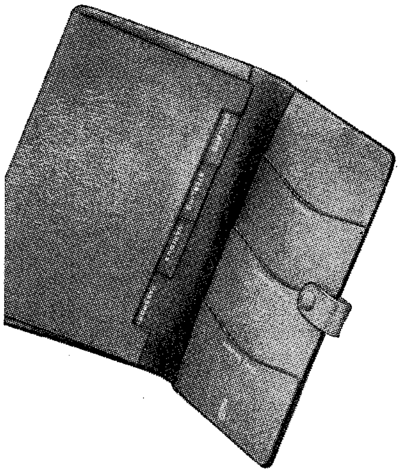
in Szeged, near the Yugoslav border. Army life disagreed with him, and he developed asthma, and in February, 1944, he was given a medical discharge. He resumed his law practice. The Soviet Army entered Pest in January, 1945, and Buda the next month, and at once rounded up, as prisoners of war, all the Hungarian men it could find who were or had been soldiers. Fekete was picked up on February 17, 1945. He was interned with five thousand men of various nationalities in a school on the Pest side of the river until mid-March, when he heard that a Czech mission had arrived in Hungary, and that everyone who claimed Czech nationality was being assigned to the mission, which promptly turned all pseudo-Czechs loose. Upon being asked his nationality by a Russian in an interview on March 16th, Fekete knew what to say: He was a Czech. Where were his documents? Sorry, he said—taken from him by a Russian soldier. The Russian sent him to join a band of seventeen men for delivery to the Czech mission; five of them were real Czechs. Two days later, he was at home with his wife, who was seven months pregnant. Fekete, a liberal idealist who had always considered himself mild, gentle, and sickly, was surprised to find during this experience that his nerves were steady under stress.

Fekete entered politics as a member of the Smallholders' Party. This party, a holdover from before the war, had a long record of representing the peasants' interests against the landlords. In the first postwar election, in November, 1945, which was altogether open and free, it received fifty-seven per cent of the popular vote, while the Communists received only seventeen per cent. The Soviet Army and secret police were still in Hungary, however, and during the next two years, as Fekete gradually rose to membership in the central committee of the Smallholders' Party, he saw many of the men he regarded as the best in the Party pushed out, discredited, or arrested, while by infiltration and pressure the Communists drove the surviving Smallholders further and further to the Left. Fekete was one of a group that broke with the Smallholders' leadership in the summer of 1947, and just a month before the second postwar election, he and his friends set up a new party, the Independents, and Fekete was elected to Parliament with forty-seven of his colleagues—a large number, considering the shortness of their campaign. The Communists, who by then had an efficient machine, seated a



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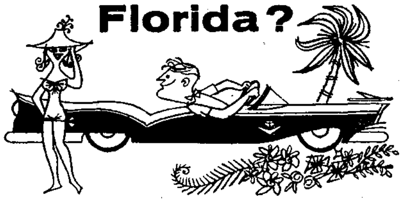

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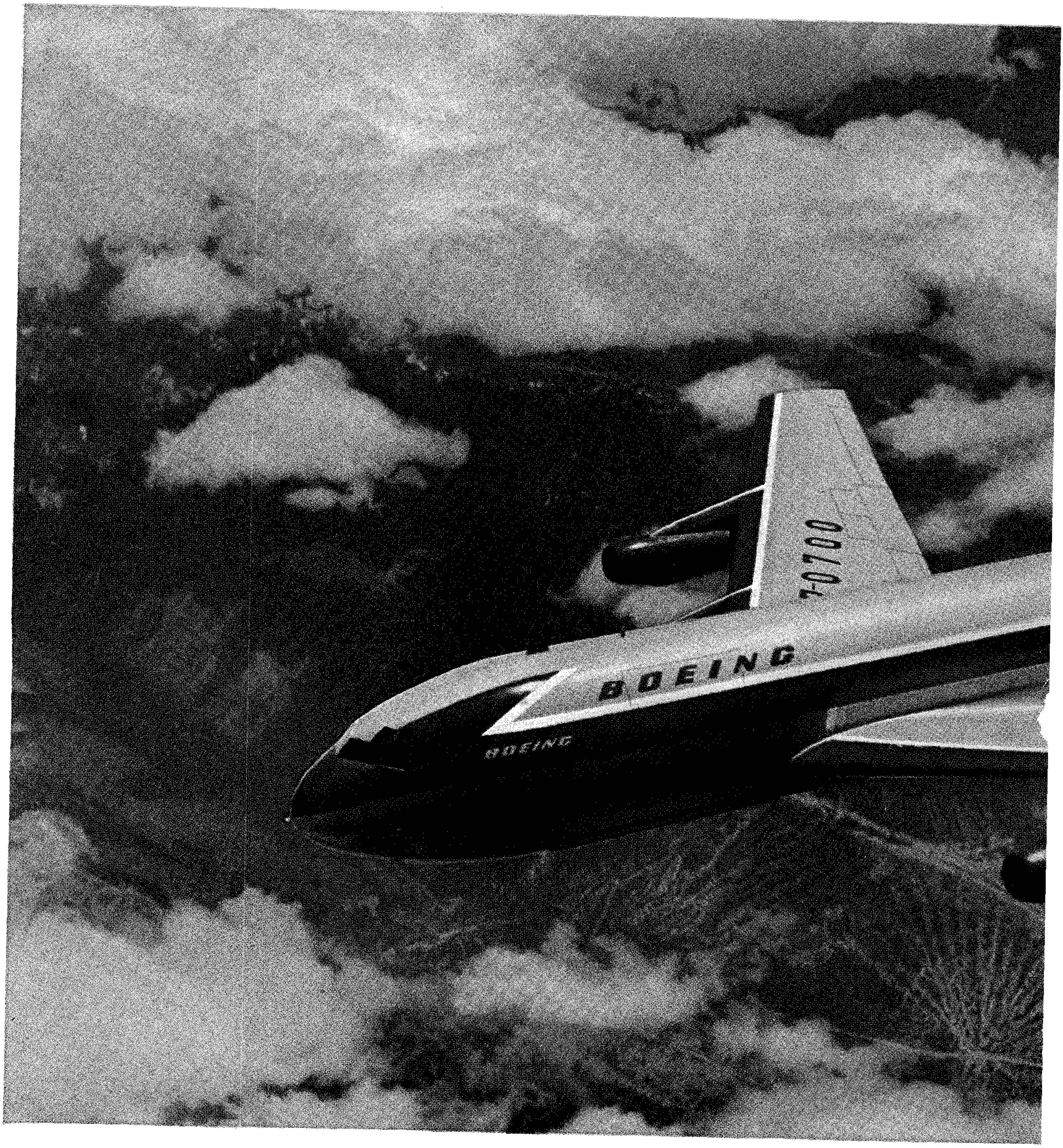
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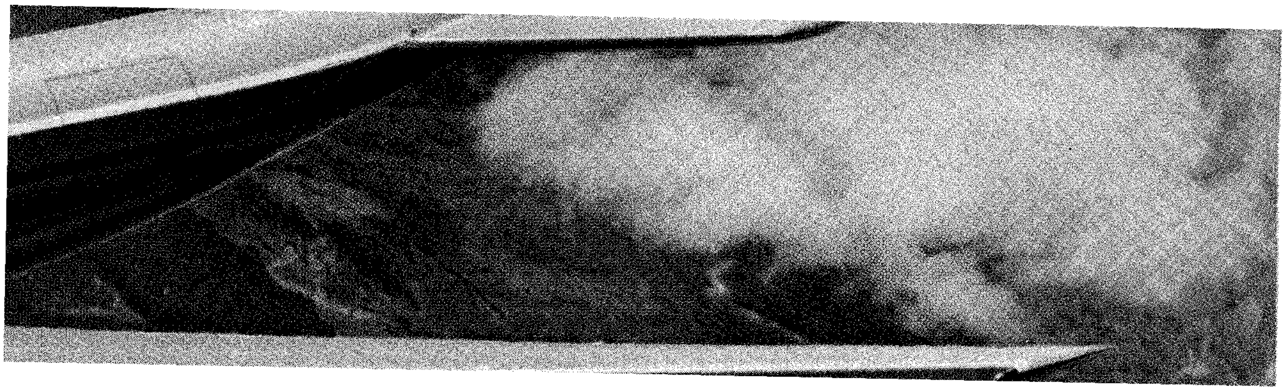

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hundred members of Parliament, the Smallholders about seventy.

So wildly and quickly had the Independents' fire spread that it was clear to the Communists that the new party would have to be suppressed, and the job of liquidating it was given to the secret police. This was when Fekete fell into his nightmare time; somehow he survived it sane. For five years afterward, he tried to resume private law practice, but nothing came of that. In 1953, discriminatory taxes were levied against private businessmen and professional men, and Fekete, who was earning about twelve hundred forints a month, found himself obliged to pay six hundred and fifty forints of his earnings in taxes. He dropped his practice and took what he could get—a job at a cannery in the Ferencváros section of Budapest, where he was mostly engaged in arranging contracts with shopping centers and restaurants. He worked surrounded by food and got thinner and thinner.

THERE was no cover over the back of the milk truck, and it was bitterly cold. Along the way, the driver stopped to pick up three men and three women who were also headed for the border. Two of the men were in filthy, sooty clothes, and wore a kind of harness over their shoulders; as soon as they were settled on the cans, the miners and Fekete congratulated each other and touched them, for they were chimney sweeps, symbols of good luck. Each New Year's Eve in Budapest before the war, chimney sweeps used to go from restaurant to restaurant, often carrying suckling pigs under their arms, and people would rush to touch them for luck. Now the miners laughed and said the trip across the border would be easy.

The truck arrived at a milk-and-cheese plant in Répcelak at a little after four in the afternoon. The village was about twenty-five miles from the border, the driver said, and it was obvious that the Feketes and their friends would not be able to cross the frontier that night; they would have to find a place to sleep. Fekete, who still had a fair amount of money, asked a passerby in the street whether there was an inn in Répcelak. The stranger was friendly; like everyone else along the way, he knew, without being told, where these people were going, and he said that they had better not stay in Répcelak overnight, because there were quite a few hard-core Communists in the village, who might make trouble for them.

Fekete remembered seeing along the

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highway, not far back, a signpost pointing to a village called Vamoscsalad, and he also remembered that in Budapest the father of a schoolmate of one of his daughters had once spoken of having relatives in that village. This was a rather tenuous connection, but on the strength of it the Feketes and their friends the miners walked four miles through the twilight to Vamoscsalad. They found a village of farmers' houses, round about which were ranged, in scattered strips, the lands the people worked. Fekete knocked at the door of the first house the party came to, and asked the farmer who answered if he knew such a name as that of his daughter's classmate's father.

"Do I know it?" the farmer said. "Three-quarters of the village has that name."

Fekete then asked if the farmer knew of a family, among the three-quarters, that owned a young man who was now working in Budapest and had a little daughter.

Why, the farmer said, directly across the street!

The Feketes and the miners received cordial shelter that night from the mother and father of a man who was a virtual stranger to Fekete. The farmer and his wife gave their guests a hot supper—and, better than that, they gave them advice. They said there had been numerous reports in recent days of a strongly reinforced Russian border guard on this side of the swampland around Kapuvár. There were said to have been some shootings. It would be best, the hosts thought, to take a local train that paralleled the border, and attempt their crossing farther along, where the frontier was said to be much less carefully guarded.

At one point during the evening, Fekete said that as far as he could observe, few farmers seemed to be leaving the country. "Almost none," the old farmer said. Fekete asked why that was. "Because they cannot leave the land," the old man said. "They used to say we peasants were slaves of landowners. No, it's deeper. We are slaves of the land."

There were three beds in the farmhouse, and the Fekete family was given two of them. The miners slept out in a barn.

The next morning, when it came time to leave, Fekete offered the farmer money for the family's and the miners' food and lodging. The farmer refused it, and, gripping Fekete's slender hand with his hard one, he said with great earnestness, "No, I owe you a debt. You will risk your life to get out. You are

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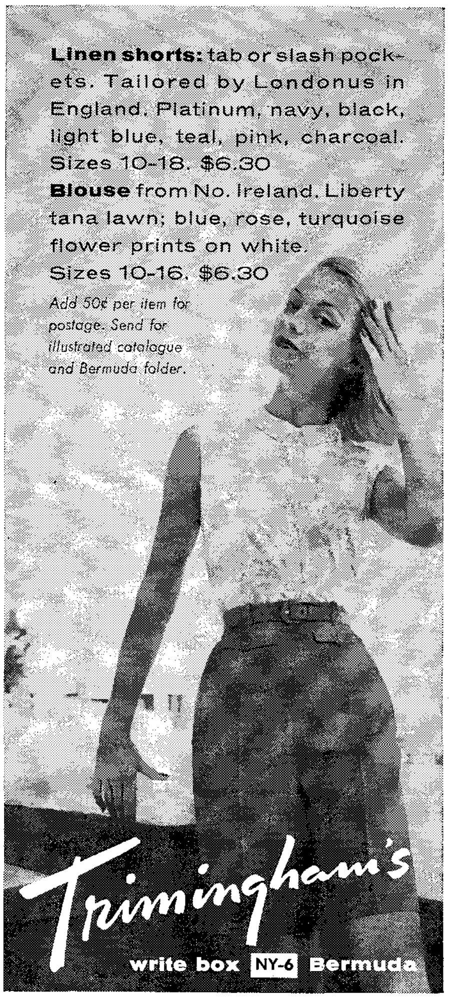
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At seven o'clock, the Feketes and the miners caught a local train, consisting of only four cars, from Vamoscsalad. There was nobody else aboard who seemed to be border-bound. The passengers were workers and peasants. The train went for only about half an hour, as far as a place called Hegyfalu. There the group had a three-hour wait for the next train. More and more people gathered in the station to take it, and among them were about forty who appeared to be headed for the border. Peasants and railway officials talked freely with them about the frontier, and confirmed what the old farmer had said the night before. At the moment, the best place to cross seemed to be near a village named Repcevis, some distance up the line. In that sector, the border patrols were Russian and Hungarian troops working together. Every few hundred yards, one Russian walked with one Hungarian. In the last few nights, there had been wholesale crossings near Repcevis, with no loss of life.

Somebody warned Fekete not to let himself be cheated at the frontier. He told a story about a border guide who had accepted two thousand forints in advance to take a party into Austria and who, on hearing shooting, had run away, abandoning even women and children. Hungarian soldiers had found the group. Things had turned out well, however. The soldiers had finished the guide's work—led the people to the border and sent them across with good wishes.

Was there any danger of secret police along the way? Yes. The Avo had been setting up check points at various railway stations—a different one each day—but the stationmasters were in constant communication with each other by telegraph, and the conductors would warn the passengers ahead of time if there was any danger.

At last, the train came. It was five cars long and was already packed. There seemed to be many travellers to foreign lands. The Feketes and the miners had to stand in an aisle. At each station, conductors and trainmen went along the platform, stopping at the doors of the cars and quietly speaking to the passengers inside: "The next station is clear. Go forward." The railway officials did this, that is, until the train reached a place called Bö, five stations before Repcevis. There, as they went from door to door, they said, "Avo at the next station. You will

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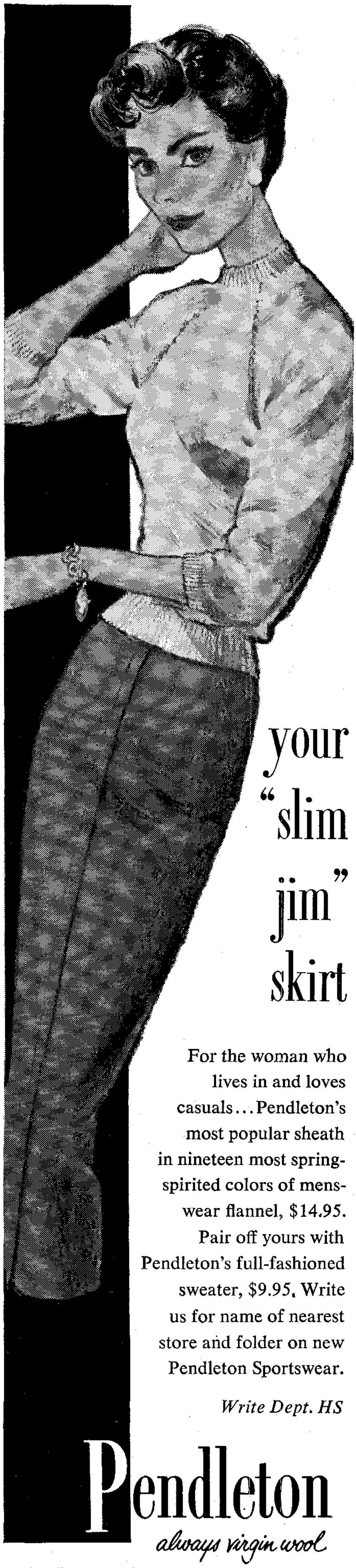

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need documents at the next station."

Three hundred passengers got off the train, and it went lightly on. Vilmos Fekete was among the most eager to get off, for he never wanted to see the Avo again.

ON the evening of September 16, 1947, two weeks after Fekete had been elected a member of Parliament, he and his wife paid a visit to his father. While they were talking, there came a knock on the door. As a kind of reflex, the Feketes went into a bedroom and shut themselves in. Fekete's father, opening the door, found two plainclothes policemen on the landing, and Fekete could hear one of them ask the father whether his son was with him. Quite calmly, the older man said that his son lived on Logodi Street, as doubtless the gentlemen already knew; perhaps the gentlemen would find his son there. The Avo men left without making a search. Fekete and his wife spent the night in the apartment of a friend.

Fekete knew why the Avo wanted him. About two months before, on July 22nd, two hundred members of the central committee of the Smallholders' Party had convened in Budapest to discuss the national election that was to be held at the end of August. Many of the delegates were worried because the Party's incumbent leaders had been going further to the Left than the membership wanted, or even knew about. The committee sent a delegation of twenty men to call on Zoltan Tildy, the President of Hungary, who was the titular head of the Smallholders' Party. The single representative from Budapest in that delegation, and its spokesman, was Vilmos Fekete, who told the President that the central committee felt that the Party's leaders had drifted far from its rank and file, and that the committee was afraid the Smallholders had lost the confidence of the public and would lose the election. Tildy said he did not see things so dark; he believed the Party leaders were taking the proper course. The delegation returned to the committee, and Fekete, after reporting Tildy's words, proposed a resolution censuring the Party leaders. Some of those leaders, including several Cabinet Ministers, appealed to the central committee *not* to take this action, and it adjourned without voting on the resolution. But the next day more than half the central committee resigned, and the dissidents formed the Hungarian Independence Party.

With only a month to go before the election, the Independents set up a slate

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of candidates, all of whom had the official approval of the elections board, dominated by the four principal parties—the Communists, the Smallholders, the Social Democrats, and the Peasants. Fekete and his friends began to campaign in the countryside; because Fekete had exercised his English and German during his days as a tourist guide, he was given charge of the Party's relations with the foreign press. On Election Day, the Independents discovered that the Communists were making wholesale fraudulent use of blue forms that had been issued for absentee voting—driving in cars from town to town and voting over and over. In the days after the election, the Independence Party gathered proof of these frauds, and Fekete had the evidence in his apartment.

The morning after the visit from the two Avo men, Fekete sent his wife home, instructing her to take the vote-fraud material to a friend's house. He himself went to the headquarters of the Independents. On the way, he bought a newspaper and read the surprising news that he had been arrested the night before, along with seventy others, all designated as Fascists. At the Independents' headquarters, he learned that most of the seventy had only been held overnight. One of the Party leaders telephoned the Avo on Fekete's behalf and asked what the police wanted of him. The chief of the Avo himself got on the phone, and said he simply wanted a brief interview with Fekete; he gave his personal word of honor that the man would be free within an hour.

On the strength of that promise, Fekete voluntarily went to the headquarters of the secret police, at 60 Stalin Street. The interview lasted six weeks, and Fekete was set free a little less than a year later.

That morning, the chief of the Avo told Fekete that he wanted only two things of him—admission that the Independence Party had perpetrated vote frauds during the election and that through his contacts with the foreign press Fekete and the Independence Party had received funds and instructions from outside the country. Upon hearing this, and realizing that he was in for something far more serious than an hour's chat, Fekete made three important decisions: to speak only the truth as he understood it, and never to make anything up; to shut his lips firmly rather than say anything that might be dangerous to his friends or his family; and never to speak another person's name.

As for the first question, Fekete re-

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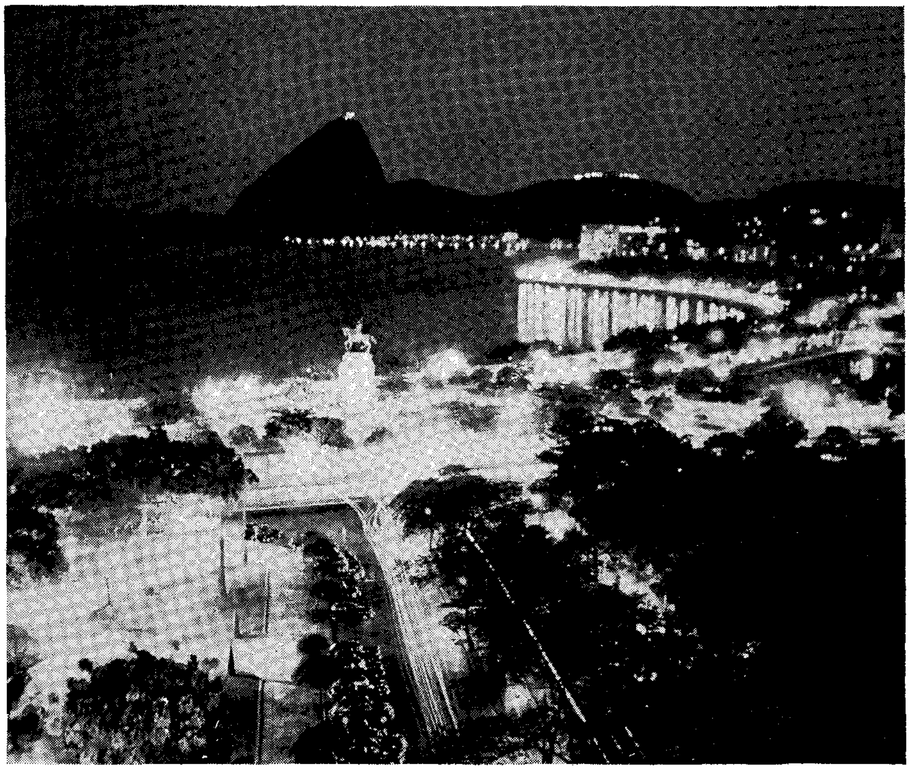

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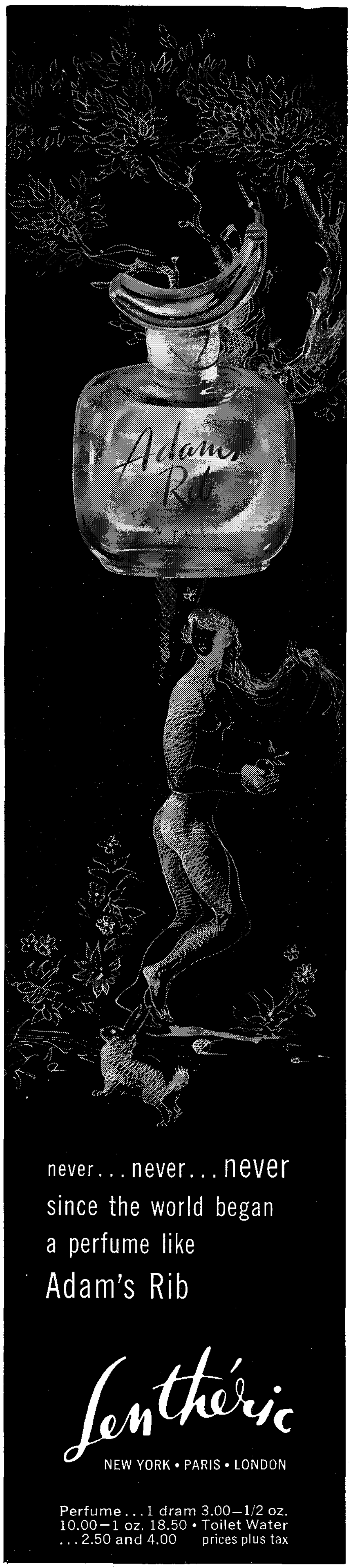

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plied to the Avo chief, it was not true that the Independents had been guilty of vote frauds; it was, in fact, the Communist Party that had perpetrated such frauds, and the Independents had proof of them. As for the second, he had been merely a press-relations officer for the Independents. He could speak a little English and German, so he had been given the job of interpreting to the foreign correspondents what the leaders of the Party said. That was all.

The chief pressed his questions, and elaborated them, and when he grew tired he turned the interview over to three subordinates, and when they grew tired they were replaced by three others, and they by three others, and this went on for three days and three nights, with an hour off now and then. Fekete clung to his three rules. Finally, this first question period ended, and Fekete was taken to a small, damp room in the cellar, which contained nothing but a bed and a bare two-hundred-watt bulb hanging from the ceiling directly above the bed. There was no window. There was a peephole in the strong door.

Fekete, who had heard about such things, understood that he was to be honored with the breakdown treatment. This form of slow torture, which was based on the empirical observation that nervous breakdowns often follow periods of severe insomnia, consisted simply of keeping the victim awake until, on the verge of a breakdown, he would be ready for even the most bizarre variants of that well-known form of therapy, confession. The brilliant bulb in Fekete's cell was kept on all the time, day and night. Whenever a passing guard, peeping through the hole in the door, saw Fekete asleep, he woke him up. From time to time, Fekete was taken upstairs for relays of questioning.

Fekete kept his sanity during the following weeks by concentrating on his three rules as if they were all that a human mind was supposed to contain. He did not let his thoughts ramble in daydreams and memories. He learned to sleep deeply for five or ten minutes at a time. He dozed standing up. As the days passed, he began to derive more and more courage from his interviews. Telling only the truth as he saw it meant that his answers never changed, and that he never gave his inquisitors openings to force inconsistencies from him. They grew angry with him now and then, and he took this as a sign that they were breaking down, not he. He grew thinner than ever, and physically weak, but his nerves and mind remained sound.

One day toward the end of his sixth week in prison, during questioning by the chief himself, who had often threatened Fekete with a thrashing if he didn't coöperate, Fekete was amazed to hear himself say, in his quiet voice, "If it would make you feel better to beat me, why don't you?" It was perfectly clear to Fekete that the moment the chief began to beat his body, Fekete would have got the better of the chief's mind. The chief did, in fact, fly into a rage, and he beat Fekete into a bloody, unconscious heap.

The next two sessions, which followed periods of recuperation, were also beatings.

The day after the third beating, the chief summoned Fekete to his office and said, "You are no longer important to us. Your party has no more influence. You understand, of course, that a powerful organ of the state cannot now simply release you and say it has made a mistake. But we are willing to change your charge from a political crime to a civil crime. You will sign a document saying you falsified a document for a friend."

Fekete said he would sign the statement and then would say in court that he had been forced to sign it—that he had been beaten just before signing it.

The chief said he wouldn't dare.

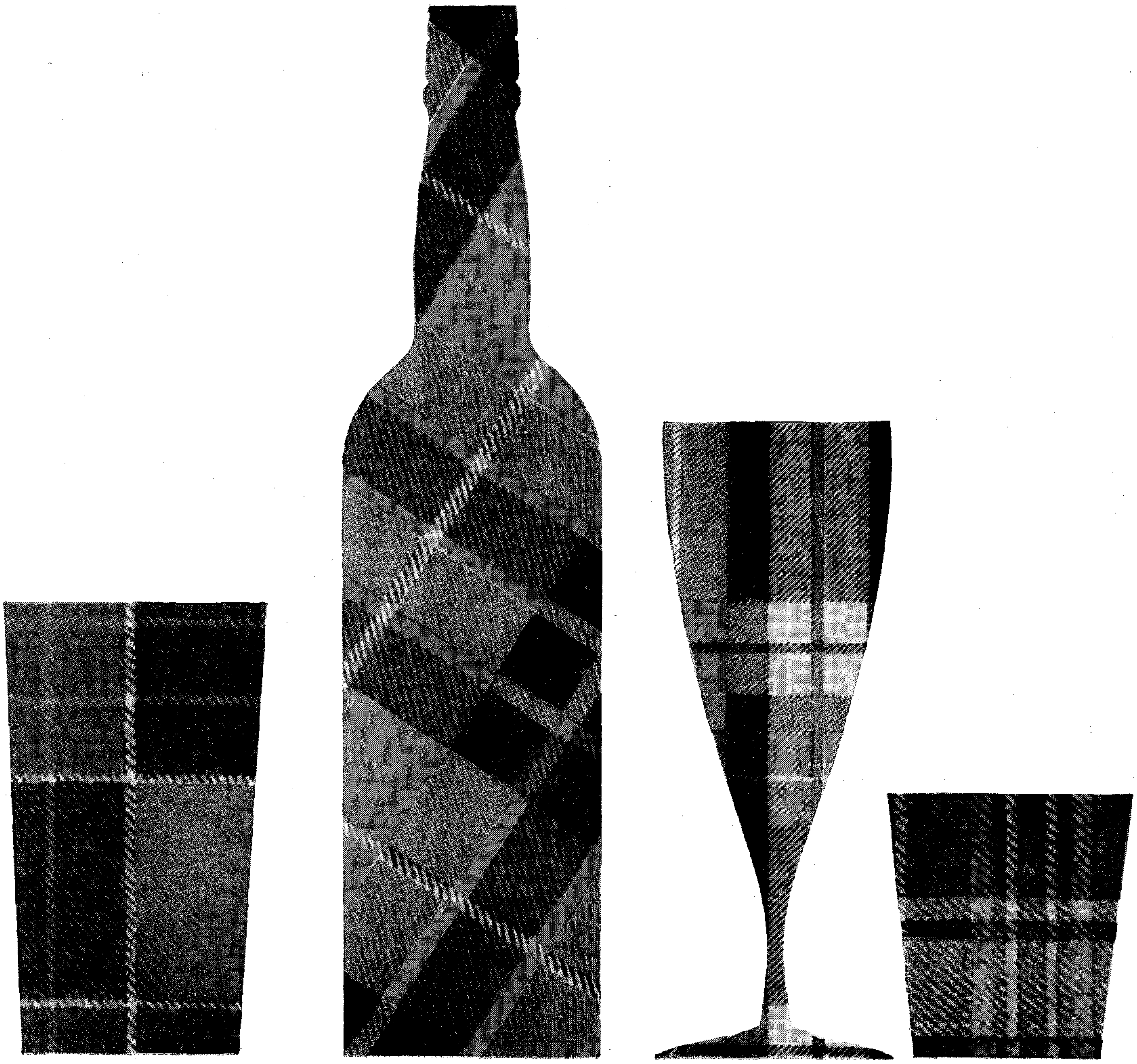
Fekete signed the statement, and in the civil tribunal on Marko Street, a few days later, he told exactly what had happened in the secret-police building. The court acquitted him.

But Fekete was in for a new shock. He was told that prisoners who had been acquitted in civil trials initiated by the secret police had to be remanded to the Avo building for their release. Fekete was taken back to 60 Stalin Street. He was not released; he was returned to his dazzling cell. Three weeks later, in December, the chief instructed him to sign a paper reiterating his previous admission and repudiating his repudiation of it. Fekete said he could not sign such lies. The chief said he would find ways to make him sign. Fekete said, "What would be the use of that when you know I would say in court all over again that you made me sign it?"

The chief then asked Fekete how he would feel about starting afresh—signing a statement to the effect that he had not actually falsified the document but that he knew it was false?

Fekete signed this statement. He was transferred to the civil prison and was held for eight months awaiting his second trial.

During this time, Elvira Fekete, who had been notified that her husband was alive but who did not know whether he



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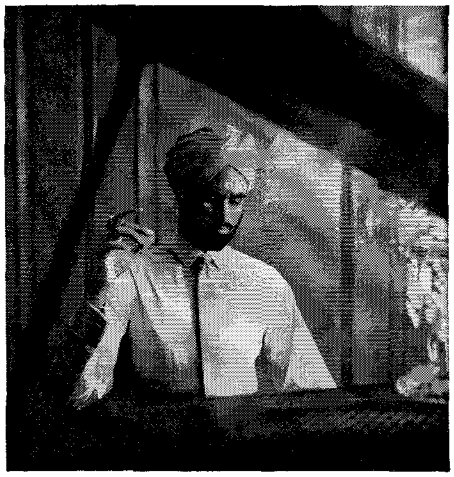
would ever be freed, went to work as a bookkeeper to support her children. She was obliged to sell many of the family's belongings, including some of her husband's most precious stamps.

At Fekete's second trial, in August, he told the court that he had been forced to sign the new Avo paper. By that time, the court knew its duty better than it had back in November, and it found Fekete guilty and sentenced him to ten months in prison. Since he had already spent more time than that in jail, he was to be set free—and he finally was, after one more night in the bright room in the cellar of 60 Stalin Street.

Fekete immediately appealed his case. The appellate judges heard his appeal in 1950; they summoned and questioned a number of witnesses. It was by then all too evident that the case of this one man was unimportant to the government. The Independence Party had been wiped out. What was more, the Smallholders' Party, the Social Democratic Party, and the Peasants' Party were practically defunct. Zoltan Tildy, the former President and leader of the Smallholders, who had been so sanguine before the 1947 elections, had been ousted in disgrace. There was no longer any problem about vote frauds, for Hungary had long since had its last multiple-choice election. At any rate, the appellate court—a Communist court—reversed the judgment of the civil tribunal and declared Vilmos Fekete innocent of all he had been charged with.

SUCH a crowd of people bound for the border had detrained at Bö that for a long time there was the utmost confusion. It was about noon. No one seemed to know what to do. Soon the crowd began to sway and stretch, and small groups split away from it, and after a while Fekete and his family and the faithful miners found themselves on a side street of the town, in a cluster of about thirty people surrounding a farm boy of seventeen or eighteen, a native of Bö. The boy told the travellers that the border was something like fourteen miles from the town, and that there was no natural frontier here; the border simply ran through open fields. It was best to cross at night; very many people were crossing the border every night. Someone asked the boy if he could lead this group of thirty to the border, and he said he could, but he thought they should wait until the early afternoon to leave Bö, since there was to be a funeral that afternoon at two and the whole village would be at it; while the funeral was in progress, it would be easy to go



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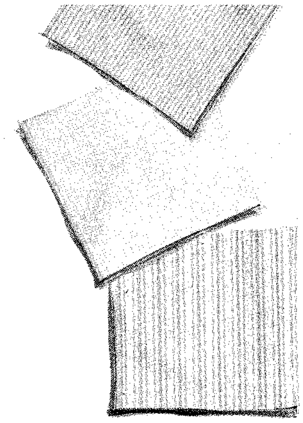

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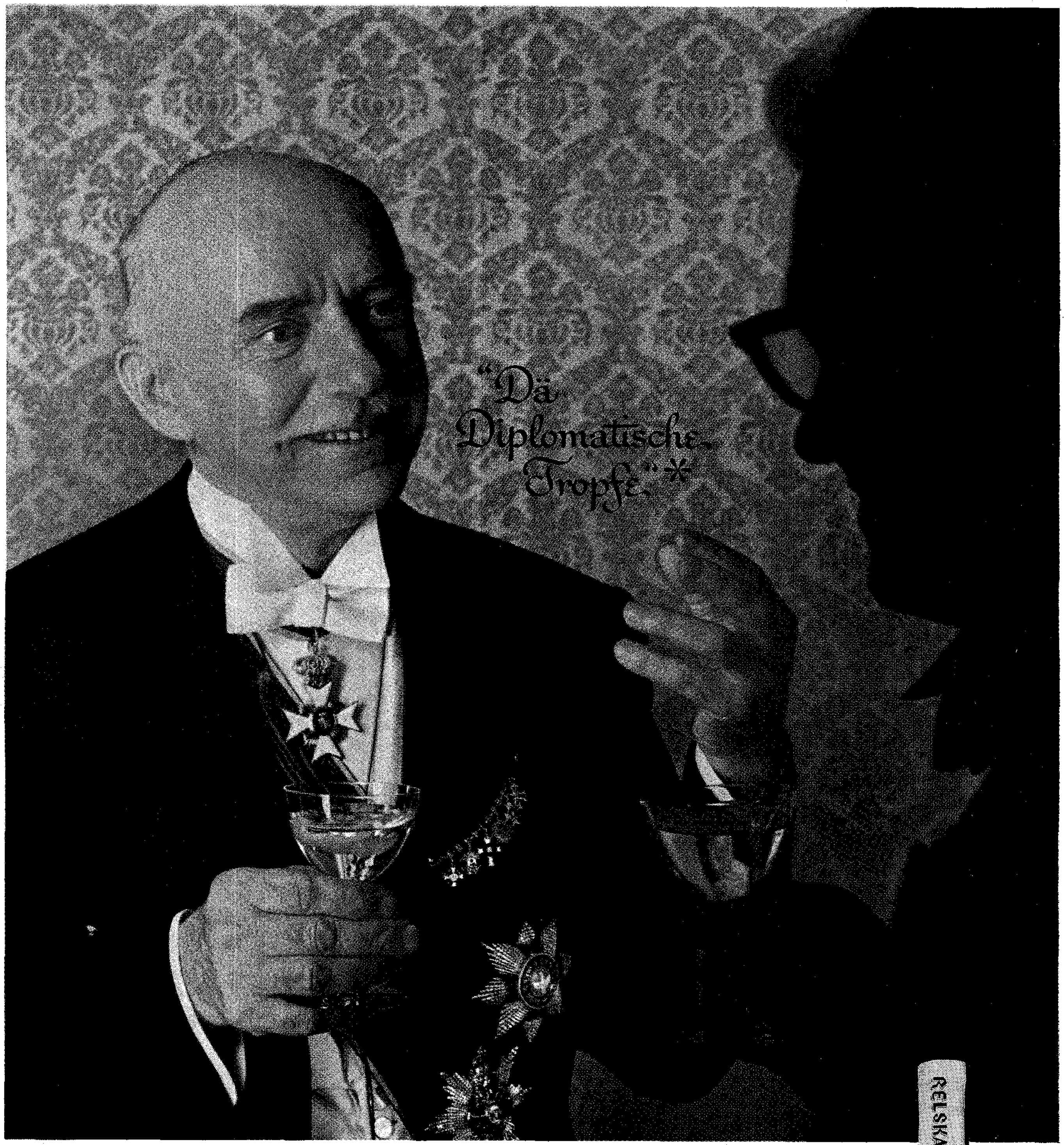
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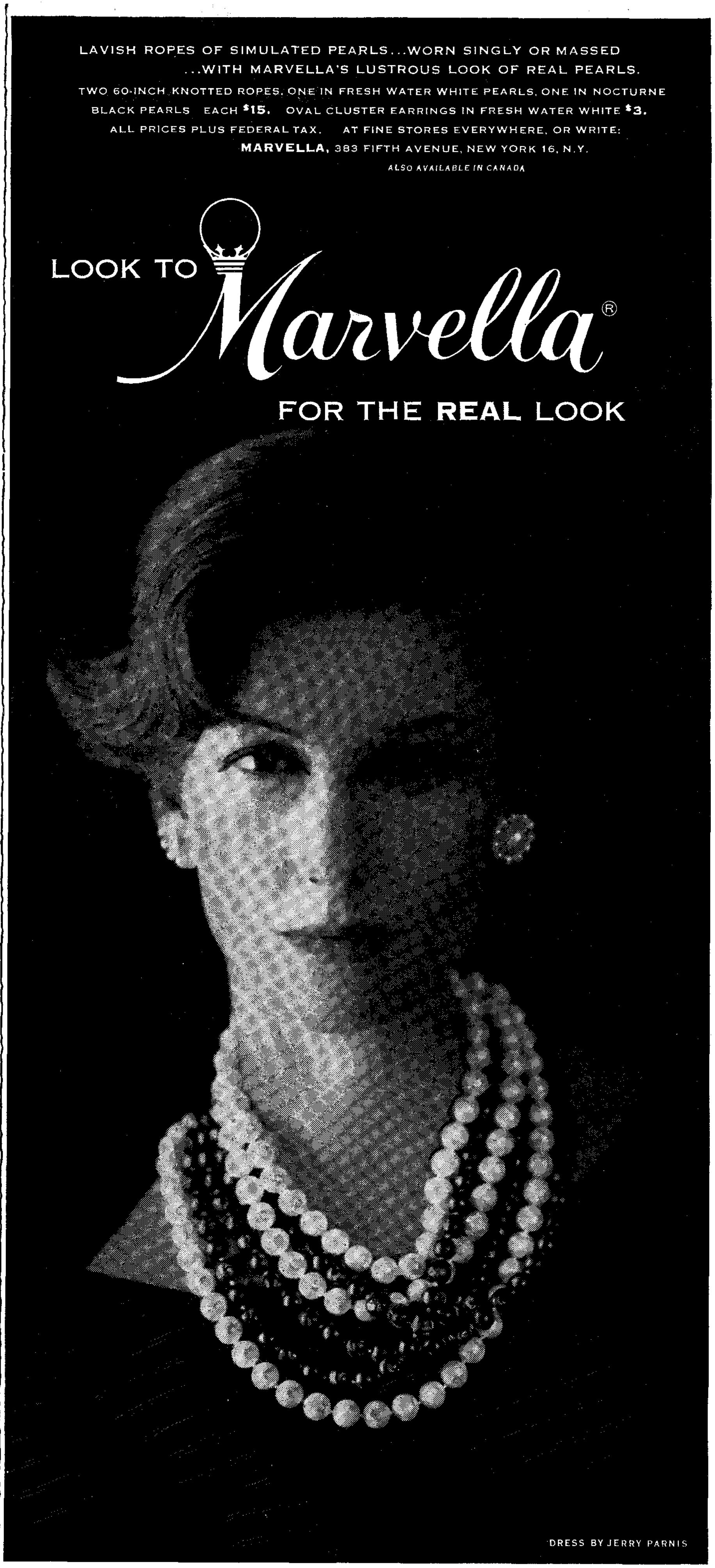
off unnoticed through the fields behind the houses. In the meanwhile, he said, the people—all thirty of them—were welcome to come and wait in his family's home, and he took them there. They quite filled the small farmhouse. The boy's family gave the people bread and tea and milk; they said they had been doing this every day for two weeks. When Fekete and one or two others offered money for the food, the peasants, with stoic generosity, refused to accept it, saying that the escapees might have to give money to the border guards or be turned back. The peasants changed into their best clothes for the funeral and left.

Then the boy took his charges out the back door of his house and led them across fields on which could be seen the dead stubble of autumn grains. The country was unremittingly flat. Near the villages that the party passed, and along the roads, stood bare locusts and poplars. The land looked grim under a gray sky. There were occasional flurries of delicate snow. In one way, the extreme cold was a blessing: the ground was firm and not muddy.

More than half the group of which the Feketes and the miners were a part consisted of young men in their late teens and early twenties—Freedom Fighters and youths who were fleeing because they had heard that the Russians were indiscriminately deporting able-bodied men to the Soviet Union. There were six children in the group, the oldest of whom was Klara Fekete and the youngest a baby about three months old that two men carried in a blanket slung from a pole. Mostly, the people were of the laboring class; a few were white-collar workers. Nobody spoke to anyone else. The party moved in a long file, and every head was down as the walkers watched their footing on the furrowed ground.

As dusk fell, the young guide's course seemed to grow erratic, and Fekete had a feeling that the boy was lost. During the last of the light, the party approached a road that lay across their way, and saw the headlights of an automobile coming from the left. Someone in the group shouted in alarm that it might be a carful of soldiers, and everybody threw himself on the ground. Almost at that moment, the car stopped and turned off its lights. Fekete and the others lay silent on the frozen ground for what seemed a very long time—probably about a quarter of an hour, in fact—during which it became entirely dark. Finally, the people heard the car's motor start up, and it moved slowly along the road without turning



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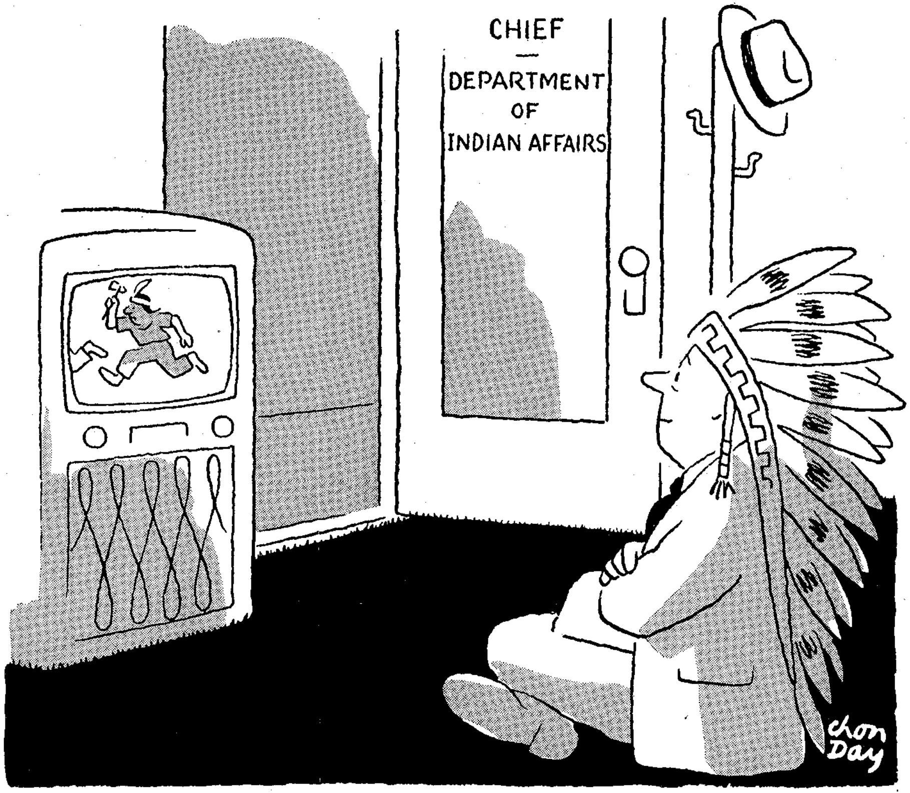

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on its lights. When it was certainly gone, the party moved on.

Now that it was dark, the guide passed word back along the line that there should be no smoking. He also informed his followers that some lights they could see not far away were those of a village called Szakon; he was not lost, after all. In the darkness, the walking was hard over the rough fields. Two by two, the young men began to help the women and children.

At about seven o'clock, the group approached another village, Gyaloka, which the guide said was the last big settlement before the border and was about three and a half miles from it. He led the party straight to the village, and at one of the first houses they reached he said he would go in and arrange for everybody to have a rest. Someone asked if he knew the people who lived in the house. He said that he didn't, but that there was nothing to worry about, because in the villages along the frontier every Hungarian, without exception, helped his fellow-Hungarians on their way.

The house belonged to a tradesman, who, with unemotional hospitality, led the whole party into the capacious kitchen of his home. His guests had been walking for five hours in freezing weather. The tradesman's wife prepared hot tea. The children took off their shoes and hung their socks by the kitchen stove. The guide went out in the village to get information, and in a few minutes he came back with three men and a story.

The story was that some people headed for the border had driven into Gyaloka in a car about an hour before, and had told of seeing a troop of soldiers in the dusk in a field near Szakon. They had stopped their car and turned out their lights; the soldiers had deployed by the road. After dark, the driver of the car had started it up and got away safely without turning on his lights. The guide had put the villagers' minds at rest about the troop of soldiers.

The three men were peasants, about thirty years old, wearing waterproof coats and cloth caps. They said they lived in a cluster of houses right on the border and knew the countryside well; in fact, they had already taken three parties across to Austria during broad daylight that very day, and they would take this group across, too. The young man who had led the party from Bö whispered to Fekete that he would start out with the three to see that they were going in the right direction, and Fekete, remembering the story of the runaway guide, was glad to hear this. He took up a collection of about two thousand forints from the party in the kitchen and offered it to the boy, who refused it, saying he was not a professional guide; he had only been doing what he felt was right. But Fekete said that refugees would have no use for forints in Austria, and finally the boy took the money.

One of the three men now gave the party a briefing. Between here and the border was the zone of danger. Nobody was to speak from this point on, or smoke, and if anyone had to sneeze or cough, he should do it into cupped gloves, as quietly as possible. The party would walk very fast—almost run. No one should lag behind, because it would be easy to get lost.

During this speech, the Feketes' nine-year-old, Magdalena, began to weep, and afterward, when her mother tried to get her to put on her shoes and socks, the child said she didn't want to go out in the night. Couldn't they wait until the next morning? Magdalena grew increasingly frightened, and finally Fekete gave her a sedative called Legatin; a doctor whom the Feketes had met in the basement of their apartment during the fighting had given him some for the children, to tide them over the bombardments. Magdalena soon became calm.

AT eight-thirty, the party started out on the final leg. The three men led the group at very nearly a dogtrot. The young man from Bö went with them for about a mile, and then, quite satisfied that the guides were trustworthy, he turned back for home. For Elvira Fekete, who was wearing heavy overshoes, the pace was trying, and before long she began to have palpitations of the heart, but she could not stop to rest. Two strong young men gripped her arms and at times almost carried her.

It took better than an hour to reach the constellation of houses at the border where the three men lived. The party halted while one of the three ran into the hamlet to find out where, at the moment, the Hungarian soldier and his Russian sidekick were who had been assigned to the few hundred yards along the frontier at this point. He discovered them supping at a tavern that stood among the houses. He ran back to the group and said that if someone would give him a hundred forints, he thought he might be able to make good use of the money. A collection was taken. The guide returned to the tavern, managed to get the Hungarian soldier aside just before the pair set out to renew their

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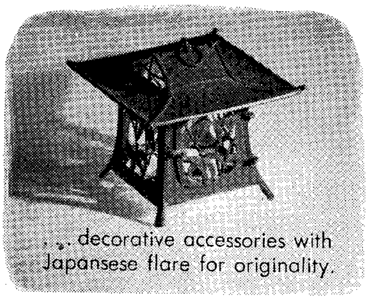
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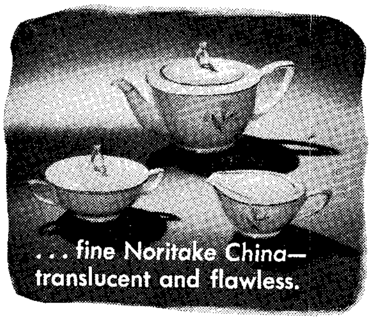
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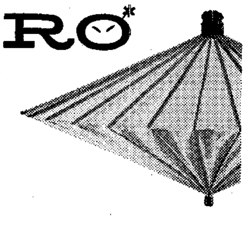

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patrol, and, in return for the money, got an assurance from the soldier that he would take his Russian colleague westward for their first sweep, leaving the area to the east of the houses free for the guides and their party. The Hungarian told the guide, furthermore, that his party should not be alarmed at the sound of shooting; he had to demonstrate to his officer that he was being vigilant, and he would do a little shooting at nothing—certainly not in the direction of the party.

The guide returned and whispered the good news, and the group set out on their last dash. Soon there was indeed some shooting off to the left. The people came to a dry ditch in a flat field, and one of the guides said, in what seemed a startlingly loud voice, that the ditch marked the line between Hungary and Austria.

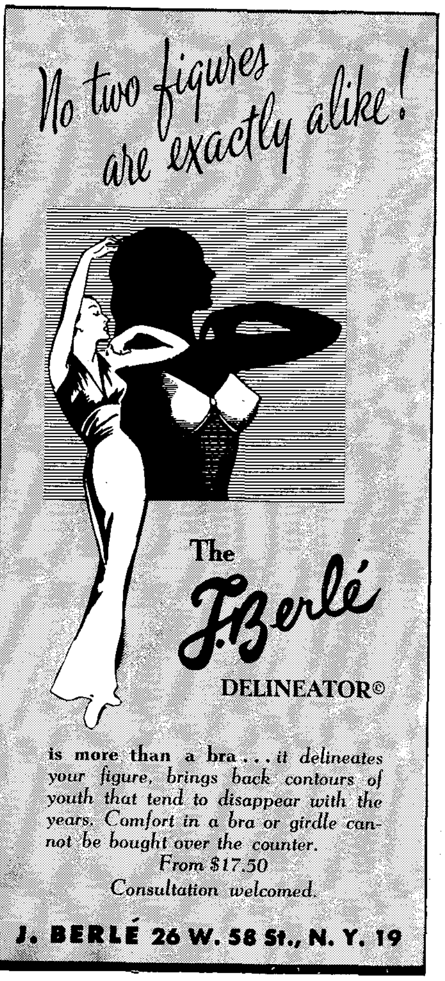
Upon crossing the ditch, Fekete felt empty of emotion. He consciously told himself that he ought to have grand feelings, but all he felt was weariness and cold.

The guides took the refugees a hundred yards farther and then told them they could stop to rest in perfect safety. They could smoke now. There were some lights about five hundred yards ahead, and a church tower with an illuminated clock, and Fekete, who had not owned a watch since 1945, read and announced to his wife the time of their arrival at that place: twenty minutes past ten on the evening of November 23, 1956.

ONE of the guides told the refugees to go straight to the lights, where they would find people waiting to help them. Again Fekete took up a collection, and the thirty people gave the three guides a thousand forints apiece. When it was all over, Fekete had about eight hundred forints left, and he was sorry he had them.

As the party approached the Austrian village of Lutzmannsburg, Fekete could see many people on the roads that converged on the place—some with children, a few carrying small suitcases. All these walking people, and Fekete's group, too, made their way to a school near the church. The school building was already crowded with something like three hundred refugees, and still more were pouring in.

In the school, the Feketes were fed a hot meal of stew, bread, and tea, and then they were taken to a classroom on the second floor, which contained a teacher's table and several straight wooden benches for scholars. On the walls were pictures of animals, a relief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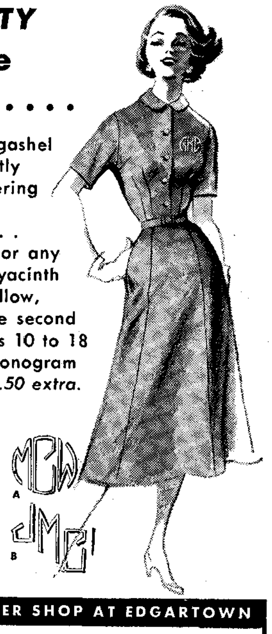

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map of Austria, and a map of Burgenland, the province of Austria that adjoins Hungary. Within a few minutes of the Feketes' arrival, there were more than fifty refugees in the room. A party of Austrians brought in some straw-filled mattresses for the children to sleep on.

The director of the school, a brisk, short man in a black hat and coat, entered the room and made a stiff but affecting speech of welcome. The Red Cross, he said, had offered to send a harvest of food and a regiment of staff to this negligible village, to receive the refugees from Hungary, but the people of Lutzmannsburg had not wanted to accept help from the outside world; they had wanted to give their guests from Hungary food from their own cupboards and greetings with their own hands, and this they had been doing day and night for two weeks now, and they were glad that they could do it but sorry that what they did was so crude and so poor.

After the schoolmaster left the room, the exhausted refugees settled down to sleep. The room was so crowded that Fekete had to sit up on the floor with his back against a wall. Suddenly, as the room grew quiet, one of the refugees, a young man, began to sing the Hungarian national anthem, and at the sound Fekete felt all the emotions surge up in him that he had expected to feel at the moment he crossed the border. He struggled to his feet and saw men and women and children getting up all over the room, and they all stood and sang and wept together.

AT eight o'clock the next morning, November 24th, the refugees at the Lutzmannsburg school, and some who had spent the night in a movie theatre down the street, were loaded into a caravan of buses and driven for three hours through gently rolling farm country, where winter cover crops had been planted, and through a number of small towns, whose shopwindows seemed bursting with richness, to a huge, gloomy gray stucco barracks at Eisenstadt, close to the former Esterházy estate, where Josef Haydn once wrote music. Here the Austrian police registered the names, ages, and home addresses of the single men and the heads of families while the women and children were taken off to wash and eat. Afterward, with the other heads of families, Fekete was given a blue nylon bag—like the bags that some airlines give passengers on overnight trips—marked, in English, "UNITED STATES ESCAPEE PROGRAM," and containing

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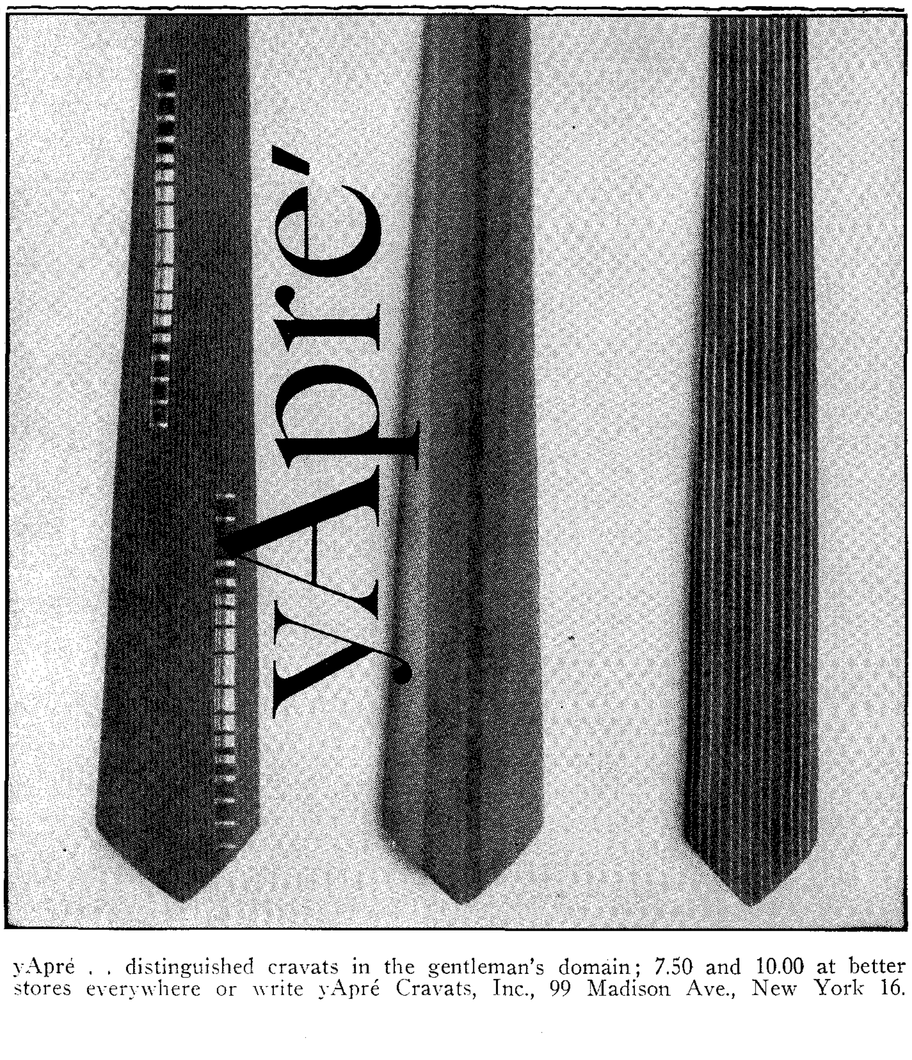

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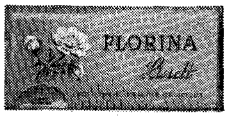

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At noon, the crowd of refugees was loaded into buses again and taken to a train waiting at a railway station, and the Feketes were directed to a coach at the front that was reserved for families with children. At the entrance to the coach, an Austrian policeman in a gray uniform bent over Magdalena, frightening her at first, but then he smiled and put his big hands on her waist and lifted her up into the car and patted her on the bottom. It was warm in the car. The train stood on a siding for two hours. An Austrian came to the door of the car and announced that the train was headed for Vienna. At last, it moved.

On the way, at the station in Bruck an der Leitha, a lady Red Cross worker came through the car giving out fruit and candy. As she passed along the aisle, Fekete saw several parents begin to cry, but it was only when the lady in uniform held her basket out to his own children, and they asked him a question, and tears came to his own eyes, that he realized what was causing the distress: His children, and all the Hungarian children in the car, had no idea what oranges and bananas were, for they had never seen them before.

The train stopped at Schwechat, near Vienna's airport, and a Red Cross man announced in the car that there was no more room for refugees in Vienna; the train would have to wait here until someone higher up decided where it should go. For twenty-four hours, the refugees sat in the cars. From time to time, volunteers brought goulash, cheese, wurst, sardines, lemons, hot milk, tea, bread, and a surfeit of candy. Now the car was overheated. It was nearly impossible to sleep in it. Finally, late the following afternoon, November 25th, the people were told that their train would go to a refugee camp at a place called Traiskirchen. It started to move through the dark at about seven, and two hours later it stopped at a country station.

THREE weeks earlier, on the chilly Sunday morning of November 4th, Dr. Viktor Wlach, an official of the Austrian Ministry of the Interior, received a telephone call as he was shaving. He was summoned to the Ministry by that call, and there, at noon, he was directed to take three men—named, as it happened, Sturm, Litchka, and Spitchka—to Traiskirchen to organize

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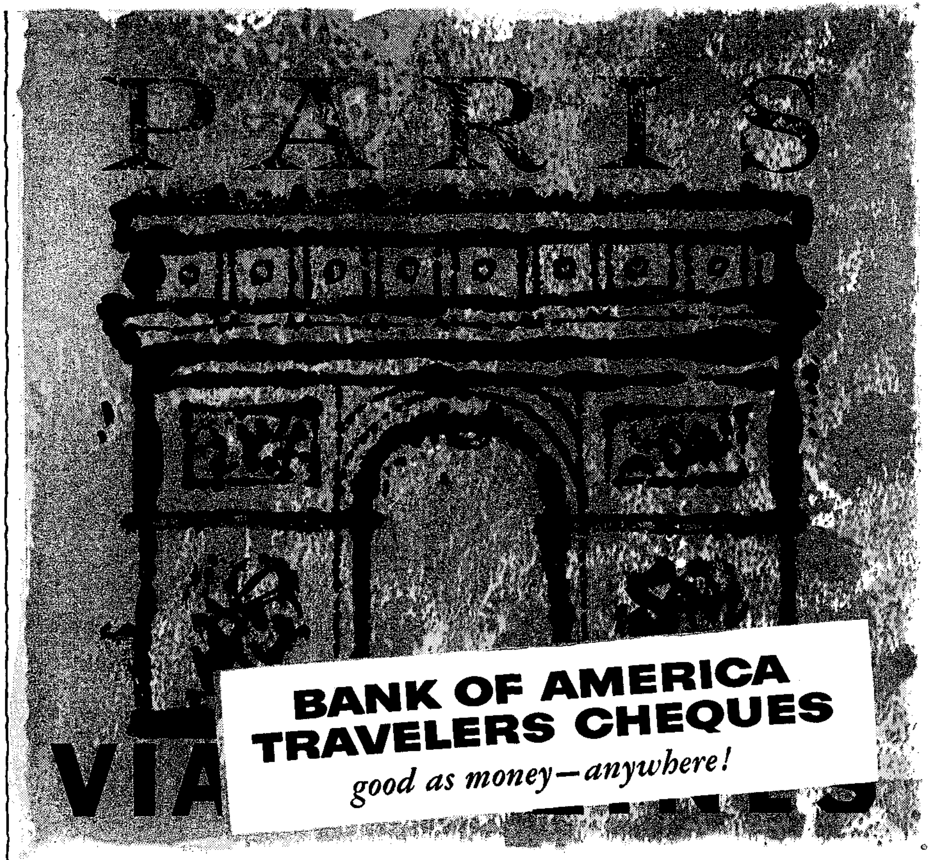
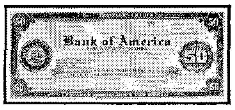
some kind of habitation for about a thousand refugees who were expected to cross the border from Hungary that night.

Traiskirchen had been the seat, in Austria's more martial days, of the country's West Point—a vast compound of a dozen buildings, named for Mozart, Beethoven, and other former residents, temporary or permanent, of Austria. The place was dominated by an enormous imitation palace, decked with baroque shells and spilling cornucopias and round female torsos—a nightmare of pretentiousness, whose every great apparent stone had been carefully shaped in cement veneer over cheap underlying bricks. All this, when Wlach and his team reached it, was a set of roofed ruins. After the end of the Second World War, the place had been used as a barracks by Soviet Occupation troops, who, on retiring from Austria, had been careful to break every window, rip out most of the plumbing, remove every trace of kitchen equipment, and generally scorch the earth of the grounds. Some of the roofs had later been used for sheltering a huge waste of furniture that had once been requisitioned for military use and was supposed to be awaiting return to its myriad owners. The sewage system of the academy had long since broken down, and soil pipes in the main building were backed up to the third floor. Wlach, a man of explosive energy and tongue, commanded Sturm, Litchka, and Spitchka to arrange illumination, build a roomy latrine, and gather straw to spread on the floors for temporary bedding. Wlach shouted all day, both into a telephone and into the open air. He called the gendarmerie, the local police, student organizations, the Red Cross, and even the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. As it was Sunday, places of business were closed; nevertheless, things soon began to happen. Three electricians appeared from somewhere with nearly a mile of wire. Farmers all around gave their winter's hay, and a neighboring monastery called Heiligenkreuz contributed several stacks of it, too. A trailer truck brought milk for three hundred babies. Bread came by the carload from bakeries and restaurants in Vienna. A start was made at removing the congestion of furniture. Eight young ladies showed up with typewriters. Nobody was paid, or expected to be, because Wlach had not been given a single schilling of money, and toward dark, when the wrecked academy swarmed with volunteers carrying contributed goods here and there, Wlach roared to a man standing near





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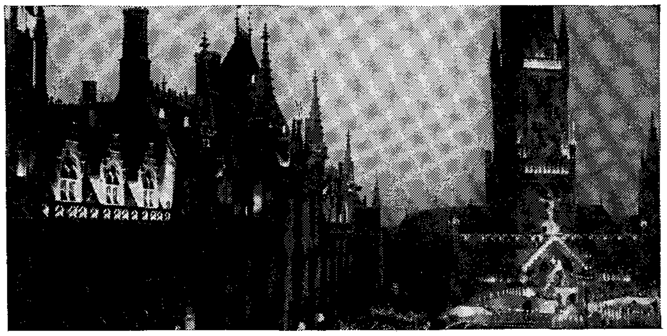

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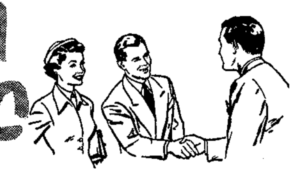

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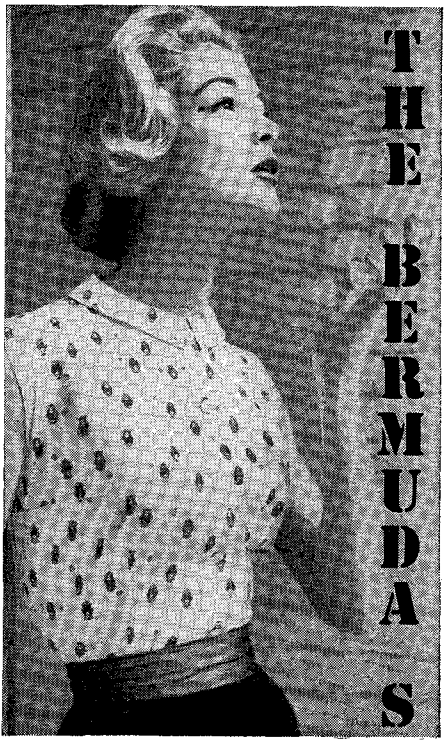
him, "Do you see all this? Man is not as bad as he appears!"

The first refugees arrived at midnight. By five o'clock the next morning, the Traiskirchen Refugee Camp had fed, registered, and bedded four thousand six hundred dead-tired Hungarians.

In the days that followed, the bare shell of a camp was gradually improved. The Austrian government, which at the moment could ill afford the cash, devoted two hundred and eighty thousand dollars to its repair and furbishing. Windowpanes were installed, toilets put in order, a local telephone exchange set up, and double-decked beds imported—first, old Army ones of iron, and then better ones of wood. Someone devised a chapel that could readily be converted into a movie theatre. Agencies of mercy descended on the place: Caritas, an Austrian Catholic charitable organization, took over the reception of new refugees, as well as camp welfare; the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration, abbreviated for the tongues of Central Europe to "ICEM"—an international agency with headquarters in Geneva, which for several years had been shunting the Continent's homeless wanderers back and forth—took over the task of moving refugees on for relocation in other countries; the Swedish Red Cross, liltingly multilingual (but Hungarian was not one of the languages; no one at the camp save the Hungarians could speak Hungarian), took over the kitchen and, eventually, other administrative functions; officials representing the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees came to coördinate and placate and keep things on a high plane. Most inspiring of all was the generosity of several nations, which kept draining Traiskirchen's supply of refugees as new ones came. Switzerland set an example in the very first days by declaring that its territory should be regarded as an extension of the area of asylum, rather than as a begrudged haven for selected refugees; in other words, Switzerland would take any comers, just as Austria was being obliged to do. The Swiss simply sent trains and told the Austrians to fill them. This was an unprecedented act in the history of refugee movements. Other nations, perhaps spurred by this example, broke other old rules of the refugee trade. Britain and France announced that they would take unlimited numbers of refugees. Norway began taking tubercular patients. And even the glacier in the commodious halls of the United States Consulate in Vienna, consisting of visas frozen solid by the



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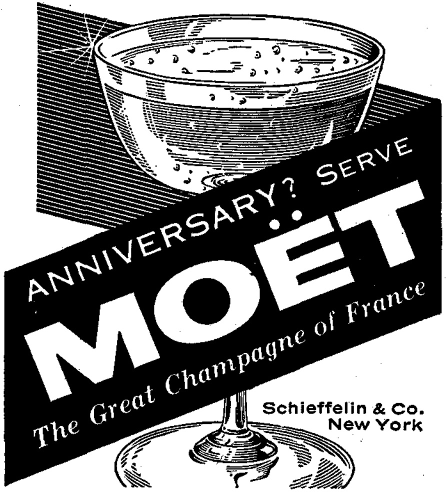
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BECAUSE Traiskirchen had only five buses with which to unload the trainful of refugees that arrived on the evening of November 25th, the Feketes had to spend a long final hour in their car, with its steam-fogged windows. During the wait, Fekete was given some green cards, two for each member of his family, to fill out. Then, at last, the family was taken to the camp.

Getting out of the bus, the Feketes were received and checked off by a tall, stick-thin, middle-aged woman who was dressed in what could only have been a Girl Scout uniform and whose plain, maidenly face was touched by something that looked to Fekete suspiciously like saintliness. Just as his children had been given far too much candy in Austria, and were getting pale on it, so he felt he had had his fill in two days of charitable grins, but *this* face struck him as offering the true welcome of love. He saw, too, in the receiving force a priest with a different sort of face—of a kind that barely tolerates the pain of being alive.

The Feketes were lucky; they were sent to a room with only eight bunks—in a small building called the Steltzhammerhaus, where families with children were being housed just then—and were spared the huge bunkrooms of the main buildings, where up to a hundred men and women, mostly total strangers to one another, were stacked two deep in bedroom intimacy. The Feketes were given blankets and a bucket of coal for the stove in their room, and, in company with a mother and two children they had never seen before, they went to bed at midnight.

Early the next morning, after cleaning themselves and their clothes as best they could, the Feketes went out to see the camp. Fekete's first impression was that there were too many people in it; the second thing he noticed was the predominance of youth. More than half the refugees were very young men—either workers or students—of the sort who had staged the revolution, and Fekete wondered: How had they, who had lived so long under strict indoctrination, developed notions about freedom for which they were willing to die? Then he thought: A political system is nothing more, in the end, than a system of human relationships, and what these boys understood of politics was simply that they—and all the Hungarians they knew—were being treated badly as individuals by other individuals

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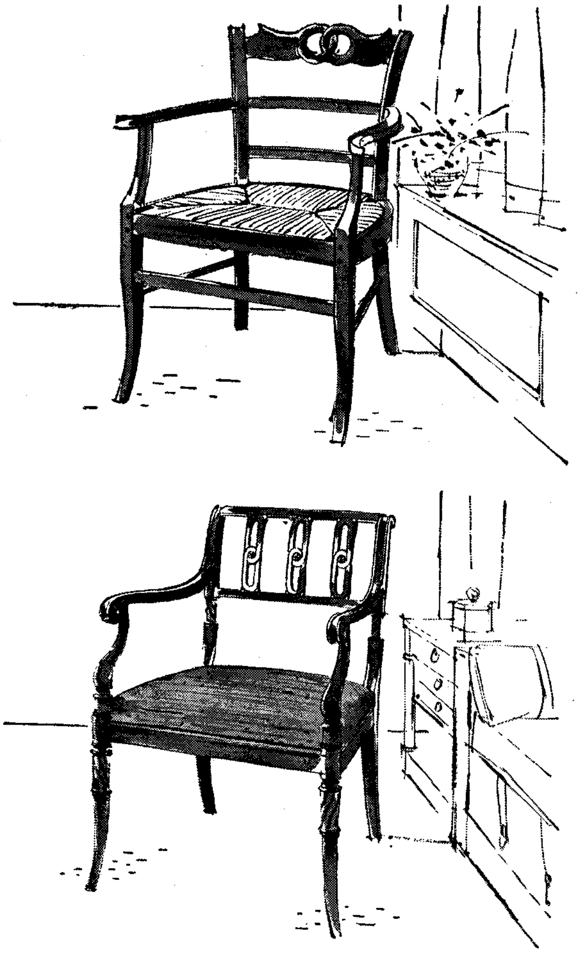

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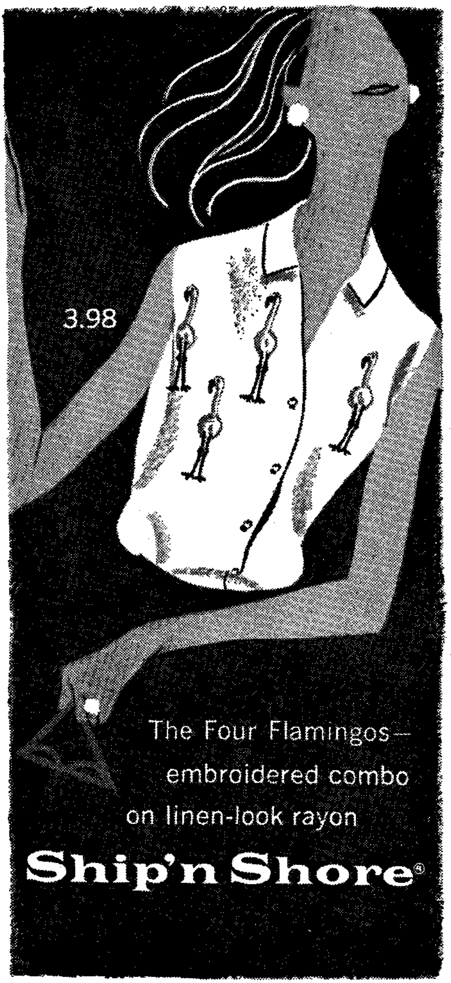
who had taken charge of things, and they had come to believe that freedom is the sense of being treated well and that life without that sense is not worth living.

Fekete learned that he and his family could draw any clothing they needed at a distribution center in the camp that was run by the British Friends Ambulance Service. He said to Elvira, "Those should go first who haven't anything. We can wait." Fekete also learned that he could send free cablegrams or telegrams, of not more than fifteen words each, anywhere in the world, and he sent three. The first, to his father in Budapest, said, "WE ARE WELL. GIVE US A SIGN OF LIFE." He had no idea whether that one would get through. The second was to a brother of Fekete's father who had emigrated from Hungary to Neukirchen, near Salzburg, at the end of the Second World War, and it said, "WE ARE WELL. COME AND SEE US." And the third, to a sister of Fekete's mother who had gone to Buenos Aires many years before, said, "WE ARE WELL. GIVE HELP. SEND MOTHER MESSAGE." All three gave the Traiskirchen camp as the Feketes' address. That day, Fekete also sent home an eighteen-page letter, enclosing his eight hundred forints; he had little hope that the letter would reach his family—and it never did.

The next day, November 27th, the Feketes went to the Quakers' clothing warehouse, and among mountains of wool and seas of linen and beaches of shoes they found the things they needed most—decent overcoats and underwear for the whole family. There were clothes in the Quakers' great hall from all over the world. The givers of the world had sent what looked like several years' supply of overcoats for the entire population of Hungary, but it had apparently not occurred to them that Hungarians wear underclothing. Of this there was a desperate want, for the refugees had come across the border without baggage. The underwear at Traiskirchen was largely brand-new—store-bought by the Red Cross and other agencies.

In the clothing warehouse, Fekete heard English spoken, and German, and poor German, and he perceived that the young helpers, like the clothing, had come from the corners of the earth. There had gathered at Traiskirchen, indeed, as at other refugee camps and at border shelters all through Burgenland, a New Bohemia of camp helpers—young, rootless idealists. There were bearded boys from art schools and the merchant marine, girls who had been



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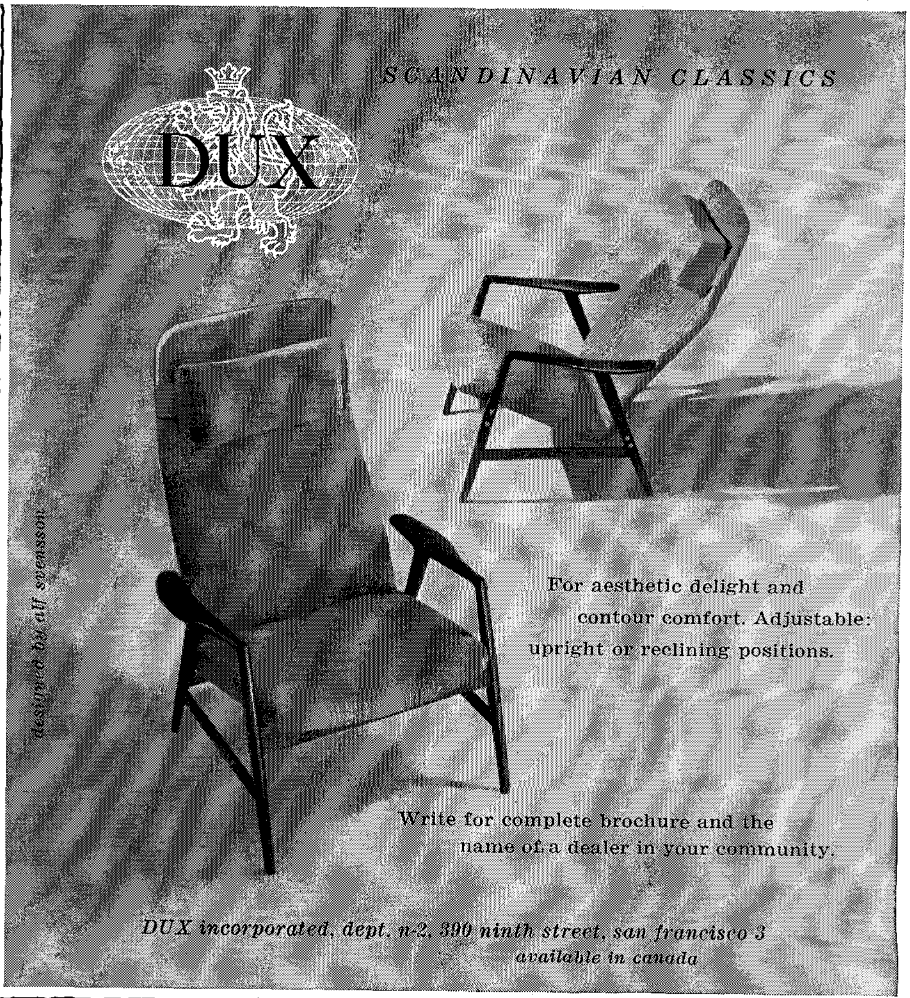
trying to write in Paris, rich kids on grand tours, students from Oxford and the Sorbonne and Rome on vacation or simply out on hooky, conscientious European nobility, and some naturally noble but poverty-stricken youths, themselves former refugees, from Europe's deep pool of wanderers. The young man in charge of the clothing distribution, Joseph Nold, was a Canadian schoolteacher who, crossing the Channel from Dover to Dunkirk on his way to a job in a private school in India, had met some Quakers who said they were going to Austria to lend a hand; he had decided to join them and had simply cabled the school in India that he would be one term tardy. His tact and energy and his even temperament had eventually made him the head of the clothing warehouse. Among the helpers in the clothing hall and elsewhere in the camp were a girl who had been a stenographer in the Philadelphia law firm of Montgomery, McCracken, Walker & Rhoads, and had decided she would like to see a wider world than *that*, and had been dutifully touring Europe's museums when she suddenly found herself in an American consulate saying she wanted to go and help the Hungarians; a German countess; a big, bearded East Prussian of twenty-three who as a child had walked to West Germany and, after some time in a refugee camp, had escaped, apprenticed himself as a printer's compositor, and worked at that trade three years in Germany, then had gone on to work as a printer in Helsinki, a lumberjack in Lapland, a carpenter in Norway, a poultry farmer's helper in England, and a work camper in France and Germany, and between times had spent his earnings on quite elegant skiing holidays in Switzerland and Norway and Austria; and a New York girl who had once earned an M.A. in primary-school teaching at the Bank Street College of Education and who, though she couldn't speak a word of Hungarian, was now in the process of setting up a wildly progressive kindergarten for Hungarian children, with free painting and unstructured play and a healthy concern for such things as the attention span and major muscular motility.

Going to bed that night, Fekete said to Elvira that he would be surprised if his uncle from Neukirchen didn't show up soon. Two hours later, he was awakened from a deep sleep and, looking up, saw a policeman. He had a moment's sleepy terror, but the policeman said gently, in German, that Fekete had a visitor. Fekete went to the gate of the camp and found his uncle there, with a carful of friends. The uncle, a middle-



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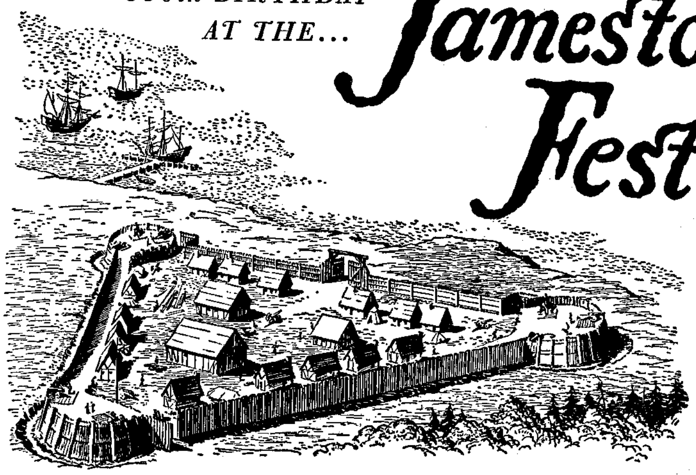

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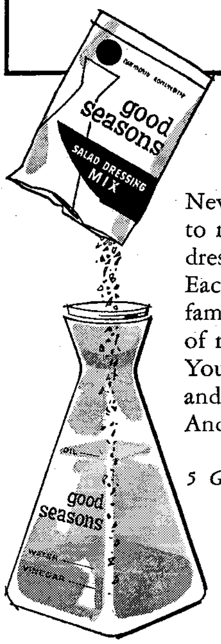

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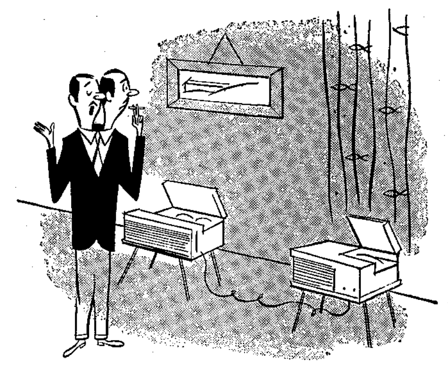
man for Austrian dairy products, had not spoken with any member of his family in twelve years, and for a feverish fifteen minutes he questioned Vilmos; then he went off to Vienna.

The uncle was back early the next morning. Vilmos got a pass from camp headquarters and accompanied his uncle to the capital to see what could be done to get the family started toward the United States. They drove to the American Consulate, where a clerk told Fekete that the quota of regular United States visas, sixty-five hundred, had already been heavily oversubscribed, but that it might help in the long run if Fekete could get a sponsor in the United States. Fekete remembered an elderly American who had worked in the United States Consulate in Budapest just after the war and who had married a Hungarian lady—a neighbor of the Feketes, and a woman they had liked. This man had gone home to retire from the consular service ten years before. Fekete asked if he could send a message to him through the State Department, which would doubtless know where he was, and the clerk told him to write a letter; it would go to the States by diplomatic pouch. The clerk also told Fekete to register for emigration with the ICEM office at the camp. Fekete wrote the letter, and his uncle took him out and bought him a Wiener schnitzel.

Early the next morning, Fekete went to the ICEM office, and after standing in a line for a long time he was admitted. The office was under the sweet, yet firm, command of a tiny, fragile-looking girl, half French and half Chinese, named Rose Clémann, who had been a mere stenographer in the ICEM headquarters in Geneva and was now suddenly in charge of the destinies of several thousand homeless people. She sat Fekete down at a small table, opposite a Hungarian woman with frizzy yellow hair and thick glasses, herself an émigré from Budapest to Vienna a few years back, who had volunteered to help with the new wave of refugees. Not many days before, this woman's brother had completed a heroic double escape from Hungary. He had carried his wife, a victim of polio, in his arms over the last several miles of Hungarian farmland and across the border into Austria, and then, having deposited her at his sister's *pension* in Vienna, he himself, bitterly exhausted, had returned to Budapest and fled the country all over again, this time with his two small daughters. The woman registered Fekete for emigration to the United States.

Soon Fekete's registration got lost. Of course, he did not know this. Not



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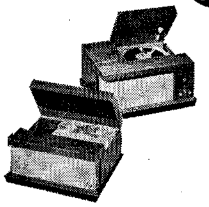

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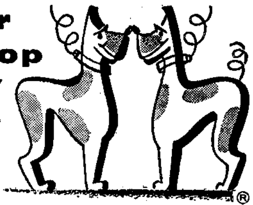

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long after the Hungarian revolt, the process of screening and sponsoring refugees for emigration to the United States had been placed in the hands of a number of religious welfare agencies, the most important of which were the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the World Council of (Protestant) Churches, and the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society. In practice, this assignment of such an important part of the exodus to religious welfare organizations proved to be something of a mistake. The N.C.W.C. office in Vienna was badly undermanned and inefficiently administered, and in time the suspicion arose that the Catholic hierarchy in Austria, which evidently did not want a shortage of vigorous young Catholic men to develop in southeastern Europe, was in no hurry to ship off wholesale the fine specimens from Hungary. The Protestants and Jews quickly filled and moved their quotas, and the Catholics who were left behind in the camps came to the conclusion that Western freedom, about which they had heard such inviting details from Radio Free Europe, was a Protestant and probably, in the last analysis, a Jewish monopoly. At any rate, Fekete's registration was sent to the N.C.W.C. office in Vienna and apparently was soon mislaid there, in a wrong pile of forms.

FEKETE decided that while he was waiting for a visa he should make himself as useful as he could, and, hearing that the Austrians in the various offices under Herr Doktor Wlach, who was now *Lagerleiter*, or director of the camp, were badly in need of interpreters, he volunteered for work. For one day, he worked at the top of the seemingly endless line of campers applying for passes to Vienna. Word had already spread through the camp that the refugees who were getting away to the countries of their choice were not the patient people in camps but the so-called free-livers—people with money or connections, who could stay in Vienna and murmur in the lobbies of the consulates until, perhaps just to get rid of them, the authorities sent them flying to distant places. The second day, Fekete interpreted in the camp's office of information—a commodity of which, from the campers' point of view, there was far too little. The third day, he worked in a room where campers could try to trace relatives who were also presumed to be refugees in Austria. And on the fourth day he was assigned to the office of Caritas, where, seeing miracles happen and finding the personification of all he had hoped to find when he left Hun-

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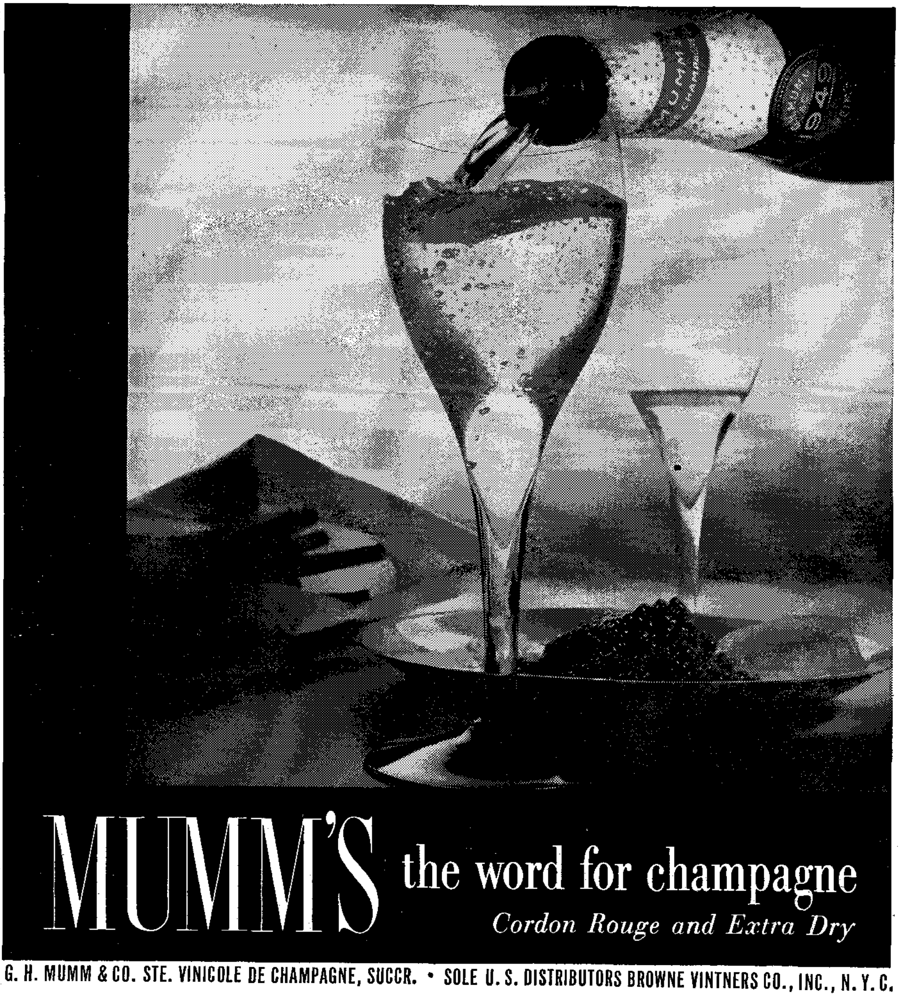

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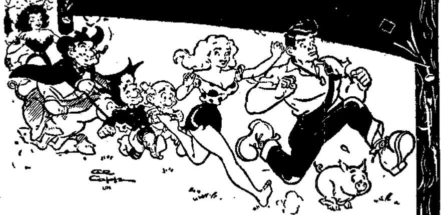

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gary, he decided he would like to stay.

The person in charge of Caritas was the strange, tall woman in the Girl Scout uniform whom Fekete had seen on his arrival at Traiskirchen. Her name was Frau Doktor Charlotte Teuber, and, among other remarkable things, she turned out to be indeed the Chief of the St. George's Scouts, a country-wide Girl Scout movement in Austria. She had been at a Girl Scout meeting in Graz when the flood of refugees began to cross the border, and she had offered her services to Caritas and had wound up in command of the agency at Traiskirchen, with hardly time to change her clothes. She was a Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Innsbruck, in the field of archeology, with a specialty in Byzantine art; she was an old hand at digging in Greece and Turkey. She had long had a habit of wintering in Italy, and studying there. Before she landed at Traiskirchen, she had been making plans to attend Princeton for a year or two, to further her researches. She was, as well, on the waiting list for a post with the Austrian diplomatic service.

As Dr. Teuber's interpreter, Fekete had his eyes opened to camp existence. Dr. Teuber worked twenty-one hours a day, and she did everything. She fetched toilet paper when it was needed. She talked would-be suicides out of the notion over a cup of tea. She took supplicants for scraps of string for parcels very seriously. Fekete watched her spend all one day on the telephone trying to trace for a camper two children who had been lost at the border, one of them an adolescent boy who had been wounded as a Freedom Fighter and who turned up in a distant hospital. She arranged buses for campers to go to see plays and the opera in Vienna, and she persuaded a textile factory, Wöslauer Kammgarnfabrik, to let whole busloads of women come to its plant and take showers. She could spot a lie from a very appreciable distance. She told Fekete that she was a convert to Catholicism and therefore, as she put it, "a very hectic Catholic," but she struck up a close working relationship with the head of the Socialist welfare agency that worked in the camp, and quite often she trotted into his office and saucily asked if his supply of rosaries was holding up all right. One day, a grave British journalist asked her to define her job, and she said, "It's nothing but trying to explain all day that this person or that person is, after all, an angel." Gloom and hysteria could not survive near her. "Isn't this gay?" she exclaimed one day to a morose American volun-

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teer. "Soap problems and soul problems!" Fekete saw her accosted, during the arrival of a fleet of buses with new campers, by a young Austrian helper who was violently furious over some minor mistake that another volunteer had made. As he poured out a stream of abuse and complaint, Charlotte Teuber simply put her hand on his cheek and held it there. His tirade faded like a mist burned off by the sun. After that, for a few minutes, Dr. Teuber seemed melancholy, but when the young man went off, she said at once to Fekete, "I couldn't do things like that if I weren't the camp poodle. I get my cold little nose into everything! And people don't mind. They just say, 'There's that darling poodle knocking the furniture over again.' "

Under Dr. Teuber's frivolity Fekete apprehended that there was a deep well of sadness and strength. Her sworn enemy was Father Gombos, the priest with the sour face. This man poured a malignant zeal into safeguarding the morals of the campers. He had a system of spies and informers to tell him of cases of adultery and thievery; Dr. Teuber called this little police force the Gavot—Gombos' Avo at Traiskirchen. She found out that the priest had a jail, with an inch of water on the floor, in the cellar of the main building, and she went to him and said, with blazing eyes, "Are these people refugees? Are they prisoners? What are they? If you make prisoners of them, you make criminals of them." Another time, after a member of the Gavot had struck a girl in the face for flirting with another woman's husband, Dr. Teuber said to the priest, "Ah, Father, the less power and the more love, the better we'll catch the youth."

Once she intercepted the priest as he was taking a drunk down to his jail. She said, "Aren't you at least going to give the man a blanket down there?"

"Drunks feel warm," the priest said.

"But it is a well-known medical fact that the moment of sobering up is most dangerous," Dr. Teuber said. "All sorts of germs enter the body then."

"He deserves a few germs."

"Can you really blame him? He's probably seen plenty of Austrians drunk around here."

"The Austrians are not my concern. The Austrians are in Austria. They have a right to behave as they wish."

"But maybe," Dr. Teuber said, "the Hungarians have better reason than the Austrians to be drunk just now."

A few days later, Dr. Teuber was notified that Father Gombos had filed with the bishop a written complaint

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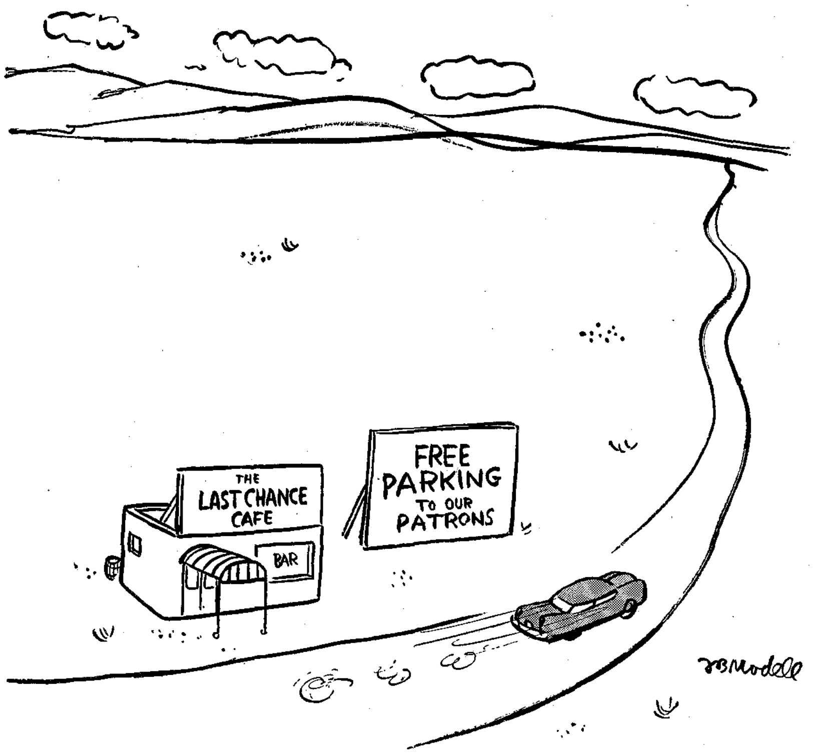

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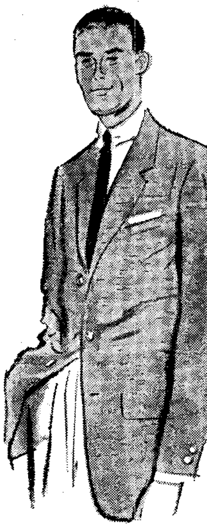

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Stan Fuchs Mike Linz

that Charlotte Teuber was corrupting the morals of the campers of Traiskirchen. Dr. Teuber had to take a day off to go to Vienna and see the bishop. She was able to persuade him that corruption takes varying forms. He blessed her and sent her back to work.

Young lovers in the camp came to Charlotte Teuber for advice, and on December 8th she made the arrangements for the camp's first wedding. The couples were of different religions, so it was a civil ceremony, held in the *Rathaus* of the town of Traiskirchen; Dr. Teuber and a German student were witnesses, and Fekete was the official interpreter. After the vows, Fekete translated a heartfelt speech by the official of the *Standesamt* who had married the young people. "We are happy," he said, "that this greatest festival of life could have been held in a free country. This is a small country but a free one. I hope that this event will never be forgotten. I bring you dear ones wishes—in the name of the town and its people and its leaders, and the *Bürgermeister*, and on my own behalf—for a good life, and a happy new life, and freedom!"

HAVING had no word of his visa for two weeks, Fekete became a little worried. He had begun to hear from the outside world. One message, a telegram from Budapest, had made him very happy: "WE ARE ALL WELL. FATHER." From Washington, D.C., from his retired consular friend, he had received a prompt and generous offer of sponsorship, money, a home, and a job. His aunt in Buenos Aires had cabled him some money. But no word came of his visa.

An American volunteer at the camp, learning of Fekete's worry from Dr. Teuber, offered to take him in to the American Consulate again. A vice-consul told them that there was nothing the Consulate could do. The letter from Washington was of no use. Since Fekete was a Catholic, it was up to the N.C.W.C. to sponsor him. By chance, a representative of N.C.W.C. walked into the Consulate just then, and Fekete's American friend appealed to him. The N.C.W.C. man called his office; the phone call lasted fifteen minutes. There was no sign of Fekete's registration, the man finally reported, but since this American vouched for him, they would take his word for it that the papers had been sent in, and then and there the man wrote a note authorizing Fekete and his family to be processed to go to the United States as parolees.

The Feketes returned to Vienna the

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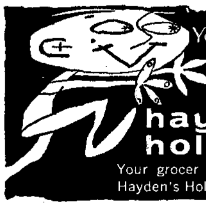

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next day for a physical examination, and again, two days later, for an interview. On December 22nd, they were taken by bus to a transit camp at Korneuburg, north of Vienna, where for three days there seemed to be nothing but Christmas parties, given by Austrian students, a sugar refinery, a shipbuilding plant, and a labor union. The children were presented with at least three months' supply of candy. On December 27th, the family was put on a train for Munich, and the next afternoon the Feketes boarded one of six United States Air Force transport planes at Munich Airport. The Feketes' plane took off at five minutes after four o'clock. The day was clear; the ascent was at a remarkable angle. Fekete had never flown before, and he decided that he had never seen anything so pure as the sky above the misty atmosphere of Europe. —JOHN HERSEY

•

A SONG FOR MARDI GRAS

(Variation on a Welsh refrain:
Dy garu di a gerais)

I have loved loving you,
O my dear, my softly spoken.
Now the forty days draw near,
Vows are made, vows are broken.
Fare thee well, my little slim-waist—
Till Easter Monday all are chaste.

I have loved loving you,
O my fond, O my darling,
In the season and beyond,
Under moon, under star.
Now the time comes to fast—
Till Easter Monday all are chaste.

I have loved loving you,
O my linnet, O my dove.
God have mercy on a sinner!
Fare thee well and absent, love,
Moon and star must go to waste—
Till Easter Monday all are chaste.

I have loved loving you,
O my green, O my shadow,
In the ambush set between
Mountainside, moor, and meadow.
March, be gone; April, haste—
Till Easter Monday all are chaste.

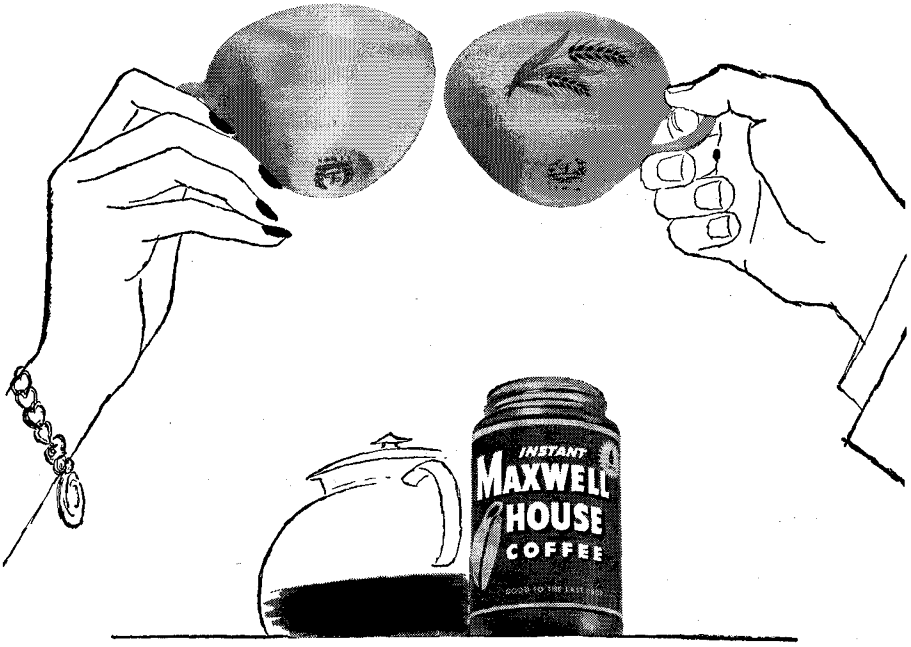
—ROLFE HUMPHRIES

•

Brooklyn is the birthplace of more film stars than any other city in the world. Never in motion picture history has there been a period when there were not at least three Brooklyn girls who were outstanding stars. The first Brooklyn girl to become a film star was Florence Turner. That was Florence Turner. That was around 1907.—*Mexico (D.F.) News.*

1907, that is.

(*Advertisement*)



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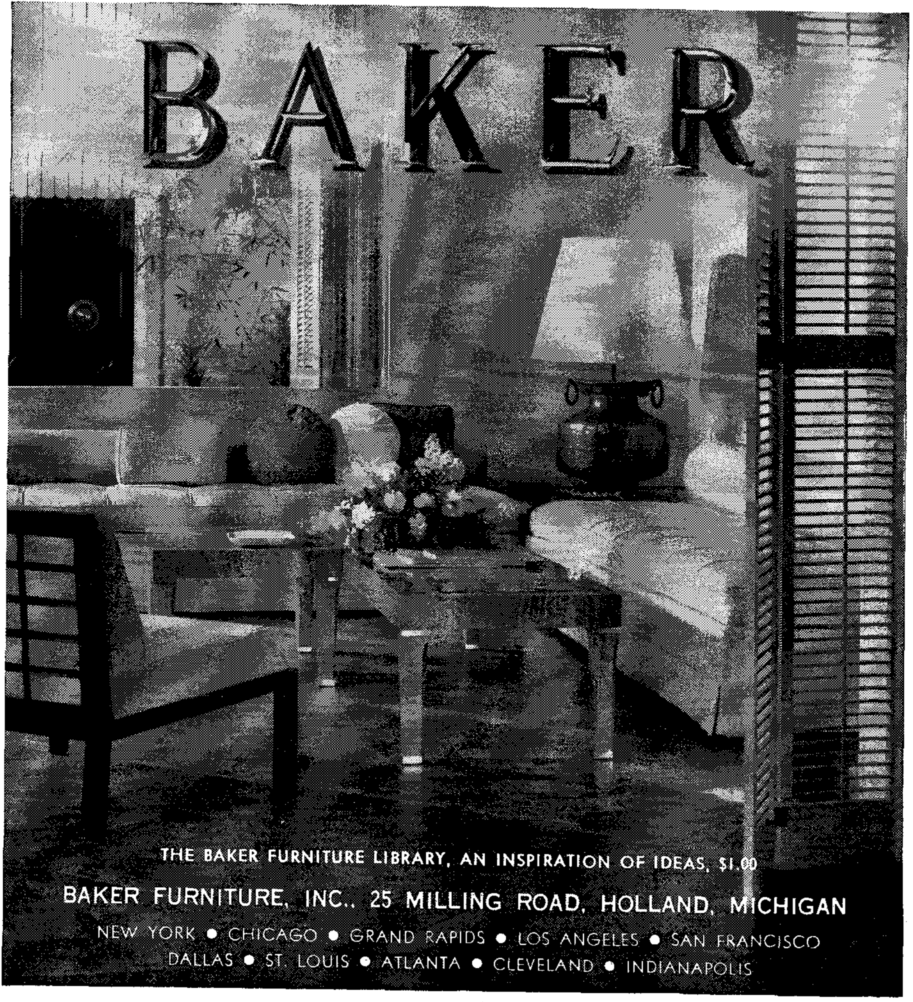

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EAU DE PARFUM

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Airborne Odysseus

IN "The Spirit of St. Louis," Charles A. Lindbergh is represented as a rather elementary type, possessed by a kind of mechanical demon that drives him into the aerial conquest of the Atlantic. Now, anyone who has followed Colonel Lindbergh's career must be aware that he is a good deal more complex than this, and it's too bad that the writers responsible for the script of this movie (Billy Wilder, Wendell Mayes, and Charles Lederer) didn't read more carefully the superb account of the celebrated flight that the Colonel himself set down a few years ago. In that account, he demonstrated that, far from being simply an engaging aeronautical buckeroo, which was the journalistic summary of him in 1927, he is, and has always been, a fairly subtle character. As portrayed here by James Stewart—who tries hard, but not too successfully, to look as boyish as Lindbergh did when he was a juvenile aviator—the flier hasn't much more depth than one of those beamish young men you encounter on Air Force recruiting posters. However superficial the film may be in its treatment of its hero, though, it does have the virtue of bringing once more to mind some of the wonderful excitement that was generated throughout the world when Lindbergh, in his small and fragile monoplane, covered the dangerous distance between Roosevelt Field and Le Bourget.

NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS

In the early part of the picture, which is long, Lindbergh's struggles to find backers and a plane for his projected flight are outlined in what seemed to me a little too much detail, although I suppose that for aviation buffs there will be a lot of fascination in the evolution of Lindbergh's Ryan monoplane from blueprint to runway. Once the film has the young man airborne, it relates, in a series of flashbacks, some of the events of his life—barnstorming with aerial circuses, flying mail, serving as an aviation cadet in Texas, and the like. Mr. Stewart makes the Lindbergh of these episodes extraordinarily whimsical, and there are some sticky moments when, after taking the Spirit of St. Louis into the wild blue yonder, he begins to chat with a horsefly that has drifted into his cockpit. A man alone on a flight of thirty-three hours is obviously a difficult figure to portray on the screen, since monotony is almost impossible to avoid, but the flashbacks are a help, and even though the end of the movie is well known to one and all, the familiar hazards—the awkward takeoff from Roosevelt Field, the fog banks, the icing of the wings, the fight for wakefulness, and the various mechanical dilemmas that crop up—are still exciting stuff.

As you'd expect, Mr. Stewart is at the center of practically all the action in "The Spirit of St. Louis," but along the line we encounter Murray Hamilton, as a flying pal of Lindbergh's; Patricia Smith, as a girl who encourages him before his flight; Bartlett Robinson, as the boss of the Ryan works in California, where the Spirit of St. Louis was designed and built; and Marc Connelly, as a priest whom Lindbergh, early in his career, takes on as a pupil. They all labor earnestly.

"OH, MEN! OH, WOMEN!" is an adaptation of Edward Chodorov's play of three seasons back, which was concerned, as you may remember, with the plight of a psychoanalyst who learns much too much about the private life of his fiancée in the course of some professional couchside chats with one of her intimate admirers. As a movie, alas, this romp seems to have lost considerable sparkle, and of the cast (which includes David Niven, Barbara Rush, Dan Dailey, and Ginger Rogers) only Tony Randall, who plays the patient with the loose tongue, is really satisfactory. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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Arnold Newman

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To Bracker, of course, every assignment is a good one. His whirlwind enthusiasm to get the story, his versatility of talent in writing any kind of story make it so. Bracker stories are often cited by Times editors as models for other reporters. His eyewitness account from Milan of angry Italians kicking the dumped and dead Mussolini in the face is a classic.

Milton Bracker was born in Cincinnati, brought up in New York, educated at City College and at Columbia. He joined The Times staff in 1931. In 1943 he became a war correspondent, covered North Africa, the Italian campaign, the British invasion of Greece. In 1945 he served as correspondent in Rome, in 1946 in Mexico City, from 1947 to 1951 in Buenos Aires, from where—as chief correspondent in South America—he rushed all over the continent.

Back on the city staff since 1951, Bracker keeps his passport as handy as his press-card. Political explosions in Central and South America have him on the wing in a matter of hours. In 1949 he won the Maria Moors Cabot award for helping Pan-American understanding, in 1951 (with his wife, Virginia) the George Polk Memorial award for foreign correspondence.

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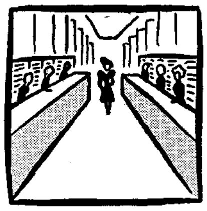
"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"

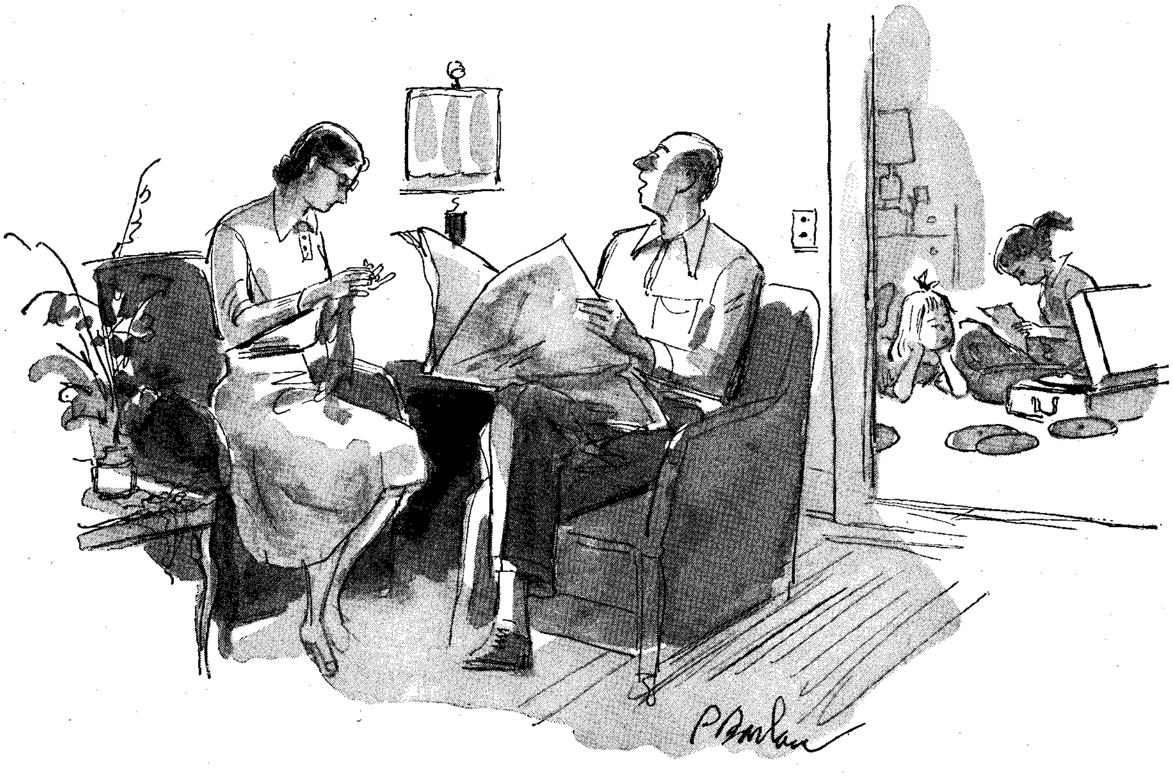
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



ALL the girls in this business, no matter how familiar their faces, seem to have been in their cribs during the twenties (must have been their mothers who were seen dancing at such a rate at the Montmartre then), so what Sally Victor is doing with her custom hats—which are reminiscences of the time when heads, though undoubtedly addled on the inside, were smooth and youthful outside—is (and it's themselves that say it) brand-new to them. So I won't admit, either, to nostalgia about Victor's little head-hugging hats in black felt or various black straws, including shiny straws with veils. There's a felt profile number with the tiny brim curled up on one side and a self bow with loops high above this, and there's another profile that's adorned with one of her favorite rosette trimmings—in black satin, as it happens. Her brims often turn sharply back against the forehead and extend down into spaniel ears; no self-respecting spaniel I've ever met, though, would have ears of different lengths. One hat is shown in white bali straw, and a band of orange grosgrain ribbon is its only trimming. Turquoise straw, snug to the skull but indulging in all sorts of irregular folds and creases, is short across the back, and the brim is creased decisively up at one side. A job of bright-pink straw, down in back this time, has pink grosgrain ribbon projecting from behind the right ear. Victor's pet Garbo hat is of gray felt. Its really irregular brim ducks down over one eye, and its highish crown is draped casually over to one side in a crushed peak. Victor, a veteran champion of printed cottons, keeps on using lots of polished Everglaze ones for stitched hats that are obviously packable—small things, with brims turned back and little rabbit ears high to one side, or cloches with floppy medium brims that can be turned back when you are in a candid, look-the-world-in-the-face mood. Of Victor's understated, muted, neutral offerings, one of the handsomest is of beige bali; the top of the medium, curved-under brim has a slash of black grosgrain ribbon that is appliquéd across it, then curls over the edges at the sides and proceeds along the underside of the brim back to the hairline. There was much talk in 1923 about Reboux's casual cloches, but the Reboux influence is now strongest in some of Victor's bows—big black taffeta ones on the front of mustard milan straws, and piles of brown and black taffeta ribbon (very high and very elegant) on a beige straw sailor with the brim turned up in back, for a change, and a way of coming down on the forehead in front. Victor never forgets about flowers. Remember the incredible ones on her large, wavy straws last spring? Now she offers flourishing circlets, slightly tilted. One combines camellias and roses; another is fat roses with hunter-green satin ribbon bows separating them. Some of her vast picture hats are full-circle black milans with pink-to-red roses across the front; others are shown in red straw with red flowers on top and a facing of pink print cotton. I particularly like what she is doing with huge, shaggy, black organza roses, though. A colossal picture hat of beige straw with a black organza facing has these roses piled up in front; a towering turban-toque, dipping well down on the forehead, is all fluffy black rose petals.

TATIANA, of Saks Fifth Avenue, can be bold as brass or utterly dreamy. For boldness, there are many hats of black-and-white stuff arranged in big geometric patterns; for example, organdie strips about an inch wide are interlaced in a basketweave on a little tilted beret, and the organdie is released on the downside to make black and white loops. The crown of an extra-deep cloche of belting (there's almost no indentation to differentiate crown and brim) is black in front and white in back; the brim reverses this color scheme. A fez ending in a tiny cloche brim is of white belting with diamonds of black belting appliquéd all over it. For dreaminess, there are the softest of chiffons, often accompanied by Tatiana's most recent prank—a capelet, fairly short in front, that goes over the head. The back of it can be pinned to a hat to make graceful drapery on the nape; the front of it can be arranged to suggest a wimple—or the whole thing can be left at home. (I'm a great one for



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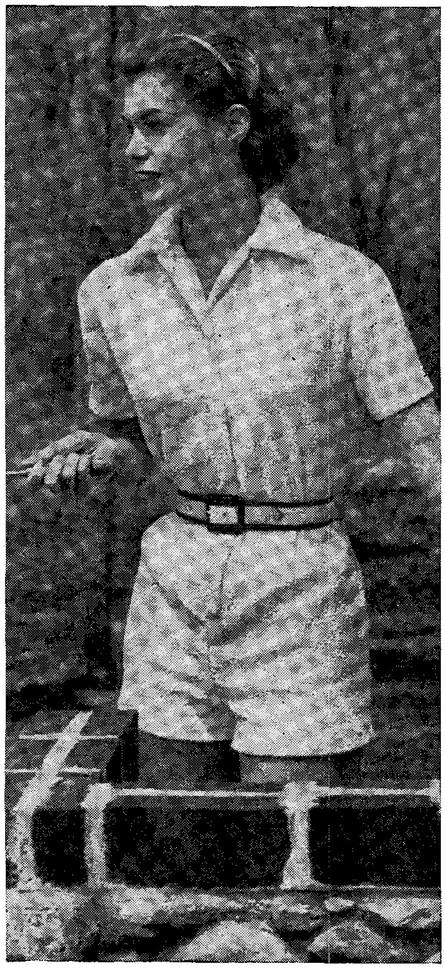

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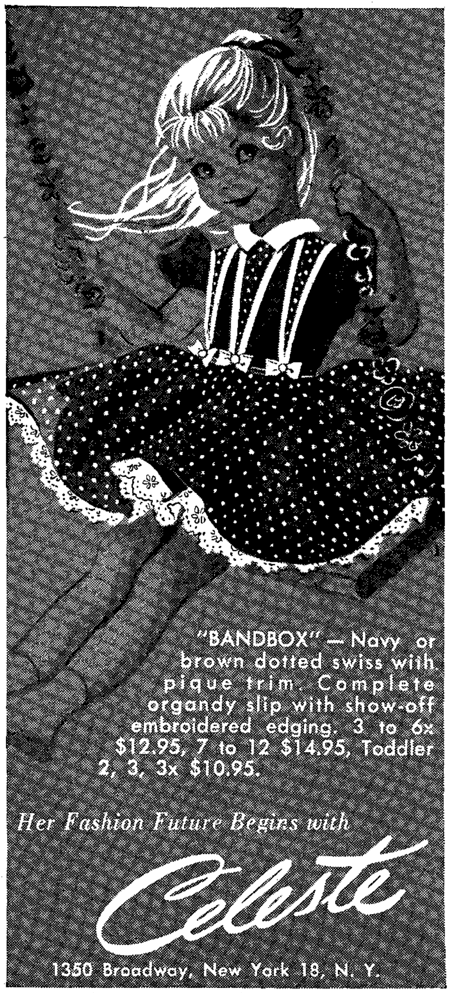
that idea of leaving any suggestion of a scarf at home.) Lots of wrapped turbans and puffy berets appear in sheer fabrics, such as a purple, yellow, and green plaid organza or another that involves big turquoise polka dots on a white ground. Tatiana is also pleat-crazy when she works with soft materials. A pink-and-white print chiffon, entirely pleated, makes a lofty, sidewise turban with a Dogpatch pigtail near the top of the center *front.* (You swing it around as you choose.) Gossamer pleated white veiling is used for a turban that is high, wide, and bouffant; more of this pleated stuff covers a white toyo pillbox that's to be worn well back on the head and comes down over the hair at the sides like a coif. Tatiana has devised a cool tin roof for kittens who still like a flamboyant coiffure, which will take no nonsense from hats. It's an airy square of fabric that goes straight across the top of the head, with a flower at each corner to clamp it, in a gingerly way, to the scalp. One is of starched white embroidered cotton with a gardenia at each corner; the corners of another, shown in pleated black lace, are planted with geraniums.

WALTER FLORELL, too, can go to extremes. The best of his simple, gamin arrangements is a beret of a white nubbly fabric resembling straw. It's squared off at the top, like the caps French sailors wear, and a black velvet bandeau ends in a flaring bow at one side. But he also shows the most piled-up flowery turban in the world—a sort of rumpled Grecian helmet with enormous velvety pansies and other flowers, as well as improbable pale-green grapes, descending the forehead. Not the thing, really, to stow in an overnight case. Hats that pack with the greatest of ease are around, though. Some are of natural milan and black velvet ribbon stitched together to make a narrowly striped fabric that is springy and collapsible. The result is deep pillboxes (he wants them worn well down on the forehead, but you don't need to be bullied by him) or berets, crushed on one side, with black velvet ribbon going all the way across the top and ending in a big, cheek-hugging bow. Eager young hats of print glazed chintz have arched fronts and indentations above one temple or both; a blue-and-green chintz is surrounded by a crushed band of green organza that winds up in streamers down the side. For evening, little tilted caps of starched and pressed net are covered with berries of one sort or another. Green leaves and minute black



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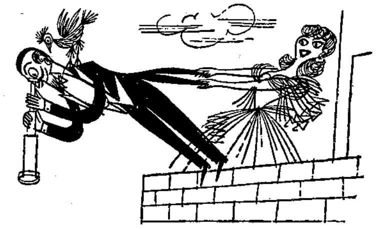

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cherries give a dryad look to one; red currants are spattered over another.

IN Robert Dudley's small shop are many interesting straws, among them a basketweave from Italy with lots of tiny knots throughout. This looks perfect as a bicorne worn across the top of the head, with a bow at one side that can be made in various colors and changed to suit changes of costume. He does umbrella covers to go with his hats, too, by the way. Madagascar straw cloth, which is sort of like table matting, is another of his straws, this time for wide, elliptical hats that are entirely pleated and go out to spiral horns on each side. Shimmering semi-sheer straw cloth is used for broad, puffy hats; a silver-gray rough straw has shiny, silvery coque feathers arching down over the forehead like an umbrella tree.

THE milliners came off from their highfalutin attitudes of only a season ago, and now the hairdressers have just as suddenly dumped those bulbous hairdos. Either hair or headgear, one defying the other, had to give, and it seems that both of them have given. As a result, we have the most beautiful examples of coexistence between millinery and hairdressers in all my experience. (I was born yesterday.) Head-hugging profile hats need a coiffure that snuggles against the scalp in back, has a nice, easy wave down the cheek on the upside of the hat, and flips out behind the ears below the brim. And that's what the hairdressers are giving us—very Carole Lombard. Most coiffeurs like a curve at both sides of the face, but if you go in for a very low part in your hair (a notion in great favor again), watch out that you don't turn into a Veronica Lake. And, just as the new straws have given a 1957 look to hats whose background is another age, new cutting and new permanent-wave techniques give body but no frizz. (Those marcels, very set in their look, and those permanents like Brillo made the old days anything but endearing.) Mr. Dimitri, of the Hotel Ambassador salon, says that a feathery effect behind the ears would be impossible without the cold wave. Mr. Kenneth, of Lilly Daché, doesn't believe in layer cutting; he gets his effects by completely inexplicable methods. In general, coiffeurs prefer hair short at the nape, but the Charles of the Ritz salons are still all for an upward curl in back as well as at the sides.

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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

fixers. One, which belongs to John Bernard, is on the second floor at 22 East 65th Street, where there is plenty of daylight. I hadn't thought of it, but it *is* a help to both operator and customer when hair coloring is involved. It's a comfortable and cheery place, probably because the dressing tables (one to each customer) around the perimeter and the foot rests on the chairs you occupy while your hair is dried give an unexpected feeling of—well, intimacy. Manic boutique items are strewn about, in case you've read all the magazines. Mr. Bernard likes the long, curved-inward line on each side of the face and a demi-shingle in back, with the hair swirled across close to the head and sometimes turned under and anchored behind one ear. On a hatless evening, this back hair can be brushed across at the nape and fluffed upward above it. The other shop, at 24 East 64th Street, is owned by Claude, also trumpeting his love for a long wave at the sides of the face. Electric combs that dry the hair as he sets it are often brought into play. He still permits some length in front, but wants the back hair clinging and quite short. A good thing, too; those big circle hats that silhouette the neck could look 'orrible 'eavy with hair in back.

THERE has been understandable preoccupation among cosmetic makers with the face that is bracketed by these hair tricks and tries to look clear-eyed under these hats. Herewith, in sometimes overlapping categories, are a few random findings of mine:

I'm one who, despite dry skin, loves cleansing creams that are the consistency of milk of magnesia, and I find that many women whose skins tend to oiliness like to use soap and water with such a cleanser as a softener and even as a makeup base afterward. One triumphant answer is Lancôme's Lotion au Gardénia, which smells just like that. Saks Fifth Avenue is particularly delighted with the Lancôme stuff, including this and Nutrix (for moistening and nourishing the skin at night), and Albâtre, a hand cream of the vanishing type that seems to wipe off redness and roughness in no time at all, and the Lancôme mascara. . . . Lord & Taylor is purring about the Dr. N. G. Payot products, which have been standbys in Paris for years. There's someone at the counter to tell you what your particular skin needs. My own experiments made me enthusiastic about Golden Rays (a pouring cleansing cream, sharp with lavender) and a skin freshener of skim-milk consistency that's redolent of cam-

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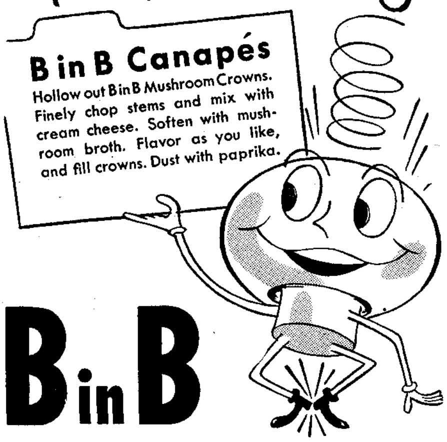
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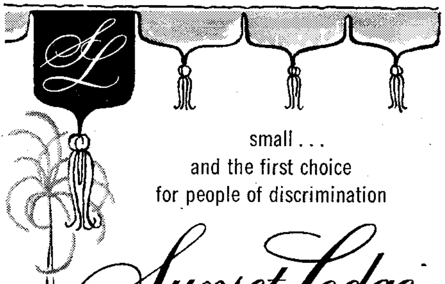

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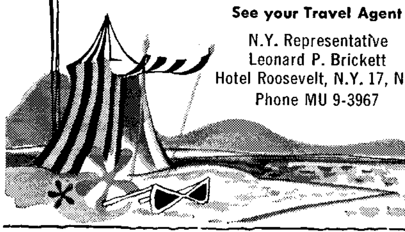

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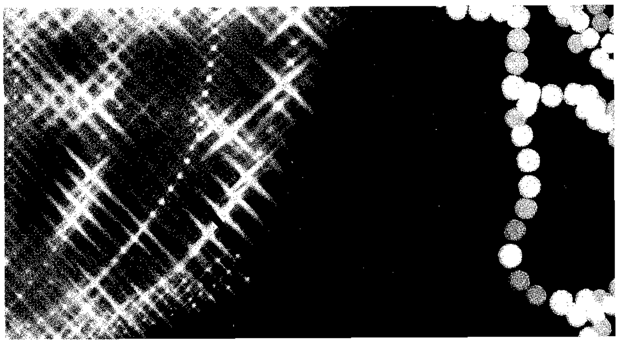

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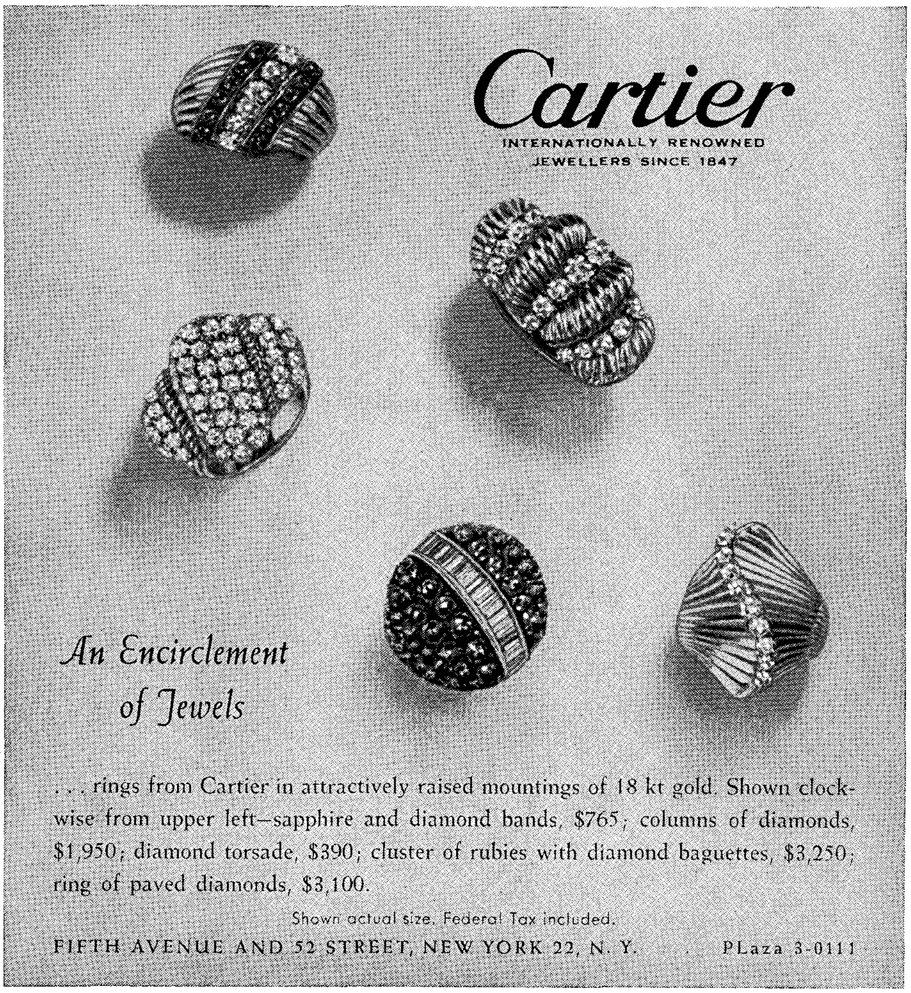
phor and menthol. And there are all sorts of creams that rejuvenate as you sleep, one of which is probably just right for the type of skin you're stuck with. . . . Lord & Taylor, too, is one of many who approve of Germaine Monteil's Super-Royal cream (its base is that good old queen-bee jelly, with plenty of booster shots added), which I find excellent as a nourishing night cream. . . . That bee jelly also dominates de Markoff's face powder ($5.50 at Saks Fifth Avenue), which, though not brand-new, might interest those in search of an unusually satiny texture and a clinging quality.

Because of the dry skin aforementioned and an impatient nature, I've never had much luck with pancake makeup, but Marie Earle's Perfection Cake may be exactly what I need. It's at Saks Fifth Avenue, Altman, and Bloomingdale. Lilly Daché, impatient and busy herself and forever working on short cuts for making up, invented this one. A damp sponge over the cake and then over the face and neck and shoulders does the trick in a flash. The stuff doesn't streak, or cake, or anything. It contains lubricating elements that make it less drying than others I have tried—you needn't powder over it unless you like—and it provides a nice matte finish. Daché has another passion besides short cuts, however, and that is being a different woman every twenty minutes. One shade and another of this new pancake make it possible for skin tones to be pale and luminous and frail in the evening, robust and tanned in the daytime. Stunts like this, plus all the eyeshadow colorings, take practice, but the Daché salon, at 78 East 56th Street, will give you one makeup lesson for $15, if you want to be the same girl all the time, or six for $50, if you want to change your appearance at will and wear colors you thought were unbecoming. (I'm remembering the twenties, when beige was supposed to be becoming to everyone, and all lipsticks had an orange cast, also supposed to be universally flattering—and they weren't. So watch those lavender and mauve and purple tones if your skin is brunette.)

It doesn't take much practice, though, to work out ways of eliminating undesirable lines and shadows by using a much lighter than normal foundation. (People love to sell women two shades of foundation; I wonder why.) Marie Earle's Highlight foundation stick, which is like a lipstick, is a recent arrival; Helena Rubinstein's Magic Illusion kit involves her Silk Tone foundation plus her Conceal stick, in a much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lighter tone, for blemishes and shadows. You blend them like cream rouge. Come to think of it, I wonder why Lydia O'Leary's Covermark stick, an opaque affair that is extensively used to hide temporary black eyes and permanent birthmarks, hasn't been used more for sheer flattery.

Well, one more item. Lanvin's famous perfume Arpège is now standard equipment for the new twelve-thousand-dollar Cadillac Eldorado Brougham. You get one ounce, with an atomizer top (Hydramatic, I presume), and trying it out should instantly get you an automatic shift of attention, in case the stuffy old driver keeps his eyes too much on the road. This is the End. The very, very End.

—Lois Long

●

THE TWILIGHT OF A CAMPAIGNER

[*From the Chicago Sunday Sun-Times*]

RE-ENACT INCIDENTS IN STEVENSON'S LIFE

By Mary Dougherty

If Adlai Stevenson had any lingering regrets over recent events in his life he probably lost them all in laughter Friday night. Mr. and Mrs. Hermon Dunlap Smith, who gave a party in honor of his 57th birthday, invited each of their guests to enact a skit based on incidents, both painful and pleasant, in his life in recent years.

Mrs. Smith recalled the time Adlai was standing spellbound viewing the majestic beauty of an ancient ruin in China. His rapture was rudely broken by the voice of a feminine tourist who shrieked "Adlai . . . don't move . . . I want to get a snapshot of you in just that pose. I started out to make a picture of a water buffalo and—then I saw you." To remind him of that incident, Mrs. Smith got a picture of a water buffalo out of the museum and superimposed it on a snapshot of Adlai. Just as the guests were to sit down to dinner, a maid impersonating the camera fiend demanded entry in order to give Adlai the picture souvenir.

Mrs. Edison Dick impersonated an unfortunate once employed by Adlai who explained that his addiction to drink was due to worry over his debts. Adlai gave the man enough money to square him with his creditors, but instead, the man bought himself a Buick. Mrs. Dick, in the role of the wastrel, entered to complain that the car was out of date—and could Adlai please get him another.

The Conway Olmsteds, dressed as Eskimos, announced themselves as the reception committee Adlai was to have met had he landed at Fort Yukon on his trip to Alaska last summer. They carried a fish they said he could have had for his supper that night.

Edison Dick dumped a bagful of screws and bolts on the floor to represent stones and other material he indicated the surgeon removed from Adlai a year or two ago. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bentley played the guitar and sang some of Adlai's favorite music.

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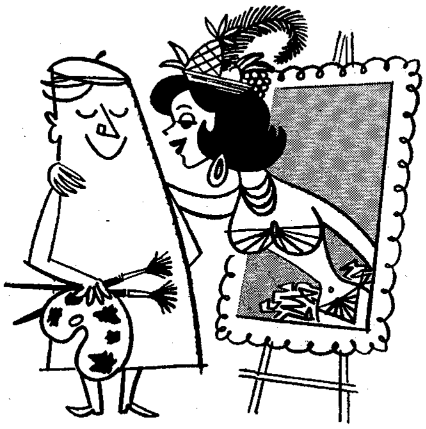

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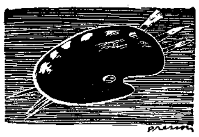
THE ART GALLERIES

Three Brothers



EUGÈNE DUCHAMP, notary, was a fairly prosperous bourgeois living in the small Norman town of Damville, not far from Rouen, and as far as I've been able to find out, he never had more than a cursory interest in the arts and he never practiced any of them. Yet by one of the mysterious processes of heredity he produced in his children a concentration of talent just about unequalled since the days of the Bellini, the Carracci, and the other great families of Renaissance artists. In the order of their seniority (I'm omitting Suzanne, who, although she showed much promise as a painter, gave her career up quite early), these were Gaston, who, on launching himself, precariously, as a cartoonist and illustrator, changed his name to Jacques Villon; Raymond, who, on setting out as a sculptor, changed *his* to Duchamp-Villon; and Marcel, perhaps now the most legendary, if not the most important, and the only one to retain the patronymic. All three sons are the subjects of a sort of combined retrospective at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, in its temporary quarters, at 7 East Seventy-second Street, and I found it a fascinating, if at times confusing, affair.

The confusion results partly from the manner of hanging, which seems based purely on aesthetic considerations, or how the pictures "went together," to the exclusion of chronological sequence, development of style, and so on, and partly from a faint but disturbing "family" resemblance, as fleeting and uncertain as the secret resemblances one sometimes catches in people's faces. In this instance, this resemblance is belied by the wide disparities in the artists' styles. Yet it's there, and although it's so vague it would take a great deal of time to investigate its sources, it bothered me all through the show. Except for that, the three men are as different as could be imagined. Duchamp-Villon died rather young, at the age of forty-two, and since he didn't turn artist till he was in his twenties (he began his career as a student of medicine), his section in many ways shows the least development.

All three men, incidentally, were alike (is this one of the sources of resemblance?) in that they started working in conventional modes and then switched to the modern more or less at the same time, around 1911, and in view of Duchamp-Villon's brief career this change also creates more of a break in his case. I'm not certain that, perhaps perversely, I didn't like his early work best. To be sure, it is derivative, and if, in "Girl Seated," of 1909, one finds him following Rodin, his "Torso of a Young Man," of just a year after, shows him swinging suddenly toward the archaic Greeks. But for all that, these pieces have a smooth assurance that the later ones lack, and the stern simplicity of "Baudelaire," a portrait head of about the same period, gives it considerable authority. In the subsequent, more or less Cubist ones, there's a feeling not only of the experimental (as would be natural, granted the newness of the method) but of the slightly groping. Both "Head of Horse," though, with its curiously involuted forms, and "The Horse," an interesting variant on the same theme, are completely successful, and it seems clear that only his death robbed him of greater accomplishment.

Jacques Villon, at eighty-one, is now one of the grand old men of French painting, and, fittingly, his section is by far the largest in the show. Even so, none of his really early work, as an illustrator, is included (there's an exhibition, at the Deitsch Gallery, of his graphics from that period, about 1895 to 1910), and the first piece listed is "Portrait of Madame Villon," a mildly Impressionist oil, dated 1905. "Puteaux, Smoke and Trees in Bloom," dated 1912, marks his first venture into Cubism, and a fairly successful try, but it's not till "Gallop," "Race Horse" (Villon, too, it appears, was interested in the study of horses), and "Portrait of Artist's Father" that one feels he's beginning to find himself artistically. The portrait, which already shows traces of the cool, washlike color and thin, linear drawing that he finally evolved, is unusually effective.

Villon, though, has always been an eclectic, and he experimented with many stylistic and technical devices, often overlappingly, during his long career. As late as 1932 he did an almost totally non-objective study of spirals and squares called "Space;" there are flurries of Cubist effects as late as "Cherry Tree in Bloom," of 1943, and Feininger plays a part in such pieces as "Soldiers on the March" (1913) and the much later "Along the Park." There is always, I think, a lack of

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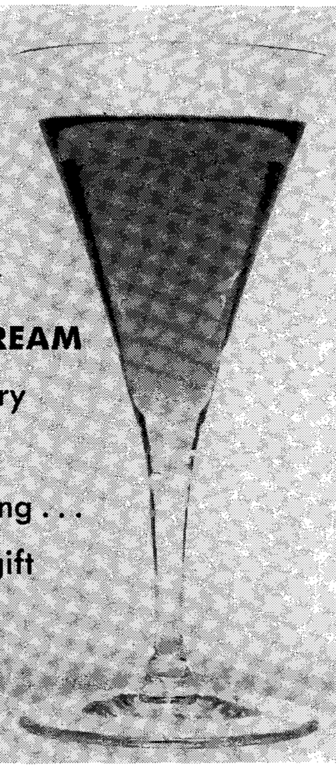

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emotion in his work that deprives it of full impact. But this also makes for calmness and order, and in his mature work he has developed a system of color sequences—high-keyed and yet cool in feeling, close to clashing but never quite doing so—that is almost unique in his time. It has its fullest flowering in such late canvases as the brilliantly sunny "Large Mowing-Machine with Horses," "Portrait of Marcel Duchamp," and the much more simplified "Norman Farm."

Marcel, if I may use a biological term, is the "sport" of the trio. He began painting in his early twenties, and the earliest pieces in his section are the carefully Manetesque "The Chess Players" and the Cézanney "The Artist's Father," both of 1910. A year later, he followed his brothers into Cubism, with the first, and rather uncertain, version of the "Nude Descending a Staircase"—the second and much more masterly version of which, exhibited in New York's Armory Show of 1913, made his name known the world over. Duchamp always has been an enigma. Art may be long and the way hard, but it's seldom that a man abandons it in full career. Yet Duchamp did, stopping painting completely, and at the height of his fame, only ten years later. It has always seemed to me that one reason for this abrupt withdrawal must have been a strong impulse toward self-criticism, leading him, by a natural extension, to the iconoclastic attitude about art in general evidenced in his more or less "accidental" constructions called "Ready-Mades." Perhaps because of this, Dadaism, with its similarly iconoclastic feeling, attracted him; indeed, he may be said to have anticipated that school, for his "The Bride," "The King and Queen Surrounded by Swift Nudes," and "Chocolate Grinder," all done before the founding of the movement, are wholly in the Dada mold. They remain among his best works. As with Villon, there is something a little cool and intellectual about Duchamp's work. But where the older brother's sparkles with color, Duchamp's shines with wit, and I can't help feeling that our loss from his renunciation is as great as, if not greater than, that from Duchamp-Villon's death.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

The King either did not hear or did not care. His eye spotted a good-looking handsomely furred blonde and waved.
—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

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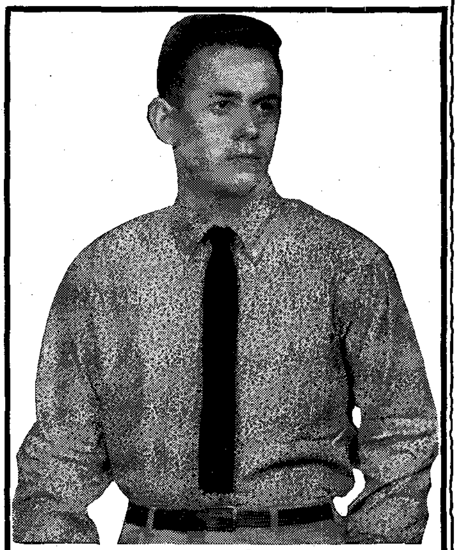

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

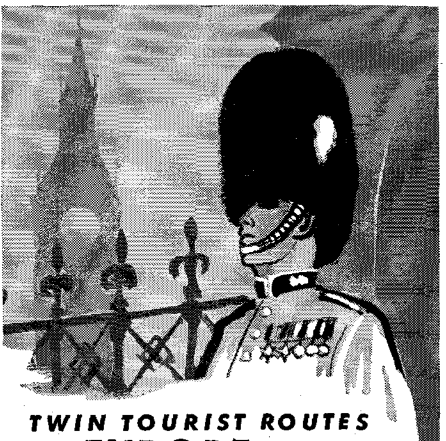
CLAREMONT, CALIF.,
FEBRUARY 1, 1957

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

MR. UPDIKE's essay "Notes" (in your issue of January 26th), concerning the annotation and general debilitation of modern poetry, served as a powerful stimulus to a project I have been nursing for some time. This project is designed to save poetry—at least, the poetry of the future—from the fate of the great auk, the passenger pigeon, and the dodo. Perhaps I am too late, even now. The charming sonnet that Mr. Updike gave us at the end of his piece should be sufficient to alarm any reasonable reader. In this poem, with its fourteen blank lines, we have obviously arrived at the point of no return; a sonnet of greater purity and integrity cannot be written. Many disgruntled readers of contemporary verse have complained of the "hidden meaning" buried in the melancholy lines of Eliot, or the need for tedious "reading between the lines" in the poetry of Wallace Stevens. Now Mr. Updike has produced a poem in which not only is the meaning hidden but the lines have been concealed as well. But I need say no more about Mr. Updike's tragic triumph. My project concerns the salvation of poetry, not its demise.

It is clear that with the defection of poetry's old allies—religion, nature, and love—a new and more reliable friend must be found. This friend is at hand; in fact, he is standing at the door in an attitude of anxious respect, waiting to ask if he may help. His name is Science—or, to be more exact, Mathematics. Now that Mr. Updike has demonstrated that words have deserted poetry, what else but mathematics can supply her with elegant abstractions, arbitrary symbols, and sophisticated witticisms? Dr. Edward Teller's illuminating commentary, in your issue of December 15th, on the poem entitled "Perils of Modern Living," by H.P.F., in which Dr. Teller is mentioned by his anti-name, demonstrates the care with which a great mathematical mind even now reads poems. It only remains for mathematicians to *write* poetry, and so save it from extinction.

Although I am not a mathematician, I am hazarding a revision of a familiar masterpiece, to indicate at least one direction in which my proposed alliance of



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poetry and mathematics might develop. While it may be too late to save this poem for posterity, I think we can look forward to our own "Divina Commedia," written entirely in the language of integral calculus. Now, with all due respect to Mr. Updike's nihilism, this is the way poetry must be written for the future:

THREES

(TO BE SUNG BY NIELS BOHR)

I think that I shall never c
A # lovelier than 3;
For 3<6 or 4,
And than 1 it's slightly more.

All things in nature come in 3s,
Like ∴s, trios, Q.E.D.s;
While $s gain more dignity
If augmented 3 × 3—

A 3 whose slender curves are pressed
By banks, for compound interest;
Oh, would that, paying loans or rent,
My rates were only 3%!

3^2 expands with rapture free,
And reaches toward ∞;
3 complements each x and y,
And intimately lives with π.

A ⊙'s # of °
Are best ÷ up by 3s,
But wrapped in dim obscurity
Is the $\sqrt{-3}$.

Atoms are split by men like me,
But only God is 1 in 3.

This is, of course, still polyglot, representing the transitional stage of poetic evolution. Later versions will shed their grubby words entirely, and soar and sing with symbols alone. Ideally, I think, Univac will write the poem, and the mathematicians will merely have to check the answer.

Sincerely,
JOHN ATHERTON

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From Industrial Indemnity Co. v. Industrial Accident Commission, reported in 95 California Appellate Reports, 2d Series, page 804*]

It is a well known fact that persons who are overcome by business and other worries, wife trouble, etc., are more likely to go to a bar to reflect on their situation than to a soda fountain, a grocery store or any other place. So, it might be said, in the logic of the last mentioned case, that irate wives who desire to shoot their husbands will be more likely to find them in bars than in other places, and hence working in a bar is at least as hazardous an occupation as working in a garage.

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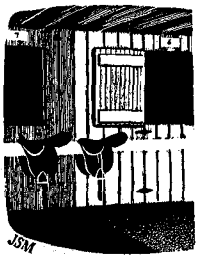
THE RACE TRACK

Calumet Score



NOT since Calumet Farm's Armed and Coaltown were in their heyday has there been an easier winner of the Widener Handicap at Hialeah than there was last weekend, when the same stable's five-year-old Bardstown ran away with the race. It was a whole meal of duck soup for Bardstown, who led from beginning to end of the mile and a quarter. This is not to say that the Widener was dull. Far from it. Switch On stepped briskly along with Bardstown for nearly a mile, and Summer Tan was close at their heels—too close, I thought, for safety. Then, on the turn into the homestretch, Bardstown bore out ever so little and Summer Tan slipped through the opening along the rails. I don't think he ever got his head out in front, but I was watching the race on television and it's difficult to judge the distance between horses that way. At any rate, in the last furlong Bardstown drew steadily ahead, Mr. First came up in a rush to be second, and right at the end Switch On took third money by a head from Summer Tan. I hardly know what to say about Summer Tan's fade-out, but I'm sure a lot of the people who backed him at odds-on would be glad to assist me. It was my impression that he didn't stride as freely as he had when he beat Bardstown so convincingly in the McLennan a fortnight before. Also, he kept lugging in toward the rails, where the going was heaviest, and that didn't help, either. Anyhow, Bardstown deserves full marks. Because of one ailment after another, he didn't come to the races until last summer, but he has made up for lost time, winning eleven of his sixteen starts. Now, with the $82,200 he won in the Widener, he's at the top of the handicap list, and if one of the stable's three-year-olds should win the Flamingo Stakes on Saturday, Calumet's cup of joy would spill over.

I SUGGESTED recently that Llangollen Farm might have used up all its good luck in taking the first stake race of the Santa Anita meeting, but it would appear now that my powers of divination are something short of uncanny. Last weekend, in the Santa Anita Handicap, Llangollen's Corn Husker beat the favored Holandes II, Spinney (who won the Santa Anita Maturity Stakes last month), and a dozen others. "The golden gallop of the Golden West," as the enthusiastic announcer I heard on my radio called it, must have lived up to its traditions, for it was apparently an exciting scramble, with Corn Husker popping out of the pack in the last fifty yards. Like Azucar, who won the first Santa Anita Handicap, in 1935, Corn Husker was once a jumper. He ran in two hurdles races at Belmont Park last autumn and won them both. Though clumsy over fences, Corn Husker showed so much speed on the flat that Charlie Whittingham, who trains the Llangollen string, had a notion he would do well in races on the grass at the California track, and took him West. His first try was in the San Gabriel Handicap, which he won in a gallop, and he has been improving steadily. Because he had no form on the flat last season, and because there is what you might call a social gulf between jumpers and flat racers, Corn Husker got into the Santa Anita with very light weight. (He was assigned only a hundred and four pounds, but Neves, his jockey, who usually rides at a hundred and nine, couldn't quite make it, though he dieted strenuously, so Corn Husker carried a hundred and five.) I'll be interested to see what the handicapper puts on him for the San Juan Capistrano a week from Saturday. Corn Husker paid $9.60 in the two-dollar mutuels. Early in the season, he was as much as 100–1 in the Caliente future book on the Santa Anita, and I have an inkling that he was bet on at those odds, because the last I heard he was only 8–1. His share of the purse, by the way, was $103,600.

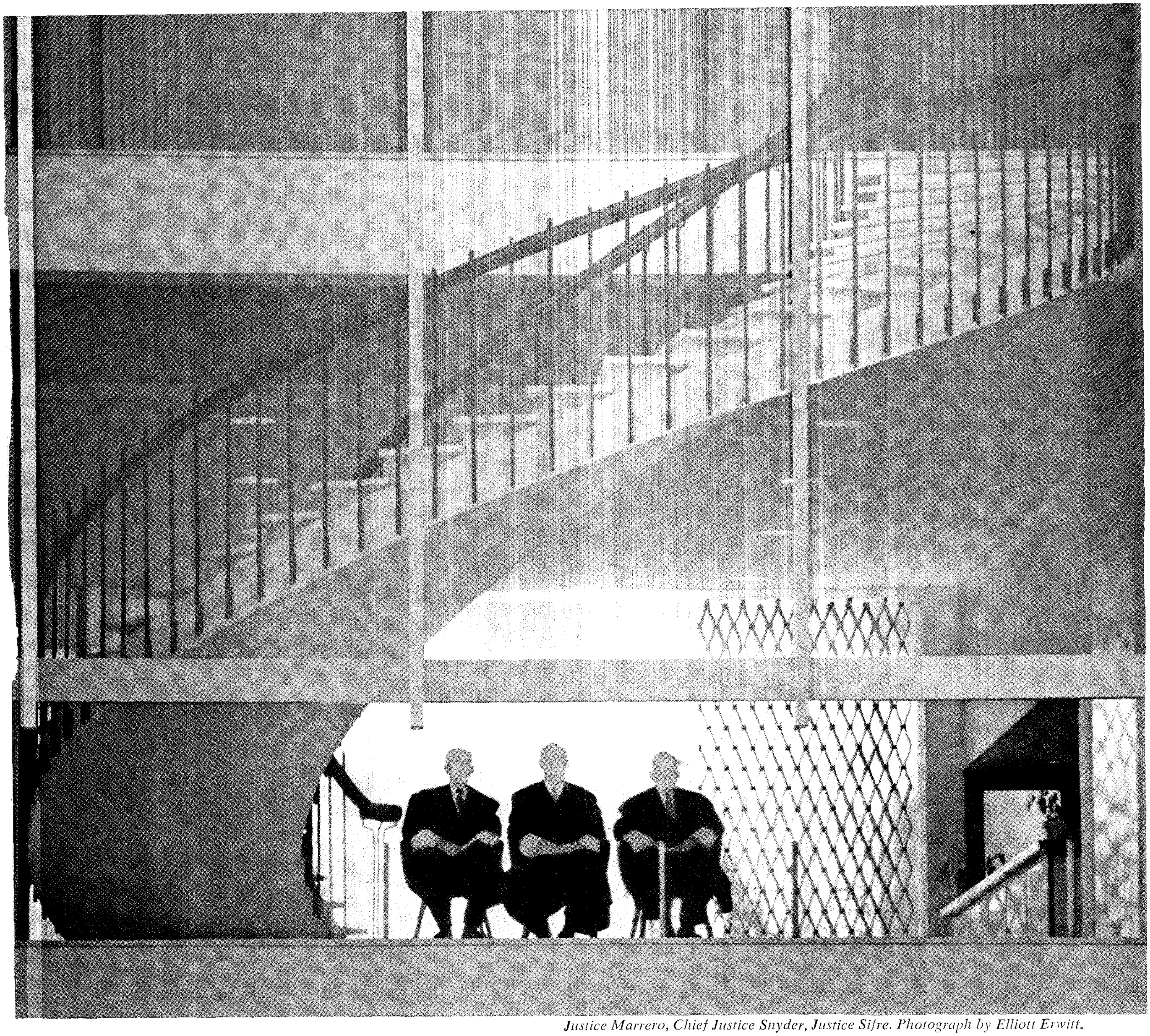
THINGS picked up at Bowie last week. The attendance and the betting would have been small potatoes at Hialeah or Santa Anita, but the Bowie management was delighted. The best race of the week down there was Saturday's Burch Memorial Handicap, in which Kinda Smart beat Fabricator, a good thing who had been shipped from Florida. You know how those good things are.
—AUDAX MINOR

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Paris Embassy News*]

I am driving my car from Paris to La Pallice on January 28, 29 or 30th. Will exchange rides with some person who is driving his car from La Pallice to Paris at that time. BALzac 07-00 Ext. 14.



Justice Marrero, Chief Justice Snyder, Justice Sifre. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

A remarkable new building—in Puerto Rico

HERE is the central staircase of the new Supreme Court in San Juan. This remarkable building is the work of two Puerto Rican architects, Toro and Ferrer.* It is worth seeing.

At the head of that staircase is the only *circular* Supreme Courtroom in the world. The shape is symbolic. For justice always lends an ear to every side. This round courtroom also has a practical advantage. With curved bench and bar, the appellant is the same distance from each of the seven judges. Thus, he never tends to address one judge only but speaks with equal emphasis to the whole court.

Such keen respect for a man's feelings is matched by Puerto Rico's *double* protection of his rights. First, by the new Commonwealth Constitution. Second, by the Constitution of the United States. What firmer guarantee for all who go to live in Puerto Rico?

*The collaborating architect for this building was Charles H. Warner.

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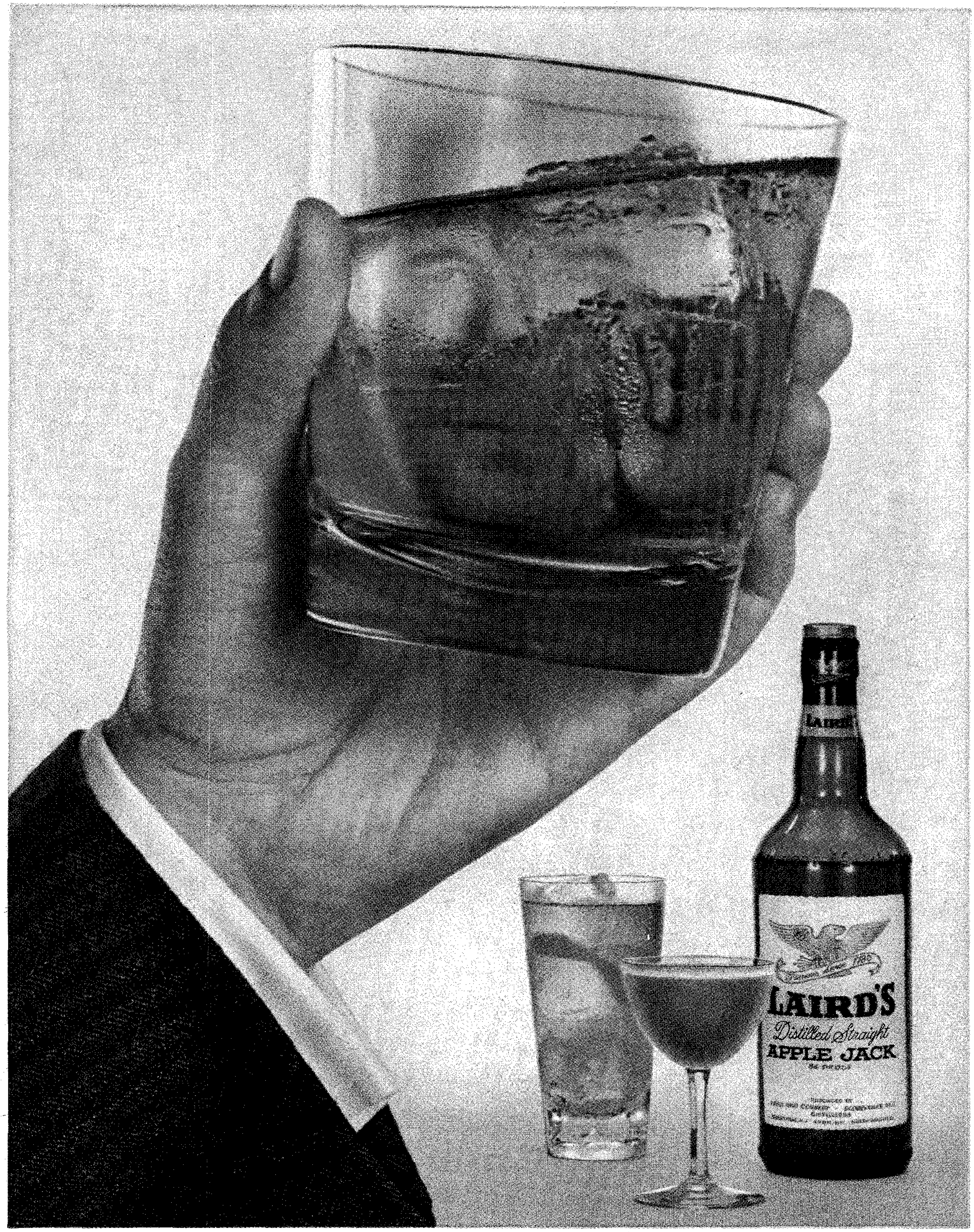

Jack's getting around. People drinking Apple Jack for the first time don't quite know what taste to expect. This heightens the delightful effect of Apple Jack's rich aroma and bold appetizing flavor. Aged in charred oak barrels, Apple Jack is smooth, brilliant . . . opens up a whole new approach to conviviality. Tonight, try Apple Jack. On the rocks, straight, in a highball, or in a delicious Jack Rose cocktail, you'll find there's nothing like it.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

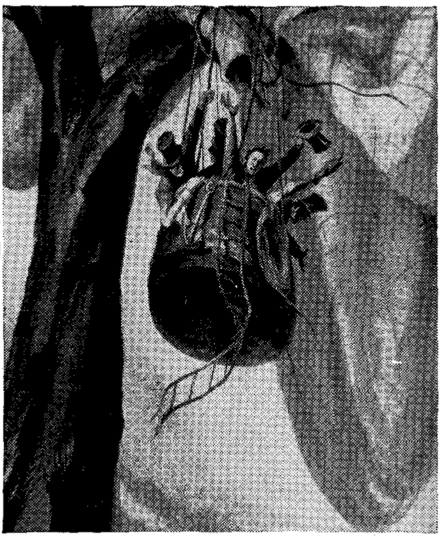
Verdi Week

ALTHOUGH I have acquired a degree of familiarity with the music of Giuseppe Verdi that might have dimmed my enthusiasm for the compositions of a lesser figure, it has, for me, a refreshing quality that no amount of repetition seems able to diminish. Hard as I have tried, I cannot analyze this quality, for the music is curiously devoid of those analyzable—and imitable—features that are so often found in the work of more consciously intellectual composers. It contains no complicated development similar to that of the nineteenth-century Germanic symphonists, and none of the appeal to the purely sensual faculties that frequently distinguishes French music. It makes no fanatical attempt to avoid clichés; in fact, most of Verdi's thumping accompaniments are clichés, derived from simple and aged Italian prototypes. There is none of the self-conscious technical mumbo-jumbo that, in the name of progress, has afflicted so much subsequent composing, and that tends to pull the art of music away from its basic moorings. Verdi's music is, in a sense, the purest music imaginable. It makes its effect solely through the vigor and expressiveness of its melodic line, and though it is uncannily suited to the exigencies of the human voice, it can survive translation into any musical medium. Even a brass band or a man with a guitar can perform it without depriving it of much of its essential virility. Its draftsmanship, so to speak, is so strong and clean as to be virtually indestructible. But, as I have already indicated, the secret of this draftsmanship is—apart from its obvious directness and simplicity—a very mysterious thing, and, after repeated efforts to penetrate it, I can only conclude that it must be attributed to sheer genius.

I realize that I have written similarly of this composer in the past, but it all came back to me again last week, when the Metropolitan trotted out an elaborate new production of "La Traviata" and Eugene Ormandy brought the Philadelphia Orchestra and Chorus, the Rutgers University Choir, and various soloists to Carnegie Hall for a performance of Verdi's Requiem Mass. The Metropolitan performance took place on Thursday evening, and the Ormandy one two nights earlier. Both had their flaws as well as their moments of inspiration, but in both it was Verdi's supreme eloquence that held the ear.

I FOUND the Met's new "La Traviata" slightly disappointing as a production. There was a ponderous atmosphere about it that occasionally deprived the opera of the brilliance and passion it should have had. To begin with, Renata Tebaldi, who was making her first local appearance as Violetta, is, vocally, a rather heavy singer for this particular role, and though she sang her slower and more emotional arias with her usual impressive volume, and often with considerable finesse, her "Sempre libera" and certain of the other more volatile coloratura passages failed to scintillate as they have in the performances of some Violettas I remember. While Miss Tebaldi is unquestionably an artist of imposing gifts, I think that on the whole she is more satisfying in robust parts than in this eminently fragile and feminine one. Then, too, Oliver Smith's new sets, though lavish enough, seemed to me to lack any unifying sense of style, being neither consistently realistic nor consistently fantastic. When they were realistic, as in the first and third acts, they appeared rather turgid, literal, and monochromatic. The second-act set, on the other hand, had Violetta inhabiting what looked like a houseboat—or perhaps a more exact term would be a gazebo—somewhere in a Louisiana swamp, and in the last act fantasy took over completely, in the form of a gigantic bed whose towering canopy virtually filled the proscenium, giving her death an air of monumentality that was somewhat out of key with the intimate feeling of tragedy the scene calls for. Finally, the tempos chosen by Fausto Cleva, who conducted the performance, were downright funereal throughout much of the evening.

The production did, however, have its brighter moments. Some of them were provided by the pleasant quality of Miss Tebaldi's voice, which, if only as a physical phenomenon, is often worth listening to. Some were provided by Leonard Warren, whose distinguished portrayal of the elder Germont is one of the Met's familiar ornaments. And most of them, of course, were provided by Giuseppe Verdi, whose melodies valiantly survived Mr. Cleva's slow-motion treatment. Giuseppe Campora, who sang the role of Alfredo, has the obvious advantage of youthful good



The old lady gave him what for

From AMERICAN HERITAGE

AN OLD LADY living near Henderson, N.Y. in 1859 scolded at the way the four men had arrived. Such sensible-looking men in such an outlandish vehicle!

But John Wise and his crew, perched up in a tree, were too happy to listen. Caught by a storm, their aerial balloon had almost plunged beneath the angry waves of Lake Ontario, then crashed wildly through a mile of tree-tops before stopping in one.

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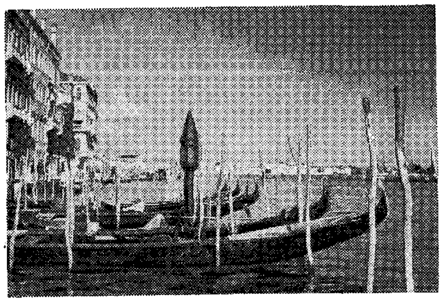
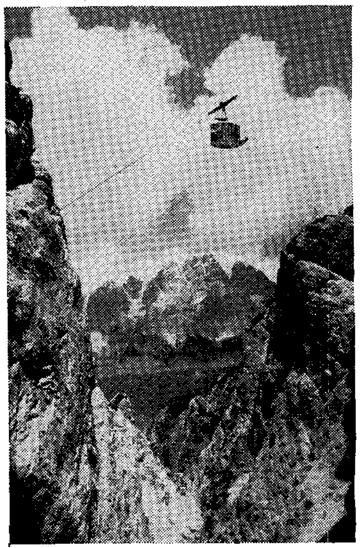
See Italy first



VENICE



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THE BOY WHO NEVER LAUGHS

Little Philippe never laughs. His dark eyes tell of sorrow, misery and hopelessness. He trudges through his poor fishing village begging for scraps of food—filling his basket with bits of firewood.

Philippe's father—a crippled war hero—cannot work. His mother is sick. Home is a cold, dirty shack in Northern France. Philippe often goes hungry. He has no warm clothes and shoes—he huddles in doorways to escape winter winds.

Philippe is sad and hopeless—old beyond his years. He has never known the joy of being young.

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looks. His voice seemed to me a little small for the part, but by and large he performed it rather gracefully.

THE presentation of Verdi's Requiem under Mr. Ormandy was, in my opinion, a more satisfying affair. In fact, apart from a few *a-cappella* passages that the soloists sang out of tune—as soloists in this work frequently do—I thought it quite stunning. Mr. Ormandy had placed three trumpeters in the top gallery, where they produced the blasts of Gabriel's horn in the "Tuba Mirum"—a device that prompted most of the audience to turn around and crane its necks, but one that I suppose was justified by the fairly theatrical character of the score. The combined choruses and orchestra did magnificently, and in the soaring phrases for solo soprano Leontyne Price proved to be a model of accuracy and taste. Such reservations as I have about the singing of the other soloists are minor. Nan Merriman, the contralto of the evening, has a lovely, rich voice, and I feel that she need only rid herself of the habit of now and then scooping from note to note to be regarded as a great artist. The tenor, Richard Tucker, who *is* a great artist, did not seem to be in his very best form. Giorgio Tozzi was the bass, and though I have heard his part more expressively sung, he performed sturdily enough. Altogether, Mr. Ormandy and his regiments of singers gave the finest reading of this outstanding religious work that I have heard in many years.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

INFORMATION TO THE
PUBLIC PERTAINING
TO FIRE ALARM

The fire which occurred Tuesday, January 22, and the time lost in turning in the alarm makes us feel that the general public has not been informed on the correct procedure for turning in the fire alarm. The Telephone Directory gives the number Mo-5-2122 to call. This is the police phone and will work just fine if a policeman is nearby. However, as it happened Tuesday, no one answered and approximately 15 minutes were lost in reporting the fire.

The alarm switch is located at the fire house and the sure way of turning in the alarm is go to the house and pull the switch.

It is reported that after the alarm was sounded and volunteers got the fire truck, more time was lost in filling the radiator with water. We are most sure that one of the houses could have been saved had the fire truck arrived five minutes earlier. Fire will not wait for such actions. It seems that a fire truck should be ready at all times!—*Talbotton (Ga.) New Era.*

Now, don't generalize!

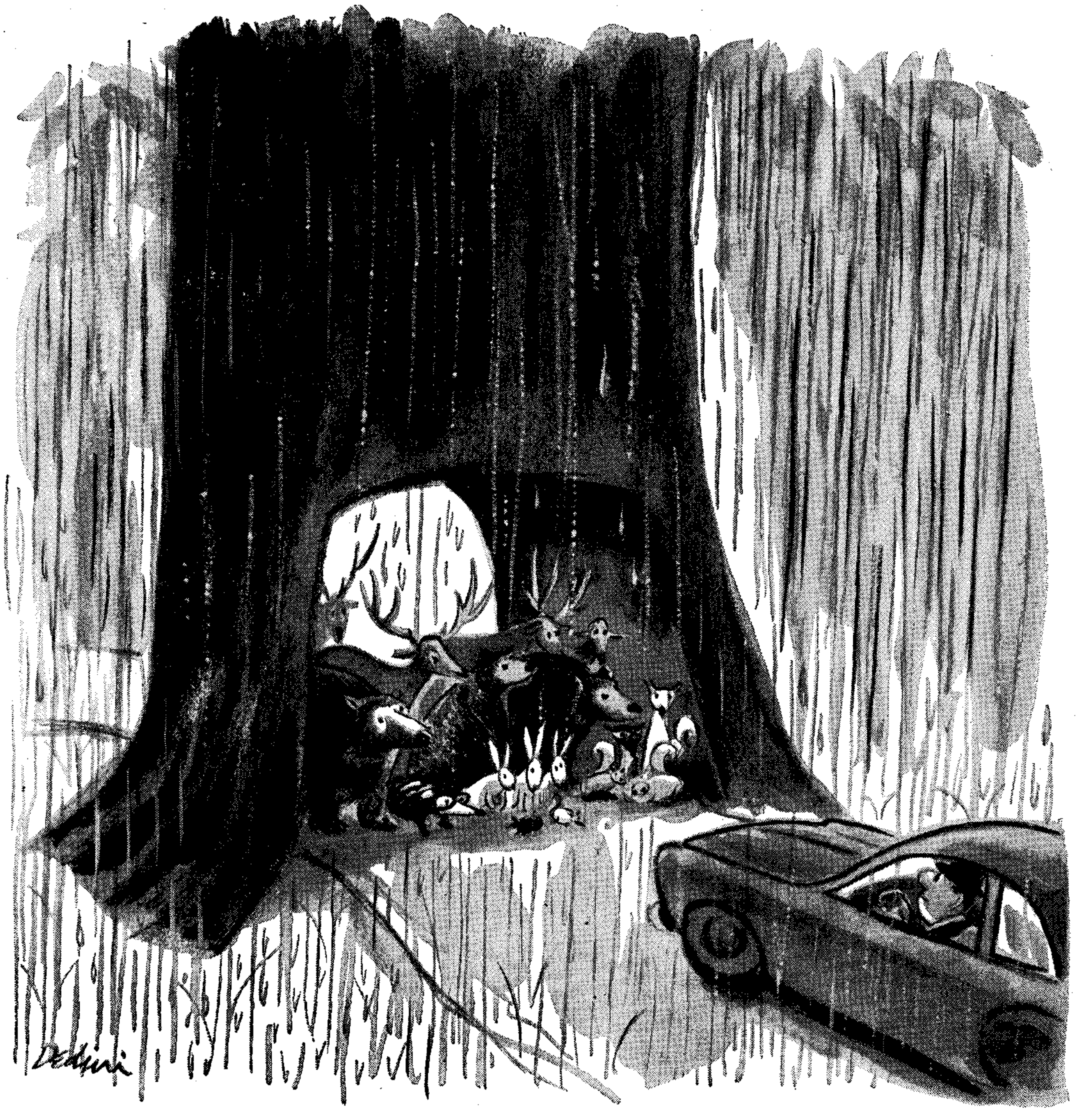
BOOKS

VERSE

“The Criterion Book of Modern American Verse,” edited by W. H. Auden and published here by Criterion Books, recently appeared in England under the Faber & Faber imprint. It is an anthology that should stand for some time as a classic collection, for British and American readers alike, of poetry written mostly in the United States from the beginnings of the modern movement, in which American poets played important parts, to the present. Auden, as its editor, wisely casts a wide net into American poetry of the last fifty years—a net, moreover, in which the meshes are not too coarse and not too fine. He does not draw back from talents that are small but pure, and the inclusion of such talents gives the book a density that is interesting and valuable. For Auden, it is a poet’s sincerity and intensity that count. The poets are arranged chronologically, and the list, because it begins with Edwin Arlington Robinson (1869-1935), to whom fame came late, can include two pre-moderns, Stephen Crane and Trumbull Stickney, who died young. From Gertrude Stein, happily considered as the poet she was, through Anthony Hecht (b. 1922), Auden marshals material that in one way or another deserves mention, but there is nothing routine or formal about his choice. The experimentalists appear along with poets working in conventional form; the writers of light verse complement their more serious kin; many neglected figures are given their due, while a few inflated reputations are gently cut down to size. Auden leaves out Eliot and himself, and while we understand the underlying tact involved (since, in the broader sense, both men can be considered American), both omissions constitute a major loss.

In his introduction, Auden points out several differences that, he has found, distinguish American poets from their European counterparts. In the first place, Americans tend to think of themselves as unique individuals and not as members of a professional class or brotherhood; secondly, since Americans are more loosely related to tradition, they can more easily break free from it. As a result, American poets differ greatly from one another even within a single generation or “school.” The danger of this sense of individuality, Auden goes on to say, shows up occasionally in strain and overearnestness; the danger is not of writing like everybody else but of crankiness and a final parody of one’s own manner. In a footnote Auden speaks of “the undeniable appearance in the States during the last fifteen years or so of a certain literary conformity, of a proper and authorized way to write poetry,” but he refuses to link this tendency to any one cause, such as the role of patron to poet, which American colleges and universities began to take on during those years. He realizes that several factors have joined to produce poetic conformity at mid-century. “The modern” has now reached the officially accepted stage in every art, and with official acceptance a noticeable slowing down of impetus and stiffening of method is sure to take place. Poetry, in America as elsewhere, has not escaped this process.

A GOOD deal of variety still prevails, however, in the books of verse recently published. Marianne Moore, in a new collection of eleven poems, “Like a Bulwark” (Viking), writes variations on her favorite theme of courage linked to excellence, with delightful examples drawn from nature and from art. John Berryman, in a long poem, “Homage to Mistress Bradstreet” (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy), describes the character and situation of the Colonial poetess in language and rhythms rather close to Hopkins but



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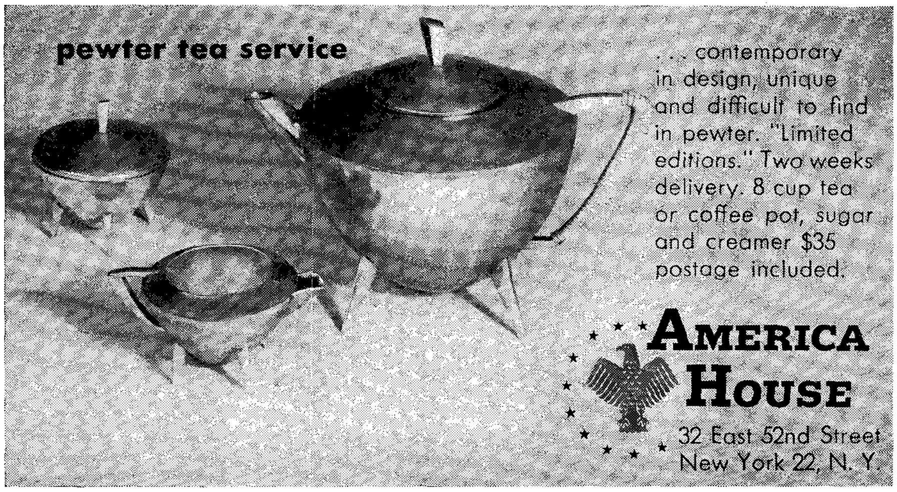

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HARPER

often originally effective. The poem is illustrated with line drawings by Ben Shahn, which bring out the lonely and dour side of life in the early Massachusetts Bay Colony in a masterly way. Surely this kind of collaboration between artist and poet should be encouraged. The sheer virtuosity of the "pastoral and lyrical" poems in Peter Viereck's "The Persimmon Tree" (Scribner) makes them seem a little old-fashioned, since we have become accustomed to poets who loosen metre and slide over rhyme, instead of bearing down hard, as Viereck does, on both. And W. S. Merwin's "Green with Beasts" (Knopf) shows a young poet curbing a predisposition toward small and intricate forms in order to work in larger, freer, and more dramatic frames.

ONE current development in publishing that may help to ease any pressure of growing conformity is the multiplication of little presses. These presses, scattered over the country, are attached in some cases to universities; others depend on private funds. In either case, they are more likely to cater to the specialized publics that bigger publishing houses tend to overlook. Such small printing setups are usual in England and France; in America, although still in the tentative stage, they show signs of steady growth and the cultivation of healthy differences. They have their failures and their successes, but they are at least open to new talent and are a sign that twentieth-century poetry in America cannot reach a point of complete stasis so long as opportunity for originality's getting into print definitely exists. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE KING OF A RAINY COUNTRY, by Brigid Brophy (Knopf). Miss Brophy, a generally clever writer with a cool, self-assured style, relates the adventures of Susan, nineteen, and Neale, somewhat older, who live together, but not as lovers, in Neale's small flat in London. Susan works for a dealer in pornographic books, and Neale washes dishes for a living. Among her employer's treasures Susan discovers a book containing a photograph in the nude of Cynthia Bewley, a school friend on whom she once had a crush. She shows the photograph to Neale, and the two of them become obsessed with the idea of finding Cynthia, who is reported to be in Venice. They get jobs with a travel agency and are sent to

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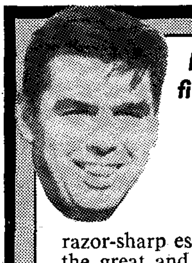

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ICE COLD IN ALEX, by Christopher Landon (Sloane). This really stirring adventure story deals with an escape from Tobruk to Alexandria during the bitterest part of the fighting in that area. Those who escape are a British officer, a British sergeant-major, and a beautiful nurse. On their way, which is perilous, they pick up a blond giant who speaks German fluently and claims to be a South African. The ramshackle ambulance in which they travel soon develops almost as much personality as its passengers, and that is saying a good deal.

THE GUNS OF NAVARONE, by Alistair MacLean (Doubleday). A superhuman tale about five Allied saboteurs who land on a German-held Aegean island during the Second World War by scaling a sheer four-hundred-foot cliff, and then successfully disable a dangerous and theretofore invulnerable enemy fortress. An exciting story that drags Mr. MacLean's limp prose heedlessly along behind it.

GENERAL

EMPIRE OF FEAR, by Vladimir and Evdokia Petrov (Praeger). An important and apparently authentic demonstration of how the fear-ridden machinery of modern Communism works. The Petrovs are the former Russian secret agents who drew headlines in the spring of 1954 when they fled the Russian Embassy in Canberra and sought political asylum in Australia, and their book is an extended apologia (in the form of a double autobiography), in which they explain, with a kind of lowering tenacity, how, after each had risen in the course of some twenty years from a poor beginning to a position of trust within the Secret Police, they eventually defected, out of fear of those who feared them. None of this is particularly new, to be sure, nor is it even deftly told, but through the repeated use of specific personal instances the authors construct a vivid, if necessarily incomplete, cross-section of government by absolute human dispensability. (They estimate that two million souls were done away with in Russia in the great purges of

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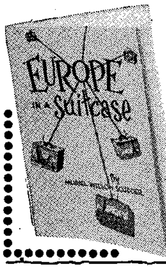

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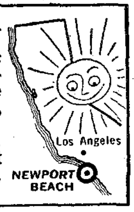

the late thirties.) As a result, this is a frequently sickening book; it is also—simply because it exists—an enormously heartening one. Photographs.

OLD FRIENDS, by Clive Bell (Harcourt, Brace). A tart but not entirely toxic ramble down memory lane with one of the senior survivors of the Bloomsbury coterie. The principal victims of the author's affectionate malice—or at least those upon whom his candid gaze lingers longest—are, as might be supposed, such lifetime intimates as Lytton Strachey ("rather selfish and a thought arrogant"), Maynard Keynes ("cocksureness was his besetting sin"), Roger Fry ("a champion gull"), and Virginia Woolf ("Virginia did not wish to be a man, or to be treated as a man; she wished to be treated as an equal—just possibly as a superior"). There are, however, many others, for Mr. Bell is nothing if not widely acquainted with notables, and as they cross his mind (Gide, Picasso, Derain, Eliot, Bennett, Matisse, Gertrude Stein, Isadora Duncan, Cocteau, Proust, Joyce), he does not hesitate to sting them painfully to life. He also has a cranky, though entertaining, word to say about the outsider's hopeless misunderstanding of the essence of Bloomsburyism. Photographs.

A CROSSROADS OF FREEDOM, edited by John Wells Davidson (Yale). A compilation of Woodrow Wilson's 1912 campaign speeches, all of them (except for his speech accepting the Democratic nomination) extemporaneous, or, as Wilson said, "right out of my mind as it is working at the time," and all reconstructed from the notes of a shorthand reporter. The campaign oratory of most Presidents could hardly bear close scrutiny, but Wilson's can; a brilliant writer and speaker, he was witty, wholly honest (in one speech he said he did not propose to talk about agriculture, because he knew little about it), and masterly at thinking on his feet. A stimulating book, valuable as a source and, because of Wilson's command of the President's English, a delight to read.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME?, by Ian Anstruther (Dutton). A book about Sir Henry Morton Stanley, covering the first half of his life, which included the heroic search for Dr. Livingstone. In 1872, when Stanley came back from Africa and described how he had found and greeted Dr. Livingstone, he himself was greeted

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with laughter, both the press and the public mercilessly ridiculing what he considered a historic newspaper scoop and a deeply significant spiritual experience. Stanley had no sense of humor—at least about himself—and the imperishable greeting dogged him for the rest of his days. The author of this book is as sympathetic as Stanley's sticky personality will allow. Illustrations.

MR. LINCOLN, by J. G. Randall (Dodd, Mead). The late Professor Randall, a fine scholar who rescued Lincoln from the mythmakers and canonizers, wrote voluminously on Lincoln, and this fairly sizable book (392 pages), edited by Richard N. Current, is made up of excerpts from his work. The idea is to let us see Lincoln in many moods and hear what people who knew or met him had to say about him, and the result is a smooth-flowing informal portrait that comes as close to a speaking likeness of what one of Lincoln's contemporaries called "that strange, quaint, great man" as we are likely to get. Illustrations.

HUBERT AND JAN VAN EYCK, by Léo Van Puyvelde (Scribner). The brothers van Eyck, who reached their prime shortly after 1500, are generally regarded as the fathers of modern—as opposed to "primitive"—painting, and certainly their work was unique for its period, particularly in its verisimilitude, its perspective, and its over-all emphasis on naturalism. Very few paintings known to be theirs survive—half a dozen or so by Hubert, the elder brother, and perhaps twice as many by Jan—and, focussing on these, with a gratifying attention to detail, the author shows how the brothers contributed a new, fluid approach to the whole concept of painting. In doing so, he destroys a number of legends, among them the one, current for generations, that the van Eycks, employing a still secret process, "invented" oil painting; X-ray techniques reveal that, like everyone else at that time, they used tempera, but that they used it more skillfully. Thirty-six reproductions, in full color. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

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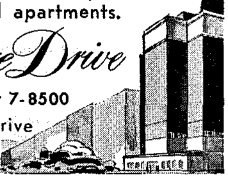

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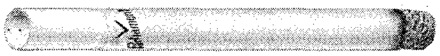

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